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BOERS HAULING HEAVY ARTILLERY TO THE FRONT.

HISTORY OF THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA

CONTAINING A
THRILLING ACCOUNT OF THE GREAT STRUGGLE
BETWEEN THE BRITISH AND THE BOERS
INCLUDING THE
CAUSES OF THE CONFLICT; VIVID DESCRIPTIONS OF FIERCE
BATTLES; SUPERB HEROISM AND DARING DEEDS; NAR-
RATIVES OF PERSONAL ADVENTURES; LIFE IN CAMP,
FIELD AND HOSPITAL, ETC., ETC.
TOGETHER WITH
THE WONDERFUL STORY OF THE TRANSVAAL
THE ORANGE FREE STATE; NATAL AND CAPE COLONY; THE
KAFFIRS AND ZULUS; RICHEST GOLD AND DIAMOND
MINES IN THE WORLD, ETC., ETC.

By JAMES H. BIRCH, JR.

WHO HAS RECENTLY RETURNED FROM SOUTH AFRICA

IN COLLABORATION WITH
HENRY DAVENPORT NORTHROP
THE WELL-KNOWN AUTHOR

Magnificent Galaxy of Phototype and Wood Engravings

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PREFACE.

THE English Army and the Boers have met in the shock of battle in South Africa. All attempts to avert the desperate conflict have failed and the eyes of the whole world are turned to watch the progress of the fierce struggle.

The first settlement of the Boers in South Africa—another name for Dutch inhabitants—dates from the sixteenth century. They have received accessions from the Huguenots of France, but retain the old Dutch character. After the final cession of the Cape of Good Hope to England in 1814 they disliked the new Government, especially its friendly policy to the natives and the emancipation of the slaves in 1833, the Boers having long been slaveholders. They moved northward and occupied the Orange Free State and the Transvaal.

The Boers are the landholders and farmers of South Africa, famous for their courage and endurance, of strong and well-developed physique, good horsemen and splendid marksmen. They have proved themselves to be terrible fighters on many occasions. Previous to 1870 the Boers had much trouble with the surrounding native tribes, which resulted in many sanguinary battles. Wars were of frequent occurrence and little progress was made in the development of the country. The selfish policy of the Boers caused constant irritation with England. In 1877, owing to an exhausted public treasury and accumulated debts brought about by conflicts with the Zulus and other tribes, the Transvaal, or South African Republic, was on the eve of dissolution and the country about to relapse into barbarism. To avert this catastrophe the British Government assumed the care of it, subjugated the rebellious natives, and put the finances of the State in good condition.

Afterward England declared that the promises made by the Boers at this time were not carried out. One of the thrilling inci-

dents of the war that followed was the slaughter at Majuba Hill, where, in 1881, a regiment of British troops was defeated, with the loss of their leader, Sir George Colley, by a greatly superior force of Transvaal Boers. Majuba Hill has become famous in the story of South Africa. It is claimed that the conditions upon which peace was finally secured have been violated.

The contention of the Boers is that the agreement of 1881, by which the British had secured certain rights, was set aside by the Treaty of 1884, and the British had no longer any right to regulate the internal affairs of the Transvaal. On the other hand, England contends that the convention or treaty of 1881 has never been abolished or impaired. The British Government, acting upon this interpretation, has insisted upon certain changes in the domestic government of the Transvaal touching the franchise, education and parliamentary representation, which were emphatically refused by the Boers. The people of the South African Republic refuse to grant what the British demand, and deny them any say in the affairs of the Transvaal.

This is the issue which diplomacy failed to settle, and which resulted in an appeal to arms and the God of battles.

Intense interest in South Africa was awakened by the sanguinary war raging there. Questions have arisen as to the character of the country, its diversified tribes, its fabulous wealth in gold and diamonds, and the remarkable circumstances under which the country has become known to the world.

This comprehensive volume answers all these questions, states the causes of the war, furnishes thrilling descriptions of the desperate battles and portrays the great leaders on both sides, Oom Paul Kruger, General Joubert, General Yule, Cecil Rhodes, Dr. Jameson, Barney Barnato, General Sir George White, General Sir Redvers Henry Buller, Field Marshal Roberts, and many others. It abounds in stories of heroic exploits and daring deeds. The grand panorama of exciting events in South Africa, startling and thrilling, and presenting remarkable exhibitions of courage and patriotism, passes swiftly before the eyes of the reader, and his interest increases from chapter to chapter.

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LORD KITCHENER
CHIEF OF STAFF TO FIELD MARSHALL ROBERTS IN SOUTH AFRICA



THE BRITISH MILITARY OBSERVATION BALLOON USED AT MODDER RIVER
THIS BALLOON CONTAINS 11,000 CUBIC FEET OF GAS AND LIFTS 700 POUNDS

WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA

BETWEEN

THE ENGLISH AND THE BOERS.

CHAPTER I.

The Transvaal and Orange Free State.

BY the outbreak of war between the English and the Boers universal interest was at once awakened concerning the countries in South Africa involved in the fierce struggle. The storm of conflict has been gathering for more than half a century. South Africa, being rich in its native products, has long been a prize for European nations. Its wild animals have been a strong temptation to the hunter. Its diamond and gold fields make it one of the richest parts of the globe. It is not strange, therefore, that it has drawn many immigrants, some of whom were little else than reckless adventurers.

The march of civilization has rapidly transformed the southern part of the Continent of Africa. In the mining districts towns have sprung up, immigrants have come from all parts of the world, and important centres of business have been established, such as Kimberley, Mafeking, Johannesburg, Bulawayo, and many others that might be mentioned. A wide territory once peopled only by native tribes and famous for its wild animals has been subdued, and is now one of the wealthiest and most promising countries of the globe. Among the most enlightened portions of Africa are the republics in the south, some knowledge of which will be of great advantage to the reader.

The South African Republic and the Orange Free State, which constitute the hostile territory, are bounded on the southeast by Natal and Basutoland, on the south and southwest by Cape Colony, and on the west by British Bechuanaland and Griqualand

West. Natal runs up into the Boer country in the shape of an acute triangle, with its apex at Laing's Nek. It is here separated from the Orange Free State by the Drakenberg Mountains, in which there are numerous defensible passes, affording ingress for the Boers into British territory.

The boundary on the south of the Orange Free State is the Orange River; on the west the boundary is marked by no natural feature. The Vaal River separates the Orange Free State from the South African Republic. Natal and Basutoland are in the mountains. The boundary on the west runs through rather flat country, while the interior of the hostile territory is principally veldt, a plateau in the neighborhood of four thousand feet high, broken here and there by rough ground and affording many strong positions.

The boundaries of the Transvaal, long a subject of dispute with Great Britain and the conterminous states, were at last precisely defined by the convention of February 27, 1884.

TERRITORY OF THE TRANSVAAL.

Transvaal thus forms a compact inland territory nearly as broad as long, not more than 45 or 50 miles from the Indian Ocean at Delagoa Bay, but otherwise lying completely within the outer rim of the vast South African table-land. A line drawn from the southwest extremity, where it touches Griqualand West, north-eastwards to the Limpopo-Shasha confluence, gives an extreme length of 500 miles, the distance from the same confluence southwards to the Natal frontier being 425, and the greatest length east and west between the Zulu and Bechuana frontiers about 400 miles. In the absence of accurate surveys, the total area has been variously estimated at from 110,000 to 120,000 square miles.

Physically Transvaal forms a well-marked section of the great South African plateau, an elevated shallow basin with a mean altitude of over 3000 feet, whose conformation has been compared to that of a saucer. On the south and east this basin is separated from the coast by a lofty inner and less elevated outer rim, the former from 6000 to 10,000, the latter about 2000 feet high, sweeping round in curves concentric with that of the seaboard, from

Cape Colony through Natal and the east side of Transvaal northwards to the equatorial regions.

The inner rim, whose various sections in the extreme south are known as the Roggeveld, Nieuweveld, and Quathlamba ranges, takes in Natal and Transvaal the general name of the Drakenberg Mountains. From the Natal frontier to the Lipalule (Olifant)



MAP OF SOUTH AFRICA SHOWING TRANSVAAL AND ORANGE FREE STATE.

tributary of the Limpopo, the Drakenberg maintains the aspect of a more or less continuous range 5000 to 7000 feet high, culminating in the Mauchberg, 8725 feet, the highest point in Transvaal. A little to the east is the Spitskop, 5637 feet, and further south the Klipstad, 6020 feet, and Holnek, 5600 feet.

This section falls everywhere precipitously eastwards towards the Libomba range, or outer rim of the plateau, which maintains a mean elevation of 2000 feet along the eastern border of Trans-

vaal. Beyond the Lipalule, the Drakenberg loses the character of a well-defined mountain system, broadening out into uplands moderately elevated above the surrounding plateau, and breaking into ridges, such as the Murchison and Zoutpansberg ranges, which run east and west between the Lipalule and Limpopo. The whole system slopes gently westwards to the central table-land, which is itself intersected by several broken ranges, all mostly trending in the direction from east to west. But few of these ridges rise much above 4000 feet, and, as the plateau has a mean altitude of considerably over 3000 feet, they detract little from the aspect of a vast level or slightly rolling upland plain, almost everywhere presented by Transvaal west of the Drakenberg Mountains.

The numerous fossil remains of aquatic life, together with extensive sandy tracts and the presence in several places of water-worn shingle, give to the central table-land the appearance of an upheaved lake basin, whose waters escaped at one time through the Limpopo to the Indian Ocean, at another through the Vaal to the Orange river, and thence to the Atlantic. The Vaal and Limpopo are still the two great fissures in the plateau, which carry off most of the surface waters to the surrounding marine basins. The water-parting between these two river systems lies, not in the Drakenberg, itself pierced by the Lipalule and several of its affluents, but in the Witwater Rand towards the southwest of the State.

ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL RIVERS.

From this point the Limpopo, or Crocodile, sweeps round first to the west, then to the northeast, describing a semi-circle of about 1000 miles to the Limvuba (Pafuri) confluence, where it leaves Transvaal, flowing thence for nearly 340 miles through Portuguese territory southeast to the Indian Ocean. Captain G. A. Chaddock has shown that it is navigable for steamers to this confluence, above which it is obstructed by the Tolo Azime and other rapids. Throughout its whole course it receives numerous affluents on both sides, and others from Transvaal, of which region it drains fully 95,000 square miles.

With the exception of a few tracts watered by the head streams

of the Buffalo, flowing in independent channels eastwards to the Indian Ocean, all the rest of Transvaal is drained by the Vaal westwards to the Orange and Atlantic. The Vaal has its easternmost sources in the Wakkerstroom district on the west slope of the Drakenberg, whence it flows for about 450 miles, partly within, but mainly along, the southern frontier of Transvaal, of which, with the Hart and other tributaries on its right bank, it drains about 20,000 square miles altogether.

Besides these perennial streams, there are numerous shallow lagoons or salt-pans scattered over the western and northern districts, as well as thermal and mineral waters, such as the Warmbad in the Nyl valley. But the only lake properly so called is Lake Chrissie, a sheet of water nearly 40 miles round, and in parts very deep, which lies on the west side of the Drakenberg, 5755 feet above sea level, and filling an immense circular basin.

HEALTHY AND PLEASANT CLIMATE.

Although lying on the border of and partly within the tropics, Transvaal, thanks to its great elevation above the sea, and to the absence of extensive marshy tracts, enjoys on the whole a healthy invigorating climate, well suited to the European constitution. Owing to the dryness of the air, due to the proximity of the Kalahari desert, the western and central districts are specially favorable to persons suffering from consumption and other chest complaints. But some of the low-lying moist tracts along the Limpopo and other river valleys, close to or within the torrid zone, are extremely insalubrious, fever of the general African type being here endemic, and its prevalence usually marked by the presence of the destructive tsetse fly.

The route from Delagoa Bay to the interior also traverses a fever-stricken coast district between the sea and the Libomba escarpment, dangerous especially in the rainy summer season. The rains generally begin about October, sometimes a little before or after, and last intermittently till April. But the rainfall is very unequally distributed, most of the moisture-bearing clouds from the Indian Ocean being arrested by the great barrier of the Draken-

berg, or counteracted by the dry west winds from the Kalahari desert. Thus, while there is abundance of rain in the east, the country gradually becomes drier as it approaches Bechuanaland.

During the dry winter season (April to September) keen frosty winds blow from the south, sweeping freely over the central plains and carrying the moisture to be precipitated as snow along the eastern highlands. Nevertheless, according to the careful meteorological observations made by Mr. Lys at Pretoria between 1877 and 1880, the mean annual temperature is considerably over 68° , falling to about 40° in June, and rising to 90° and occasionally even 95° in January. The rainfall in the same central district seldom reaches 30 inches, which is probably a fair average for the whole of Transvaal, falling to 12 towards the western and rising to 60 on the eastern frontier, increasing towards the coast.

VAST MINERAL RESOURCES.

Transvaal yields to no other African region in the abundance of its mineral resources, while it is altogether unrivalled in their extraordinary variety. These include, besides the precious metals and diamonds, iron, copper, lead, cobalt, sulphur, saltpetre, and coal, this last with gold, copper, and iron being probably the most abundant and widely distributed. Gold, largely diffused throughout the Drakenberg, and in the northern Zoutpansberg and Waterberg districts, and in the Rustenburg and Marico districts in the extreme west, as well as in the highlands between Transvaal and the Zambesi, has hitherto been worked chiefly in the rich auriferous region of Lydenburg about Mount Mauchberg and Mount Spitskop in the central parts of the Drakenberg range, and farther south in the Johannesburg district.

The Lydenburg deposits, discovered in 1873, lie at an elevation of 4500 to 5000 feet 40 miles south of the Lipalule river and 125 northwest of Lorenzo Marques on Delagoa Bay, the chief diggings being at Pilgrim's Rest and Mac Mac close to the Spitskop. In the Middleburg district the chief centres of mining operations are the recently founded towns of Barberton and Johannesburg. Iron ores are also widely distributed, and the Yzarberg ("Iron



DESPERATE ENCOUNTER WITH FEROCIOUS BEASTS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Mountain ") near Marabastad consists of an enormous mass of rich iron ore, which the natives have worked for ages. Diamonds are chiefly confined to the Bloemhoff district on the Vaal above the great diamantiferous region of Kimberley in Griqualand West. Coal abounds in the southeastern districts, and also farther north in Middelburg (Nazareth) and Lydenburg.

In some places seams 7 or 8 feet thick lie so near the surface that they are quarried and the coal carted away by the natives. The prevailing formations where this great mineral wealth is embedded are quartz, porphyry, granites, clay slates, greenstone, Lower Devonian strata, conglomerates, and limestones.

In Transvaal, as in most of the continent, an herbaceous flora prevails largely over forest growths, which are here confined chiefly to the deep kloofs (gorges) of the mountain ranges, and to the courses of the larger streams. Bush, including mimosas, thorn thickets, and creepers, covers extensive tracts on the northern and southern plains, and the districts towards Natal are well wooded. But elsewhere the characteristic features are grass lands, downs, hill slopes, flats, and even many parts of the higher uplands being covered with savannahs generally affording good pasturage and fodder for cattle, which are a large source of wealth.

FINEST WHEAT IN THE WORLD.

In the woodlands the prevailing species are three varieties of yellow wood, often growing to an enormous size, the Cape beech, several varieties of the wild pear, and of stinkwood, ironwood, and ebony. The Boers and other settlers have hitherto occupied themselves chiefly with stock-breeding (sheep, cattle, and horses), but there can be no doubt that much of the country is eminently suited for the cultivation of cereals, yielding two annual crops and producing some of the finest wheat in the world. Tobacco, the vine, and most European fruits and vegetables also thrive well, while semi-tropical products, such as cotton, sugar, and coffee, might be raised in the warmer northern districts.

By the early settlers Transvaal was described as the "paradise of hunters," abounding in the characteristic large animals, such as

the lion, leopard, rhinoceros, elephant, giraffe, zebra, quagga, several varieties of antelope, and the ostrich, which roam over the continent from Soudan to the Cape. All these animals still exist, but in greatly reduced numbers, being now largely replaced by the domestic animals—cattle, sheep, and horses—introduced by the white settlers. All the large rivers are inhabited by the hippopotamus and crocodile, the latter giving an alternative name to the Limpopo; the buffalo, gnu, eland, springbok, wildbeeste, baboon, and several other members of the ape family are also frequently met with.

The country is occasionally swept by destructive flights of locusts; but the greatest enemy of the stock breeder is the tsetse fly, which infests the coast lands and many of the river tracts, but shows a tendency to disappear with the large game, retreating with the advance of the plough. A tsetse belt forty miles wide along the whole course of the Limpopo still bars the spread of European settlements beyond Transvaal in the direction of the Zambesi.

PROPORTION OF WHITES AND NATIVES.

Of the population only a fourth part are whites, mostly Boers (descendants of the early Dutch, French and German immigrants to the Cape), with a large and increasing percentage of British settlers, attracted in recent years especially to the Lydenburg and other mining districts. All the rests are natives, belonging mainly to the Basuto and Bechuana branches of the Bantu family, and consequently allied in speech and to a large extent in physique to their Zulu-Kaffre neighbors. A considerable number of these natives have abandoned the tribal state and taken service, either freely or by compulsion, with the whites as farm laborers in the rural districts, and as domestic servants in the towns, and are also largely employed in mining operations. The great bulk of the rest, who retain their national usages and recognize the authority of more or less independent tribal chiefs, are concentrated in the northern and eastern provinces.

There are also natives in Bloemhoff (extreme southwest), and in the western provinces of Rustenburg and Marico, but only a few

scattered groups in all the rest of the country. These western and southwestern tribes are all Bechuanas; the others mainly Makatis, as the Basutos are here collectively called. It may be stated in a general way that the whole country south of the Lipalule is now free of native claims and open to European colonization, while the northern region between that river and the Limpopo is still to a large extent occupied by un-reduced or unbroken Basuto communities.

In the southern part of Lydenburg lies the somewhat detached district of New Scotland, comprising some 500,000 acres selected by the late Mr. McCorkindale as a Scotch pastoral and agricultural settlement. It is a healthy prosperous country, lying on the slopes of the Drakenberg, within 310 miles of Durban, Natal. But the most thickly settled province is Potchefstroom, a fertile tract, 3500 to 5000 feet high, abundantly watered by the Mooi, Schoen, and other streams flowing to the Vaal, and well suited for tillage and pasturage. Its capital of like name is one of the largest towns in Transvaal. The only other places deserving the name of town are Pretoria, capital of the province of like name and of the state, occupying a somewhat central position 100 miles northeast of Potchefstroom, 980 from Cape Town, 820 from Port Elizabeth, and 400 from Durban; Barberton, in the Lower Kaap mining district, 150 miles by road from Delagoa Bay, and Johannesburg, centre of the gold fields of the same name, 30 miles southeast of Pretoria, and 72 east of Potchefstroom, founded in 1886.

HISTORY OF THE TRANSVAAL.

The historic life of Transvaal begins with the "Great Trek," or general exodus of the Cape Colony Boers, who, being dissatisfied, especially with the liberal policy of the British Government towards the natives, removed northward in large numbers between the years 1833 and 1837. By 1836 some thousands had already crossed the Vaal, that is, had reached the "Trans-Vaal" country, which at that time was mostly under the sway of the powerful refugee Zulu chief Moselekatze, whose principal kraal was at Mosega in the present Marico district on the west frontier. To avenge the massacre of some emigrant bands, the Boers under

Maritz and Potgieter, attacked and utterly defeated Moselekatze at this place in 1837.

Next year the Zulu chief withdrew beyond the Limpopo, where he founded the present Matebele state between that river and the Zambesi, thus leaving the region between the Vaal and Limpopo virtually in the hands of the Trekkers or Boers. But their position was rendered insecure on the east side by the military despotism of the fierce Zulu chief Dingaan, who, after the murder of his brother Chaka, had asserted his authority over the whole of Zululand and most of the present Natal. The situation was rendered almost desperate by the complete rout and wholesale massacre, in 1838, of the right division of the emigrant Boers, who had ventured to cross the Buffalo under Pieter Retief, and who were defeated by Dingaan, when as many as 800 fell before the irresistible onslaught of the disciplined Zulu warriors. At this critical juncture the Trekkers were saved from utter extermination by Andries Pretorius of Graaff Reinet, by whom Dingaan met with a first check before the close of 1838, followed in January, 1840, by a still more crushing defeat, from which he did not recover.

ORIGIN OF THE BOER REPUBLIC.

Dingaan having been soon after murdered, the friendly Panda was set up in his place, and Natal proclaimed a Boer republic. But the British occupation of that territory in 1843 induced the Boers to retire in two bands across the Drakenberg, the southern division settling in the present Orange Free State, the northern again passing into Transvaal. But, owing to internal dissensions, and the perpetual bickerings of the two most prominent personalities, Pretorius and Potgieter, all attempts at establishing an organized system of government throughout Transvaal ended in failure, till Pretorius induced the British Government to sign the Sand River convention, January 17, 1852, which virtually established the political independence of that region.

The death of both Pretorius and Potgieter in 1853 prepared the way for a period of internal peace under Pretorius's eldest son, Marthinus Wessels Pretorius, first president of the "Dutch African

Republic," whose title was afterwards altered, 1858, to that of the "South African Republic." But a fatal element of weakness lay in the persistent refusal of the Boers to treat the natives on a footing of equality, or even with common justice. The murder of Hermann Potgieter and family, 1854, avenged by Pretorius at Makapan's Cave, was followed, 1856, by the "Apprentice Law," establishing a system of disguised slavery, which was further strengthened by the sanction, 1858, of the *Grond wet*, or "Fundamental Law," declaring that the "people will admit of no equality of persons of color with the white inhabitants either in State or Church."

Owing to this policy opposition was constantly shown both to the English traders, disposed to deal fairly with all, and to the missionaries, preachers of universal equality, as illustrated by the plunder of the explorer Livingstone's house by the expedition sent against the native chief Secheli in 1852.

Orange Free State, an independent republic adjoining the Cape Colony, South Africa, is bounded on the north by the Vaal river, south by the Orange river, east by the Caledon river and Drakenberg mountains, and west by a line dividing it from Kimberley and the diamond fields of Griqualand West. The area is 70,000 square miles, and the population is nearly equally divided between the Dutch and native races.

PHYSICAL FEATURES OF ORANGE FREE STATE.

The country, which has an average elevation of 4500 feet above the sea, consists of a series of extensive undulating plains, bounded or diversified by detached rocky hills. These plains slope from the central watershed northward and southward, respectively, to the Vaal and Orange rivers, and are intersected at various intervals by the Wilge, Rhenoster, Valsch, Vet, Modder and Riet rivers, emptying their waters into the Vaal river, and by the Caledon, which joins the Orange river. The southern and eastern districts are covered with luxuriant grasses, affording excellent pasturage for stock. In the western districts the grasses are gradually being supplanted by a dwarf bush vegetation. The river-banks are fringed with willow, mimosa, and other indigenous trees, and



IMMENSE AFRICAN LION SEIZING HIS PREY.

shrubs and trees of larger growth are found on the eastern mountain ranges; but generally the country is woodless, and, to remedy this, the Government offers premiums for the encouragement of tree-planting.

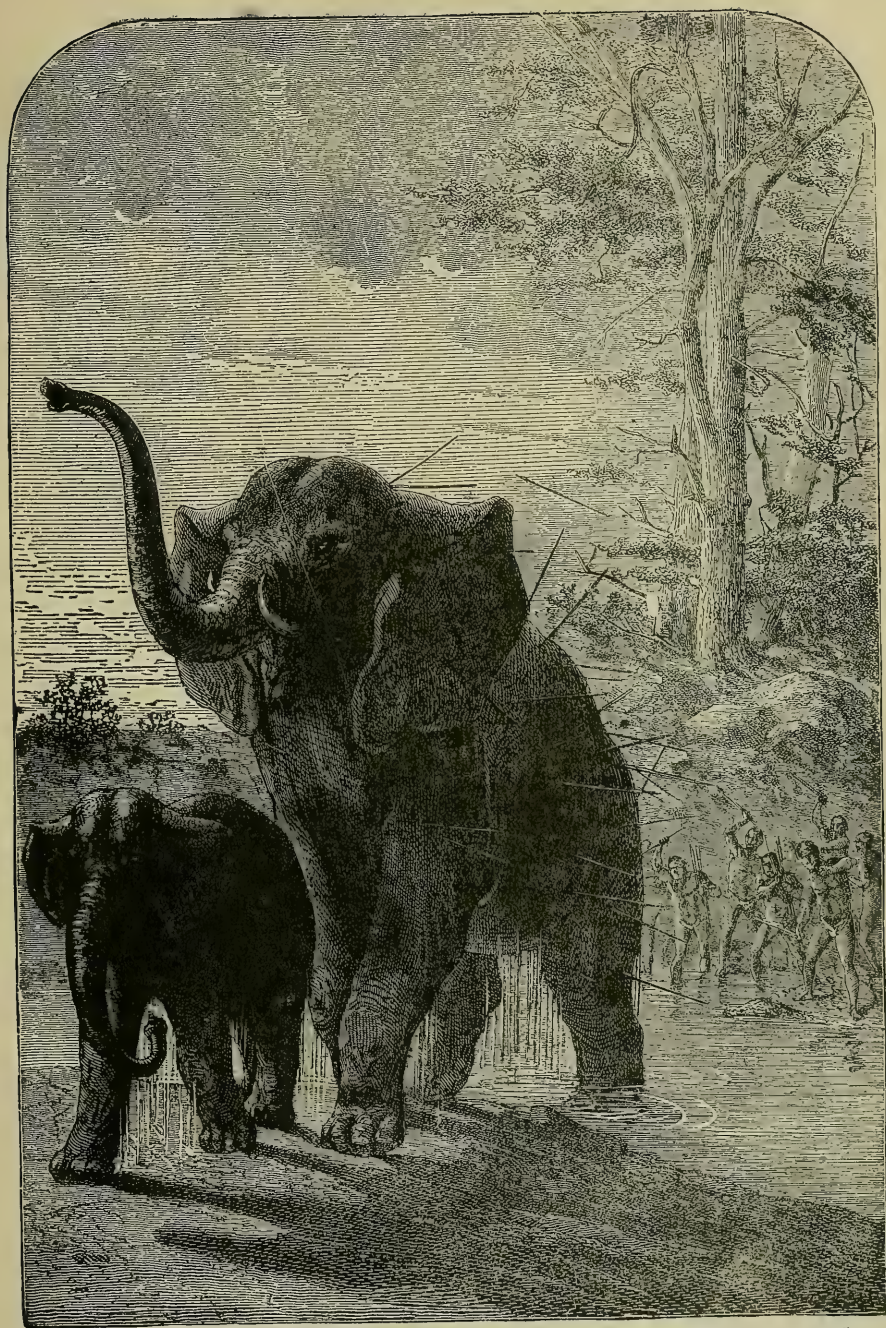
The geological characteristics are similar to those of the inland districts of Cape Colony. The south-western portion is an extension of the Karroo or lake formation of South Africa, consisting of sandstone and shales intersected by intrusive igneous rocks. In this formation occurs the diamond mine of Jagersfontein, near the village of Fauresmith, which has been worked for years. The north-eastern part, again, consists of sandstones, containing horizontal coal-seams. The coal outcrops in the Kronstad and Heilbron districts are being utilized. In the Drift deposits along some river beds, such as the Sand, Caledon and Vaal rivers, there are accumulations of pebbles, consisting of agate, jasper, chalcedony, carnelian, white quartz, garnets and occasionally diamonds.

The climate is salubrious, and specially remarkable for its dryness. Thousands of wild game formerly occupied the plains of the state, but their numbers and variety have greatly diminished, and some have been entirely exterminated.

SOURCES OF IMMENSE WEALTH.

The resources of the state are agricultural, pastoral and mineral. The principal occupations of the inhabitants are the breeding of cattle, horses, goats, merino sheep and ostriches. Agriculture is attended to on a larger or smaller scale according to the capabilities of the various farms, and vineyards and orchards are planted on many properties. The staple articles of export, however, are wool, skins, ostrich feathers and diamonds, all of which are shipped from the seaports of the Cape Colony and Natal.

Bloemfontein, the capital and seat of government, is situated about the centre of the state. It is an agreeable town, and has a handsome range of public offices, where the Volksraad, or assembly of the people, meets, a high court (consisting of a chief-justice and two judges), a municipal burgher council, banks, newspapers, hotels, clubs, a college, schools, and several churches, including



ELEPHANT PROTECTING HER YOUNG FROM HUNTERS' SPEARS.

the Dutch Reformed church, the Anglican church, with a resident bishop, and Wesleyan, Lutheran and Roman Catholic churches.

At the commencement of the nineteenth century, the country was inhabited by sections of aboriginal tribes—Bushmen, Korannas, and Bechuanas; and soon afterwards a number of Griquas from the north-west of the Cape Colony came in among them. A chronic state of warfare prevailed between these races. In 1824, nomad farmers from the Colony, seeking pastures for their flocks, crossed the Orange river, and settled in the territory. These were followed in 1835–36 by large bodies of Dutch Boer emigrants, who left the Colony in order to be beyond British control.

NO PEACE WITHOUT GOOD GOVERNMENT.

They formed a rude government for themselves, and, in attempting to exercise authority, came into collision with the Griquas, who claimed protection from the Colony, with which they were allied by treaty. The British governor, Sir P. Maitland, intervened in 1845, assisting the Griquas with troops, and defeating the Boers at Zwart Koppies; and, to prevent further collisions, a resident was appointed. In 1848, Governor Sir H. Smith visited the territory, and came to the conclusion that peace could not be maintained among the mixed elements forming the population without the establishment of a regular government.

He, therefore, issued a proclamation, afterwards confirmed by the Crown, annexing the territory to the empire, under the name of the Orange River British Sovereignty. Thereupon some of the Boers, under their leader Pretorius, took up arms, and expelled the British magistrates; but a military force was brought against them by Sir H. Smith in person, and, after a short, but sharp, encounter at Boomplaats, the Boers were defeated, and the Crown's authority re-established and maintained from that time until 1853.

But disturbances again occurred, arising from long-standing disputes between the native tribes; and, in order to chastise the most powerful of them—the Basutos—for certain acts of outrage, Governor Cathcart in 1852 moved a large military expedition against their chief, Moshesh, and the battle of the Berea was



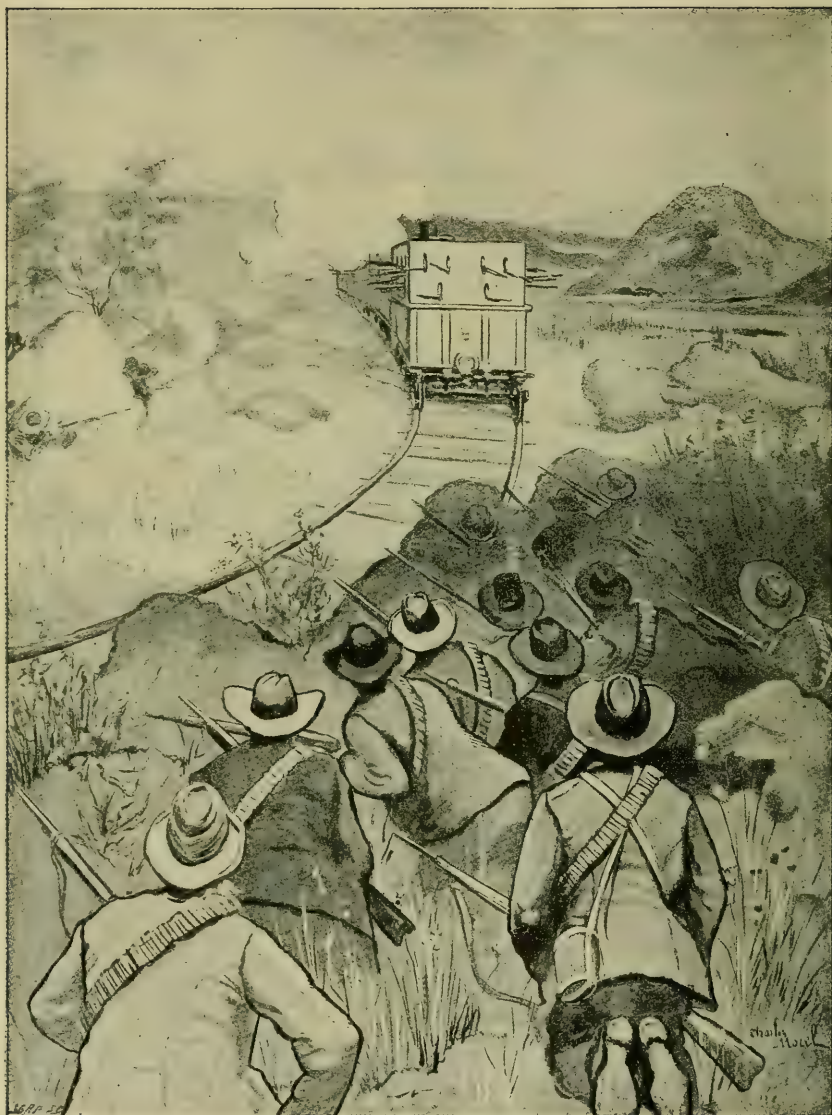
FIELD MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE BRITISH FORCES IN SOUTH AFRICA,
SUCCESSOR TO GENERAL BULLER



OOM PAUL KRUGER, PRESIDENT OF THE TRANSVAAL, AND HIS
BODY-GUARD VISITING A CAMP OF BOERS



A BRITISH CORPORAL OF THE 5TH LANCERS SPEARING TWO BOERS
WITH ONE THRUST AT THE BATTLE OF ELANDSLAAGTE

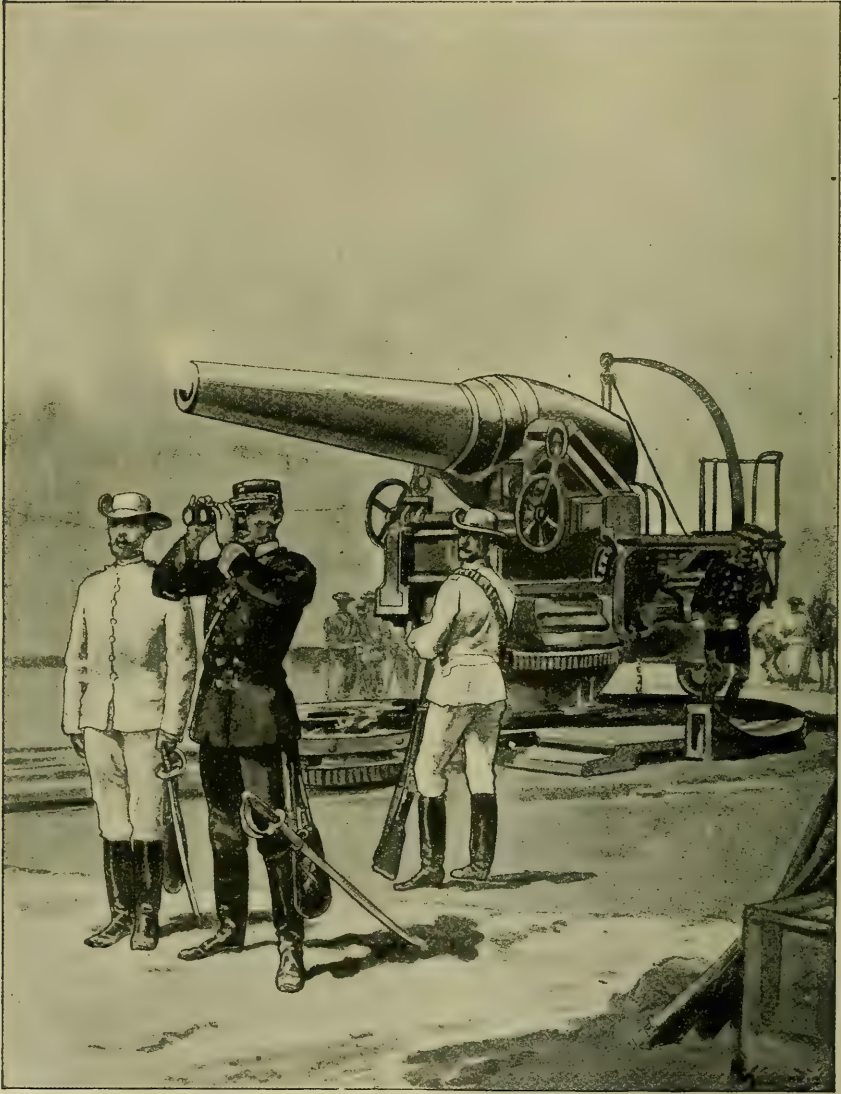


BRITISH ARMORED TRAIN ATTACKED BY BOERS
NEAR LADYSMITH

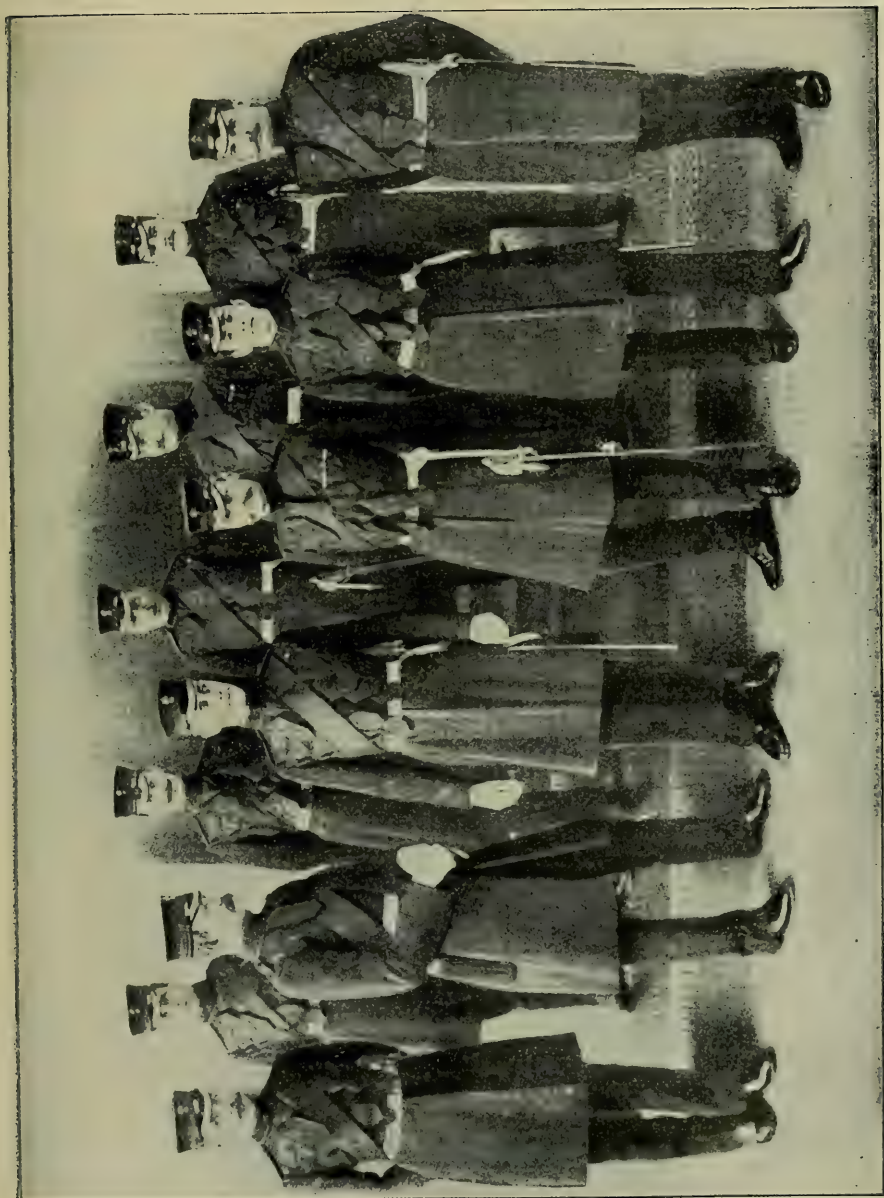


A TYPICAL HINDOOSTANEE

THROUGHOUT SOUTH AFRICA, ESPECIALLY IN NATAL, ARE MANY INDIANS DISTRIBUTED AMONG THE FARMERS. THE WOMEN DECORATE THEMSELVES WITH SILVER AND GOLD JEWELRY. THE POORER CLASSES TAKE THIS METHOD OF SAVING MONEY



"LONG TOM"—THE GREAT CANNON USED BY THE BOERS IN
BOMBARDING DUNDEE AND CAPTURED BY THE BRITISH



OFFICERS OF THE 1ST GRENADIER REGIMENT OF FOOT GUARDS NOW DOING SERVICE IN NATAL



THE STRUGGLE IN SOUTH AFRICA—ARRIVAL OF ENGLISH TROOPS AT
LADYSMITH, NATAL

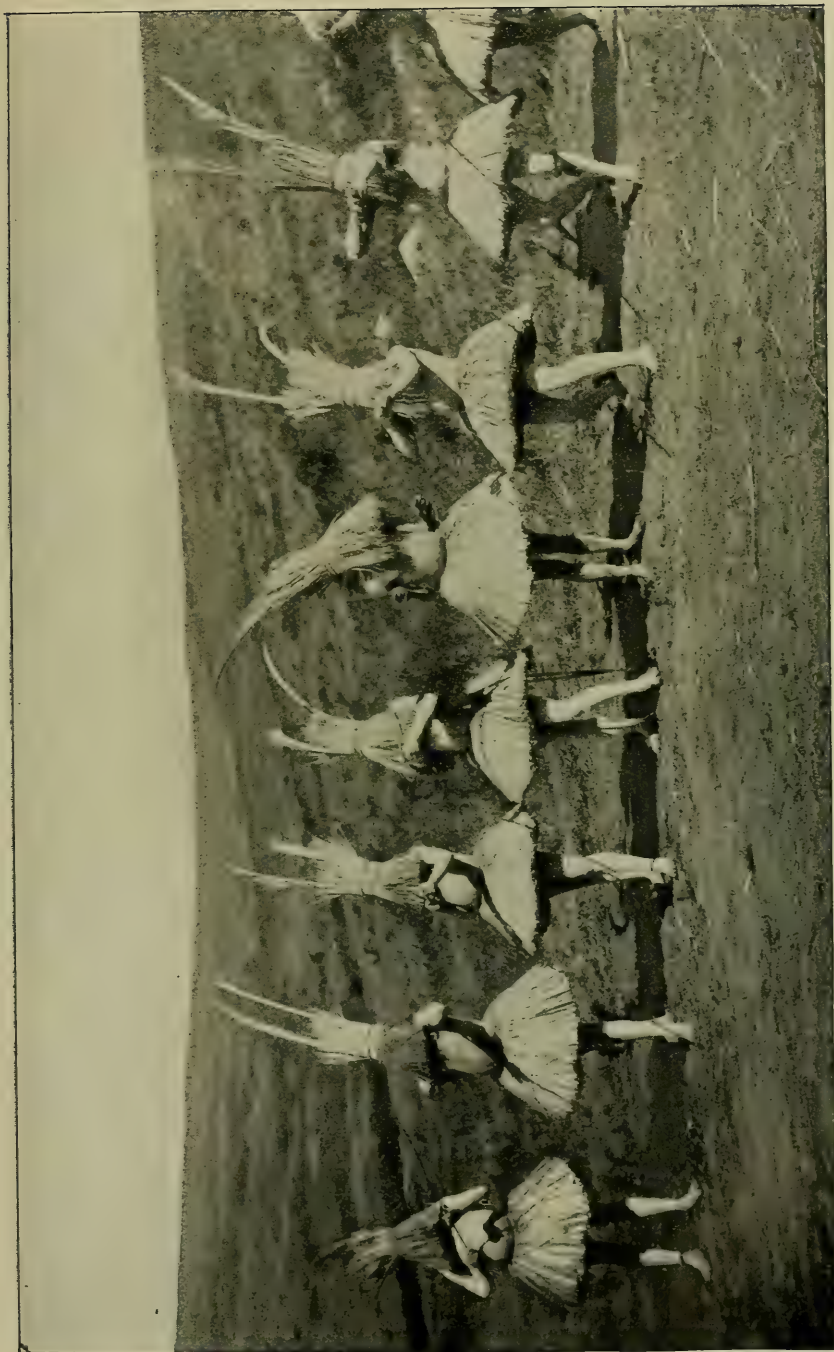


THE ENGLISH REPELLING THE BOERS ATTACK NEAR LADYSMITH



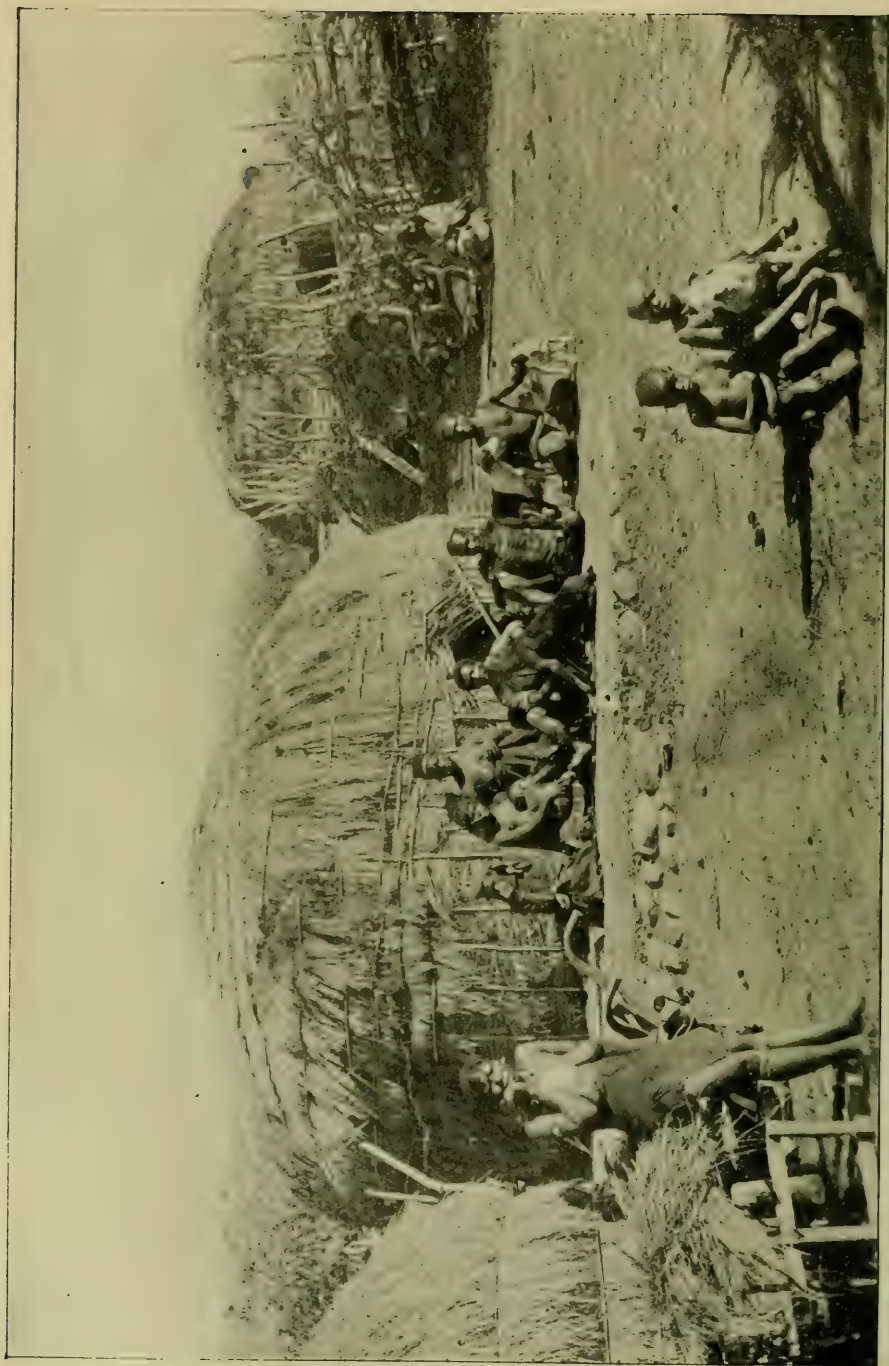
HINDOO CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION, NATAL

THE HINDOOS ARE QUITE LAVISH IN DECORATIONS FOR THEIR CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION AND A CHRISTMAS SPENT IN DURBAN IS THE NEAREST APPROACH TO A GENUINE INDIAN FESTIVAL, TO BE FOUND OUTSIDE OF THE INDIAN EMPIRE



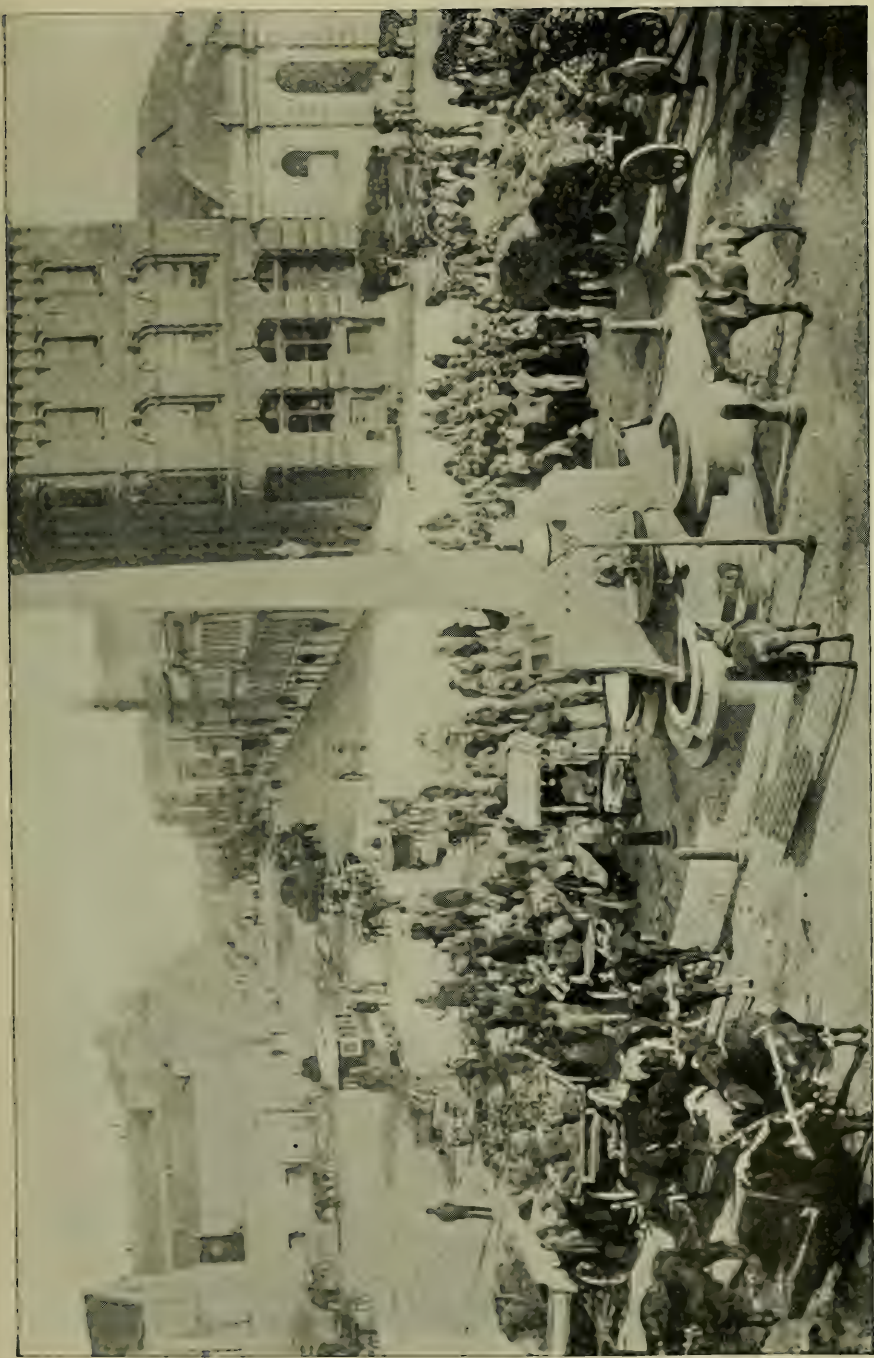
MATURITY DANCE, ZULULAND

WHEN ZULU MAIDENS BECOME OF AGE THEY ARE INTRODUCED THROUGH THE MATURITY DANCE, WHICH IS PRACTICALLY A "COMING OUT" PART NOW THE VOGUE IN OUR SOCIETY. AT A CERTAIN TIME DURING THE DANCE, THE HEAD COVERINGS ARE REMOVED AND THE MAIDENS ARE THEN INTRODUCED INTO SOCIETY



KAFFIR KRAALS

THE HOMES OF THE DIFFERENT SOUTH AFRICAN TRIBES ARE BUILT IN SETTLEMENTS AND CONSIST OF A FRAME-WORK WHICH IS THATCHED. THERE ARE NO DOORS OR WINDOWS EXCEPT ONE SMALL OPENING. A FAMILY OF TWENTY OR MORE WILL OCCUPY A KRAAL



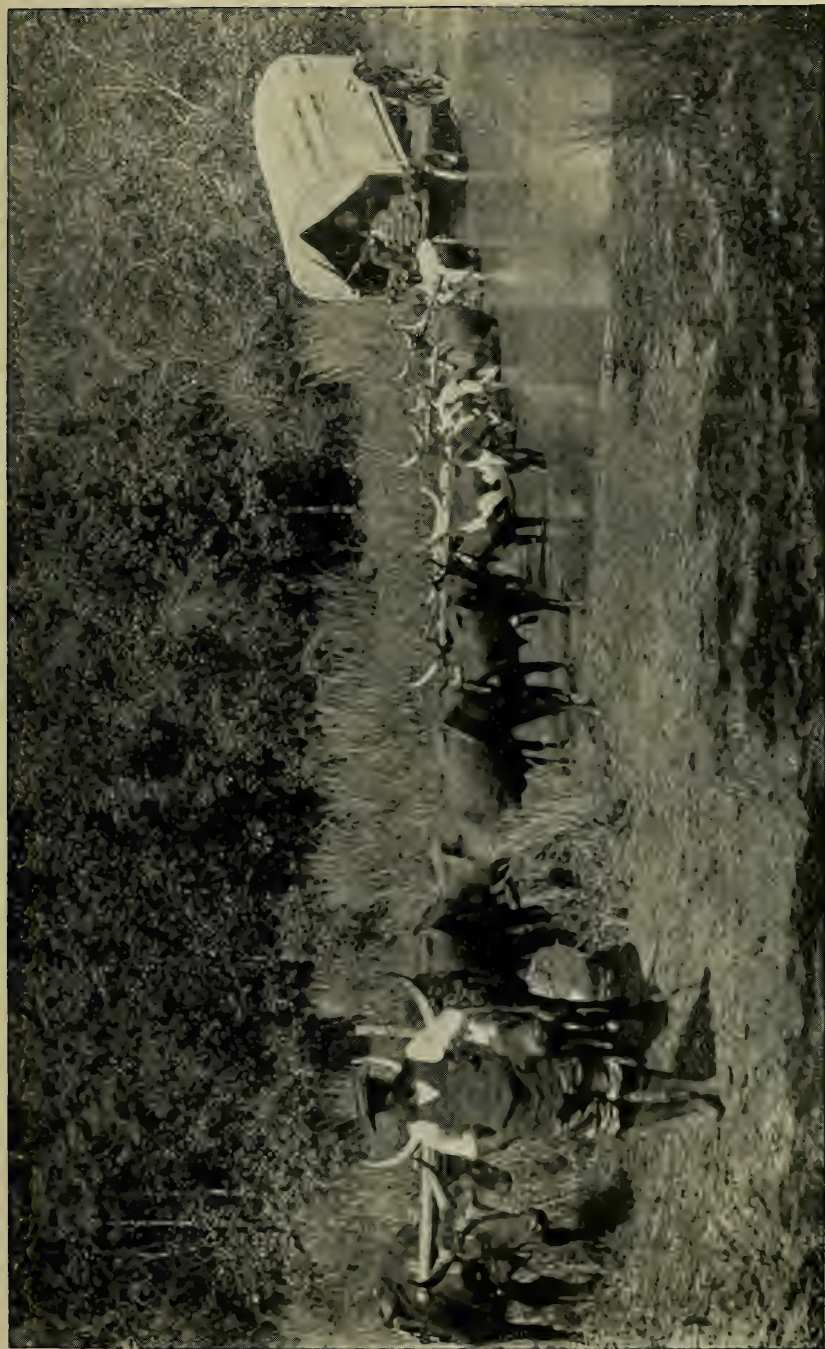
MARKET PLACE, PORT ELIZABETH

THIS IS THE BUSIEST MARKET PLACE IN ALL SOUTH AFRICA, AS THE WOOL AND FEATHER EXCHANGE IS LOCATED IN THIS CITY. THE TRADERS WHO COME FROM LONG DISTANCES WILL HAVE AS MANY AS TWENTY OXEN OR MULES HITCHED TO ONE WAGON



EAST LONDON-CAPE COLONY

THE PORT OF ENTRY FOR THE ORANGE FREE STATE. STEAMERS OF SMALL TONNAGE CAN CROSS THE BAR AND ENTER THE BUFFALO RIVER AND UNLOAD AT THE DOCKS BUT THE MAIL STEAMERS ANCHOR OUTSIDE



FREIGHT WAGON OF THE TRANSVAAL

ALL OF THE HEAVY MINING MACHINERY OF THE TRANSVAAL AND RHODESIA WAS TRANSPORTED ON THESE WAGONS. THE BODIES ARE TWENTY FEET LONG BY SEVEN FEET BETWEEN THE WHEELS AND ARE DRAWN BY FOURTEEN, SIXTEEN OR EIGHTEEN TRAINED BULLOCKS "SPANNED" IN PAIRS



COOLIES AND THEIR HUT, NATAL

THE GARDEN-LIKE BEAUTY OF NATAL IS DUE TO THE FIELD WORK OF THE HINDOOS OR COOLIES, AS THEY ARE CALLED. STATELY PALMS AND FLOWING BAMBOOS SURROUND BANANA GROVES, CANE-FIELDS, PINE-APPLE PLANTATIONS, TEA AND COFFEE ESTATES

fought, after which the chief, on behalf of the tribe, gave in his submission. After this expedition the British Government resolved to withdraw from the territory.

Sir George Clerk was deputed as a special commissioner to carry out the abandonment of the country; and, notwithstanding the protests of many inhabitants, he formally handed it over to a body of Boer delegates, in terms of a convention entered into on the 23d of February, 1854. They were released from their allegiance, and permitted to constitute an independent republican community of their own, under the title of the "Orange River Free State." Since that time the government has been in the hands of a president, assisted by an executive council, with a volksraad or congress elected by the people, exercising all legislative functions.

The state is financially in a flourishing condition. In case of necessity all able-bodied citizens are liable to be called upon for its defense. Commerce exports wool, diamonds, hides, ostrich-feathers and live animals. Education stands at a fairly high level amongst the whites; the prevailing religion is the Dutch Reformed.

Pastoral pursuits predominate, and the Orange Free State is a nation of farmers, yet gradually the mineral resources of the country are being developed, and commerce has already assumed considerable importance.

CHAPTER II.

The Boers and Kaffirs.

THE territory of the Transvaal and Orange Free State was once exclusively occupied by the famous Kaffirs, and, indeed, this tribe is now freely intermingled with the white or foreign inhabitants of those republics. The same may be said of Natal and Cape Colony, which are British possessions, although with the constant advance northward of civilization the native savages grow less in number as compared with the white settlers and are no longer the controlling power. Here is witnessed a repetition of that subjection of the native race which is seen in our own country with respect to the Indians.

The Kaffirs form one tribe of the great Bechuana family. Their national character is bold, warlike and independent. From these qualities, as well as from the cast of their countenance, some have conjectured that they are of Arabian origin. The men are extremely tall and well-proportioned, many being six feet and more in height; the women are naturally good-tempered, animated and cheerful, with teeth beautifully white and regular, and without the thick lips or flat noses of most of the natives of Africa; but they form a strong contrast to the men in the lowness of their stature, their figures being short and sturdy.

Their name of Kaffir, or unbeliever, was originally given to the inhabitants of the southeastern coast of Africa by the Moors, and, being adopted by the Portuguese, it became the common appellation of all the tribes occupying that region. The following sketch was from the life:

“Lo! where he crouches by the kloof’s* dark side,
Eyeing the farmer’s lowing herds afar;
Impatient, watching till the evening star
Lead forth the twilight dim, that he may glide

*In these lines “kloof” means gully, a dark ravine.

Like panther to the prey. With freeborn pride
He scorns the herdsman—nor regards the scar
Of recent wound—but burnishes for war
His assagai and targe of buffalo-hide.
'He is a robber?'—True; it is a strife
Between the black-skinned bandit and the white.
'A savage?'—Yes; though loth to aim at life,
Evil for evil fierce he doth requite.
'A heathen?'—Teach him, then, thy better creed,
Christian, if thou deserv'st that name indeed!"

The manner of life of these people is, in general, extremely simple. Their diet mostly consists of milk, which is kept in leathern bottles until it is sufficiently thick and acidulous. They eat also boiled corn, which is usually served up in small baskets, from which each one helps himself with his hands. They sometimes make of their corn a kind of pottage; at other times they form it into thick cakes, which are baked on the hearth. They lay up provisions for winter use, either in pits or subterranean granaries. An occasional feast of animal food, with the articles now mentioned, are sufficient for the support of this hardy race.

MODE OF DRESS AMONG THE KAFFIRS.

The native apparel of the Kaffirs consists wholly of the skins of beasts, so prepared as to render them perfectly soft and pliable. Sometimes they are long enough to reach to the feet, hang loosely from the shoulders in the manner of a cloak, and are, in general, the only covering adopted by the men. To protect themselves from the parching effect of the sun's rays, they anoint themselves from head to foot with some unctuous substance. The same materials are used by the women, but their dress is of a different shape. The dress of the white settlers is becoming more and more common among the natives.

The chief wealth of the Kaffir consists in his herds of cattle. Nothing affects him more than an injury done to his horned creatures, whose increase and prosperity appear to occupy the chief place in his thoughts, and to be the ruling motive of his actions. The more laborious occupations of tillage, of felling wood, and of

building dwellings, are performed by the women, whose life, after marriage, is indeed one of bondage.

The bartering practiced at a fair is worthy of notice. The Kaffir having articles to dispose of, sits down amidst his comrades, waiting the approach of a colonial dealer, who produces his beads and other species of traffic. Neither party understands the other's language, yet it seldom happens that an interpreter is present.

Should the beads or other commodities offered not be con-



EXPLORER DINING WITH A KAFFIR CHIEF.

sidered by the Kaffir sufficient for the transfer of his own produce, a shake of the head adequately denotes his dissatisfaction. More beads, perhaps, are then added on the one side, dissent being still manifested on the other, until, as the dealer is not disposed to make any further advance, the affair terminates, without agreement, to the vexation of the bead merchant, whose time and patience have been so unprofitably exhausted; but to the utter indifference of the Kaffir, whose imperturbable coolness is an additional source of chagrin to the unsuccessful bidder.

A second and a third dealer often display their ornamental treasures with similar failure, and it not infrequently happens that the tenacious Kaffir departs without disposing of his commodity, which he brings to the next fair, and perhaps exchanges ultimately for articles of less number and value than had previously been offered.

When a bargain of any magnitude is concluded, the chief is generally at hand to substantiate his claim, considering himself entitled to a certain portion of the profits as his tribute, in consequence of his territory having been made the scene of traffic. His retainers are therefore dispersed throughout the fair, to watch the various negotiations, and summon their chief at the close of any considerable bargain, no fraction of the payment being touched by the salesman before his arrival. The chief is sometimes extortionate.

A traveler having expressed to an interpreter his surprise that on one occasion a Kaffir should have submitted, without remonstrance, to the greedy demands of the chief Gaika, he shook his head significantly, and, showing his mutilated hand, replied, "I once ventured to remonstrate with him myself, when he flew into a rage, and would have thrust his assagai through my body, had I not parried the javelin with my hand, and luckily escaped with the loss of my thumb. I am not taking any risks."

SAMPLE OF SOUTH AFRICAN JUSTICE.

A different story is told of the chief Macomo. An Englishman, being dissatisfied with the conduct of a slave he had brought into Kaffraria from the Cape Colony, after some altercation and a few strokes from his whip of rhinoceros hide, carried him before Macomo, the chief of a tribe near the river Keissi. Here the master and slave filed cross bills against each other. The slave produced witnesses to prove that his master had abused and struck him without cause; and the master accused the slave of laziness, insolence, and disobedience, and demanded that he should be punished by a severe flogging.

Macomo, having heard both parties, informed them that in

Kaffraria there are no slaves, and that he must therefore consider them merely as two men who had made a bargain with each other. "Now, it appears," said he to the Englishman, "that you have struck this man, and otherwise ill-treated him; but you can show no proof that he had injured you by offering you violence. I therefore declare your bargain at an end. He is free to go where he pleases, and you shall pay him an ox for the wrong you have done him."

The decision highly incensed the Englishman, who refused to submit. "He deserved punishment, not reward," said he, "for his insolence." "You have not proved that," said Macomo; "but had it been so, you should have brought him to me. Why do I sit here, if need be, from sunrise to sunset? It is to decide between man and man in cases where their anger blinds them, and hinders their judgment. If men use their hands in secret, instead of their tongues before the judge or the old men, whose life would be worth a husk of corn? There would be no safety then for any one."

"DIFFERENCE BETWEEN AN ELEPHANT AND A DEER."

The traveler replied that he would not argue the matter with Macomo, "as he was ignorant of the usages of civilized life, and did not understand the rights of property. I will complain of your conduct," he added, "to Major Somerset, the commander of the frontier, who will soon show you the difference between an elephant and a deer." To this taunt Macomo calmly replied, "I know that Somerset is stronger than I am. He is an elephant, but neither I nor my father has been called a deer. You say that your people are wiser than ours. You do not show it in appealing from reason to force. When you return to the colony, the magistrate will decide between you; here it can go no further. Give him the ox," he added; "it will be better for you." The ox was given.

The tribes of South Africa, like the Indians of North America, the natives of Ceylon, and many other widely separated people, have their rain-makers, who pretend to command the clouds by means of certain magic charms of which they have the secret.

These impostors have most power in countries which are subject to frequent droughts, and where the people depend for subsist-

ence on corn or cattle. Such is the case with the Kaffirs, among whom the belief prevails that rain can be withheld or granted at the will of their rain-doctor.

They therefore seek the aid of one of them with much ceremony. The chief and his attendant warriors proceed in state to his dwelling with presents of cattle; and after signifying their request, they institute a feast, which often lasts many days, during which the impostor pretends that he is using his magic charms.

One of the devices is to collect a few leaves of each kind of tree from a neighboring forest, to be simmered in large pots over a fire, and then to kill a sheep by pricking it in the heart with a long needle, while the series of superstitious ceremonies is passed through. As the simmering goes on and steam arises, it is supposed to ascend and render the clouds propitious, so that the needed showers descend. Meanwhile the dance is joined in by all the tribe; it is continued throughout the day, and when midnight comes it still goes on; it may be accompanied with songs, in which the praises of the rain-maker are shouted in a long-continued chorus.

STRANGE METHODS OF THE RAIN-MAKERS.

This act, however, is often premature; for the rain-maker fails; the young corn often withering for want of the genial and refreshing showers. Other expedients are then tried. Thus, a large circle is formed of young men; they encompass the side of a mountain which the antelopes love to haunt, and, gradually contracting their range, they commonly succeed in taking captive several of these little animals. Their voices are supposed to attract rain. The cunning practitioner, trusting not to any natural sounds, urges them round the kraal, and calls forth their screams by pinchings and other tortures. Should all his efforts prove abortive, he seeks safety, like other impostors, in flight, when, on the continuance of drought, the aid of some other of his tribe is eagerly coveted.

When visitors arrive wanting aid, he often amuses them by pretending to work his witcheries, and they are, at length, dismissed with a variety of instructions, on the due observance of which the expected boon is made to depend. These instructions

are generally of the most trivial nature: they are not to look back on their journey home; or they are not to speak; or they are to compel every one they meet to return home with them; and so on. If rain occurs, the credit, of course, is assumed by, and conceded to, the rainmaker; if disappointment ensues, they blame themselves for not having adequately carried out the instructions they received.

The idle ceremony is again repeated; the poor people have again to make presents, to feast, and to receive instructions; thus much time is consumed, during which the season of drought frequently passes away. One of the most intelligent of the Kaffirs once visited a missionary, Mr. Shaw, and said he was determined to have the question set at rest, whether or not the rainmaker could produce rain. "We will have our rainmaker summoned to meet you in an open plain, where all the Kaffirs of the surrounding kraals shall be present to judge between you and him."

EASY EXCUSES FOR FAILURE.

This was agreed to, and at the appointed time and place thousands of Kaffirs from the neighboring country appeared in their war-dresses. Mr. Shaw being confronted with a celebrated rainmaker, declared openly that God alone gave rain; and offered to present the rainmaker with a team of oxen if he should succeed in causing any to descend within a certain specified time. This was agreed to; the rainmaker commenced his ceremonies, which are said to have been well calculated to impose on an ignorant and superstitious people. The time having expired without any signs of rain, the chief who had convened the meeting inquired of the rainmaker why he had so long imposed upon them? The rainmaker evaded the question, and complained that he had not been paid well enough for the rain, and he appealed to all present to say whether rain had not always been forthcoming on proper remuneration.

Mr. Shaw now pointed out some half-famished cattle belonging to the rainmaker which were to be seen on an adjacent hill starving for want of pasturage; thus clearly proving that had he possessed the skill to which he pretended, it was not likely he would have

neglected his own interests. To this the rainmaker adroitly replied, addressing the people: "I never found any difficulty in making rain till *he* came among us" (pointing to Mr. Shaw); "but now, no sooner do I collect the clouds, and the rain is about to fall in copious showers on the dry and parched soil, than there immediately begins a sound of *ting, ting, ting* (alluding to the chapel bell), "which puts the clouds to flight, and prevents the rain from descending on your land." Mr. Shaw could not decide as to the effect of this ingenious plea on the majority of the Kaffirs; but he had the satisfaction of knowing that the intelligent native who consulted him on the subject never made any more presents for rain.

FRIGHTFUL WAR-DANCE.

Steedman describes an occasion when Gaika, the Kaffir chief, accompanied by his wives, and a large retinue of attendant warriors, had been permitted to enter Fort Wiltshire, on the Keiskamma River, and were exhibiting to its inmates the peculiar and terrific war-dance of his tribe.

"This," he says, "was a performance, indeed, far more adapted to astonish than to please, exciting alarm rather than admiration, and displaying in rapid succession the habits and ferocious passions of a savage community. Let the reader picture to himself a hundred or more unclad Africans, besmeared and disfigured with copious defilements of red clay, and assuming with frantic gestures all the characteristic vehemence of a furious engagement. The dance commenced with a slow movement to a sort of humming noise from the women in the rear, the men stamping and beating time with their feet, until the gradual excitement occasioned a simultaneous spring with corresponding shouts, when the action proceeded to an unnatural frenzy, and was calculated to produce in the mind of a stranger the most appalling sensations.

"The dusky glare of the fire blazing in front of these formidable warriors, during their wild and unearthly evolutions, gave an additional degree of awful effect to this extraordinary scene; and all that I had ever read in poetry or romance of the Court of Pandemonium, or the Hall of Eblis, fell infinitely short to my imagi-

nation, compared with the realities before me. It was indeed a most seasonable relief amidst the bewildering fancies of the moment, to hear the gratifying sound of 'All's well' from the sentries on the outposts of the fort, which imparted to the mind a feeling of security and composure that, as may well be conceived, was truly welcome."

A traveler, wishing to survey the scenery in the vicinity of



HERD OF SPRINGBOKS IN FULL FLIGHT.

the White river, started one morning before sunrise, and set out on horseback on an exploratory ramble, accompanied by a Hottentot guide on foot, equipped with his gun and hunting gear. The sun had not yet risen over the bushy hills as they proceeded down the valley, and every tree and flower was bright and sparkling with dew, diffusing a grateful feeling of freshness in this thirsty land, where rain is precarious and often long denied.

The rich fragrance of the wild African jessamine, clustering

with its white flowers around the rocks and aged trees, agreeably attracted attention, and recalled the thoughts of the traveler to far distant scenes, where he had seen the same beautiful shrub, or a species nearly resembling it, naturalized in the rigorous clime of Britain. Blue-bells, too, almost precisely similar to those of the Scottish braes, were growing among the tangled brushwood through which they wound their way ; and a small bird now and then chirped a few wild notes, which so much resembled the preluding quiver of the wood-lark, as to be almost startling. But the song died away in a feeble trill, and all again was silent, save the cooing of turtle-doves, which, even in the autumn of South Africa, is continually to be heard at early morn, in a woodland country, and which produces a soothing, though somewhat monotonous, effect.

VAST FOREST OF EVERGREENS.

After proceeding a mile or two down the river, they struck into a path on the left hand, which led into the bosom of a jungle, behind the woody heights which bound the White river on the south. The path on which they now entered led them along a sort of valley, or rather avenue, through the forests of evergreens and brushwood, which covered the undulating country as far as the eye could reach. This avenue consisted of a succession of grassy savannahs, often of large extent, opening into each other through the jungle, and affording a wide range of excellent pasturage for the herds of the settlement.

It had, however, the disadvantage of being destitute of water, excepting after heavy rains ; and another serious drawback was the extreme hazard to which the cattle pastured in it, as well as their keepers, were exposed during the disturbances with the Kaffirs, in consequence of the extent of jungle that surrounds it. Of this danger sufficient demonstration was exhibited to the traveler by his guide pointing out, as they passed along, the spot where, a few years before, nine of his comrades were slaughtered, and of which he gave the following account.

During the irruption of the Kaffir clans, after the invasion and devastation of their country by the Colonial Government in

1819, the mountains and forests of the Zureberg were occupied by numerous marauding bands of these barbarians, who poured themselves into the colony in a state of great exasperation, resolved either to recapture the cattle of which they had been plundered, or to indemnify themselves by carrying off those of the colonists. They had already several times menaced the Moravian village of Enon with nightly attacks; and as it was well known that parties of them were lurking in the vicinity, the cattle of the community were constantly guarded by ten or twelve of the most courageous and sturdy Hottentots armed with guns.

The Kaffirs had no other arms than "kirries" and "assagais," that is, clubs and javelins; and they knew from experience that these herdsmen were unerring marksmen, and that their own weapons and mode of warfare were but ill-fitted to compete with the firelock. They had determined, however, at all hazards, to possess themselves of the fine herd of cattle belonging to the settlement, and in their attempt they proved successful.

A HORRIBLE MASSACRE.

The Hottentots had one day driven the cattle up this avenue into one of the open spots, or woodland prairies, already described, and observing no fresh traces of the enemy, seated themselves in a group, about a hundred paces from the side of the jungle, and began to smoke their pipes, each with his loaded gun lying down beside him on the grass.

The Kaffirs, who were eagerly watching all their motions from the neighboring heights, judged that this was a favorable opportunity to attack them. Creeping through the thickets, with the stealthy pace of the panther, they advanced cautiously to the skirts of the copse-wood nearest to the herdsmen; and then crouching in silence till they observed them eagerly engaged in conversation, and with their faces turned in a different direction, they burst out upon them suddenly, with their frightful war-whoop. Pouring in a shower of javelins as they rushed forward, they almost instantly closed, club in hand, with the few not already transfixed by their missiles.

So sudden and unexpected was the onset, that only two of the ten Hottentots had time to fire. Two of the assailants fell; but their loss was bloodily avenged by the slaughter of nine of the herdsmen, one of their number escaping by flying to the jungle, with two javelins sticking in his body; and the cattle of the settlement, to the amount of upwards of a thousand head, became a prey to the enemy.

The men thus slain were among the best and most industrious of the little community, and all of them left wives and families to deplore their untimely fate. The event overwhelmed the settlement with lamentation and dismay; and as the cattle were the chief support of the inhabitants, and as an attack on the village was nightly anticipated, the Moravian institution was soon afterwards abandoned, and its inmates took refuge in the district town of Uitenhage, where they were received with much sympathy, and treated with great kindness both by the inhabitants and the government functionaries. From this place of refuge they subsequently returned to further carry on their work.

FAMOUS "SLAUGHTER TREE."

As a rude wagon track approaches a glen, the path is closed in on either side for a considerable distance by the tall jungle, so luxuriant in its growth that one would suppose even a wolf or a leopard would scarcely be able to find a way through it. The path itself, originally tracked out by the elephants, appears to have been widened by the axe just sufficiently to allow a single wagon to pass along, and it now formed the only access on this side to the upper part of the glen. This pass is called the "Slagtboom;" and it is said to have acquired its name from the following occurrence:

Many years before the Kaffirs were dispossessed of this part of the country, and finally driven over the Great Fish River, the chief Congo and his clan occupied the White River valley and the fastnesses of the adjacent mountains in great force. During one of the struggles that ensued, in consequence of Congo's attempt to maintain himself in possession of this district, a party of seventy or eighty Boers were sent to occupy this glen, while other troops

enviored the Kaffir camp from the opposite side. The Boers rode in without opposition through this pass; but, finding the enemy stronger than they expected, they became alarmed, and attempted to retreat by the same road.

The Kaffirs, however, who on this occasion showed themselves to be not destitute of military skill, had in the meantime blocked



SCENE IN A SOUTH AFRICAN VILLAGE.

up the narrow path by stretching a large tree across it near the centre, and fastening it with thongs and wattles at either end; and then stationing themselves in strong bands among the copse-wood, they attacked the Boers on all sides, as soon as they had fairly entered the defile, with showers of javelins, and slew a great number of them before they were able to force a passage through. From this bloody catastrophe the spot obtained the name of "Slagtboom" or "Slaughter Tree."

In 1811 a great effort was made by the colonial government to expel the Kaffirs from this quarter of the country, which they claimed as their own, having occupied it, in fact, for the greater part of a century, and having, as they alleged, and it is believed truly, twice purchased it—first from the Hottentots, and afterwards from the Boers. Their claim of possession, however, whether just or otherwise, the colonial government had determined not to recognize, and orders were suddenly issued to “invite” them to evacuate this territory, and, if they refused immediate compliance, to drive them by fire and sword across the Great Fish River.

CRUEL TREATMENT OF THE KAFFIRS.

At the time when the colonial troops assembled to carry this order into execution it was in the summer, when the corn and vegetables of the Kaffirs were not fully ripe; and the hardship of their being obliged to abandon their crops, and, consequently, to suffer a twelve months’ scarcity, during which many must perish of absolute famine, was urgently pleaded to obtain a short respite. Their remonstrances, however, were not listened to; the peremptory mandate was given to remove instantly.

During these transactions, while the Kaffirs were highly exasperated by what they considered cruel and oppressive treatment, and were beginning to assume a very hostile attitude, the chief magistrate of the district, old Landdrost Stockenstrom, sought a conference with some of the principal chiefs, with the benevolent purpose of endeavoring to persuade them to evacuate the country peacefully, in order to avoid the devastation and bloodshed that must otherwise ensue. Mr. Stockenstrom was much respected by the Kaffirs, on account of the justice and humanity he had displayed when disputes had occurred between them and the colonists; and, trusting to their characteristic good faith, he had repeatedly ventured among them with a very slender escort.

It was reported that on the present occasion, for an interview was not declined, a message was secretly sent him by one of the chiefs warning him not to trust his safety at that time among them. This warning, however, as well as the earnest dissuasions

of some of his own people, Stockenstrom, though a cautious as well as a brave man, disregarded, and met the Kaffirs in the forest of the Zureberg with only about a dozen or fifteen attendants.

Whether the chiefs who acceded to this meeting were accessory to any premeditated plan of treachery does not appear to have been clearly ascertained, but certain it is that Stockenstrom and his party were suddenly attacked in one of the dangerous defiles of the forest, near the spot appointed for the conference, and most of them massacred. One of the few who escaped saved his life by flying into the forest and creeping through the thickets "like a jackal," as he expressed it, until he reached a place of safety.

MURDERED IN COLD BLOOD.

This perfidious slaughter appears, on satisfactory evidence, to have been perpetrated by a band of the Ammadankee tribe, a broken clan, who entertained an inveterate, deadly animosity towards the colonists, of the origin of which the following account is given: About the year 1770, the Boers of Bruintjes-hoogte invited the Ammadankee clan of Kaffirs, of whom Jalumba was then chief, to meet them on the western bank of the Great Fish River, for the purpose of holding a consultation on some public matters. The Ammadankee attended the meeting, where a peaceable conference was held, and they were entertained with brandy and tobacco.

After which the Boers said they had brought a costly present for their good friends, the Kaffirs; and, having placed some rush mats on the ground, they spread upon them a profusion of beads, and invited their visitors to make a scramble and display their activity in picking them up on a signal being given. The Boers then retired a little distance to where their guns were lying loaded with two or three bullets each. The promised signal being given by the Veld-cornet Botman, the Kaffirs, dreading no guile, rushed upon the beads, overturning one another in their eagerness to seize a share of these tempting trinkets. At this instant the Boers, seizing their firearms, poured in a volley on their unsuspecting visitors with so destructive an aim that very few, it is said, escaped the massacre.



THE AUTOMOBILE IN WAR—RAPID-FIRE GUNS USED BY THE ENGLISH TROOPS AT THE DEFENCE
OF LADYSMITH



THE WAR IN THE TRANSVAAL—MUSTERING OF THE BOER FORCES, AND THEIR DEPARTURE BY TRAIN
FOR THE SEAT OF WAR



GENERAL SIR REDVERS HENRY BULLER
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE WAR FORCES IN SOUTH AFRICA



TRANSCAAL ARTILLERY FIRING ON THE ENEMY AT GLENCOE



LIEUTENANT GENERAL SIR GEORGE WHITE
COMMANDER OF THE BRITISH FORCES IN NATAL



BOERS GATHERING AT THE GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS,
BELFAST, SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC



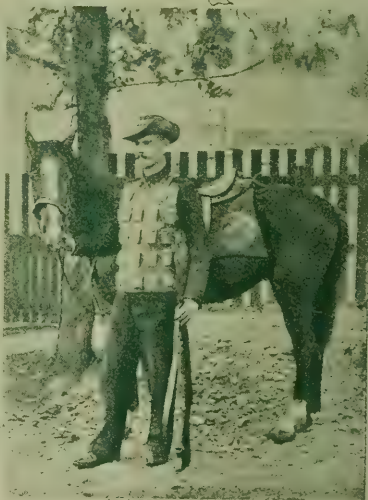
TROOPS FROM ENGLAND LANDING AT DURBAN, NATAL



THE TRANSVAAL CRISIS—BOERS HELIOGRAPHING ON THE FRONTIER



BRITISH MOUNTED INFANTRY RECONNOITERING IN NATAL



GENERAL JOUBERT
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE TRANS-
VAAL ARMY

A WEALTHY BURGHES

M. T. STEYN
PRESIDENT OF THE ORANGE FREE
STATE

A WARLIKE RELATIVE OF
PRESIDENT KRUGER



A COMPANY OF BOER HORSEMAN HURRYING TO THE FRONT LED BY
THE DISTRICT FIELD-CORNET



ENGLAND'S NEW SHRAPNEL GUNS AND THEIR DEADLY EXECUTION AMONG THE BOERS

THE TERRIFIC SLAUGHTER CAUSED BY THESE RAPID-FIRE GUNS IS THE MARVEL OF THE MILITARY WORLD. THE BATTLE AT TALANA HILL, GLENCOE, WAS WON BY THE DEADLY HAIL OF SHRAPNEL BEFORE THE INFANTRY ADVANCED. NO WEAPONS SO DESTRUCTIVE HAVE EVER BEFORE BEEN KNOWN IN WARFARE



WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA—GALLANT CHARGE OF THE BOERS

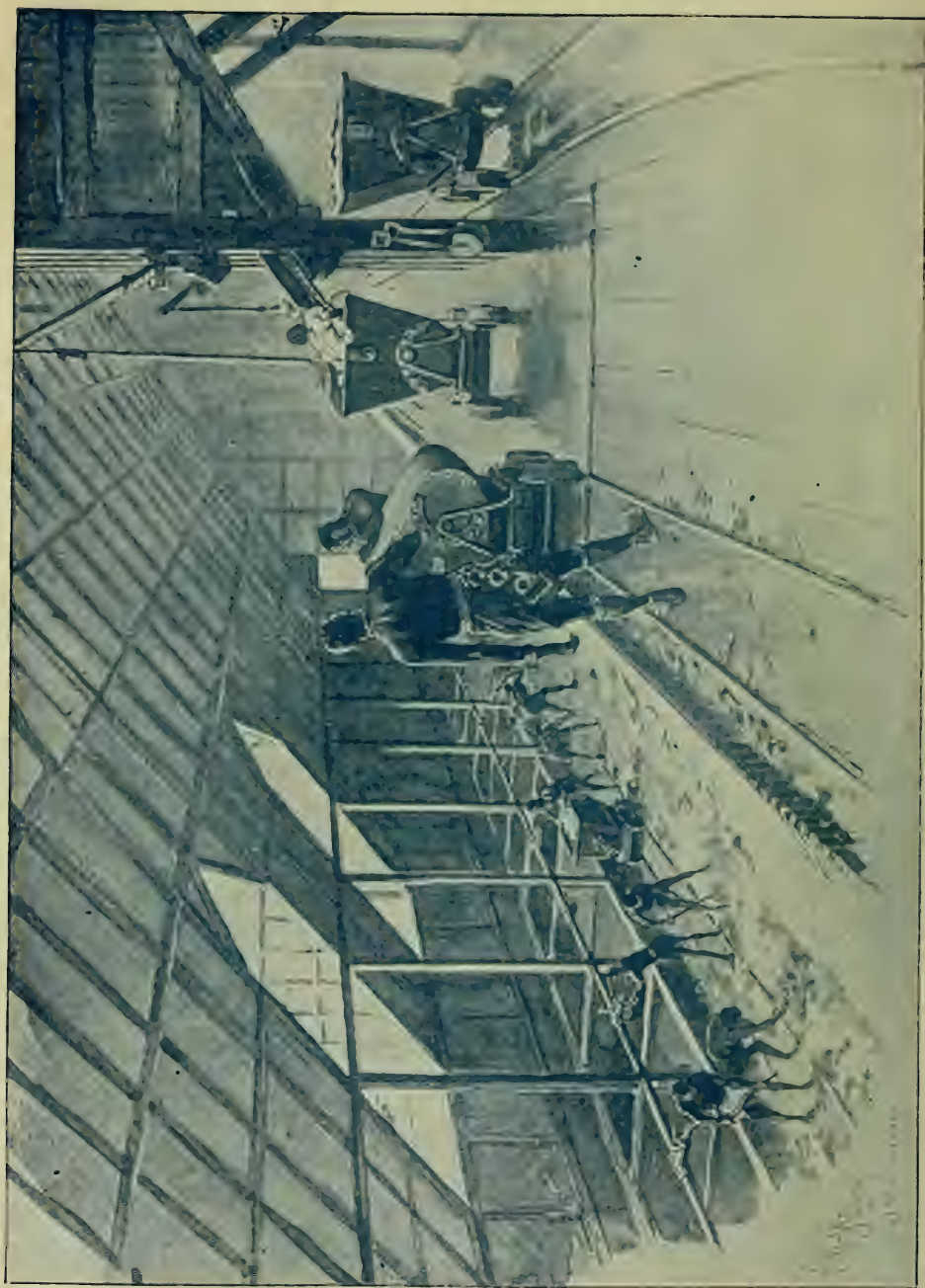


THE CRISIS IN THE TRANSVAAL—A STREET SCENE IN JOHANNESBURG

THE CHIEF TOWN AND MINING CENTRE OF THE TRANSVAAL GOLD FIELDS, SOUTH AFRICA. IT IS SITUATED 6000 FEET ABOVE THE SEA-LEVEL, AND HAS MOST OF THE MODERN IMPROVEMENTS. THE SURROUNDING MINING DISTRICT IS ONE OF THE RICHEST KNOWN



BATTLE OF GLENCOE—ENGLISH TROOPS REPELLING AN ATTACK BY THE BOERS



JOHANNESBURG MINE—TRANSVAAL
SORTING HOUSE WHERE THE QUARTZ AND WASTE ROCK ARE SEPARATED

The residue, having lost their chiefs and their principal men, became a "broken clan," abandoned the banks of the Fish River, and sought refuge in the Zureberg with their chief Congo and their countrymen of the tribe of Tinde; and it was some of the descendants of this unfortunate family, who, remembering that day of treachery and murder, now seized the opportunity of revenging the wrongs of their race on the colonists. A son of their old oppressor, Botman, was among the slain.

When the Cape Colony, by the events of war, passed finally into British hands, it was occupied by a Dutch population, beyond the limits of whose somewhat circumscribed settlements resided various tribes of native origin, thinly scattered and curiously mixed. The Bushman was probably the earliest tenant of the soil; but he had receded before the Hottentot, and the Hottentot before the Kaffir; until the actual occupation of the country had come to be determined by a species of conquest. Then the frontier of the colony was defined towards the northeast by the course of the Orange River, beyond which the jurisdiction of the British Government was not presumed to extend.

SETTLEMENT OF A NEW COUNTRY.

Although the European settlers were but thinly planted on the territory, yet the irresistible exigencies of pastoral life induced a few of the colonists as early as 1825 to struggle across the Orange River in quest of fresh fields and more productive pastures; but it was not till eleven years later that the emigration in this direction assumed any serious proportions. Then, however, occurred an exodus which, in relation to the numbers of the colonial population, was really considerable, and in its character and consequences more important still.

The Dutch farmers, or Boers, had become actively hostile to British rule. Without speculating on the cause of this enmity, it will be enough to say that a large body of them crossed the frontier, and fought their way through dangers and difficulties, until they reached Natal, where they proceeded to establish a Batavian Republic. Such an event naturally demanded the attention of the

British Government, for the Boers were British subjects, and their migration had been accompanied by alarming disturbances on the colonial border.

It was at that time, as it always has been, the professed policy of England to put limits on her territorial progress, to avoid, if possible, the extension of her dominion, and to preclude the risks of war and its results by cultivating the good will and amity of the chiefs beyond the frontier. But her precautions in this respect were utterly nullified by the proceedings of the Boers, who, assuming, as was in fact the case, that the tribes claiming a general ownership in the soil had little better title than themselves, showed small scruple or consideration in selecting their new settlements, and the result appeared accordingly in confusion, discord, bloodshed, and peril.

To extirpate these elements of danger the British followed the Boers to Natal, asserted their sovereignty in that province, and left Natal to become a British settlement, dependent on the Crown Colony of the Cape. Upon this, the Boers, animated by an invincible fanaticism, wheeled off to the west, crossed the Drakenburg range of mountains, and established themselves in the spacious district to the north of the British possessions between the Orange and Vaal rivers, and there set up a permanent home.

SUPREMACY OF BRITISH AUTHORITY.

In this region they maintained their institutions for some time, though always under the same conditions of conflict and with similar liabilities on the part of the colonial government. At length, in the year 1848, when Sir Harry Smith was Governor of the Cape, another step was taken. In the exercise of his administration he discovered a disposition on the part not only of the native chiefs, but, as it appeared, on that of the Boers also, to place themselves immediately and actually under British sovereignty.

At that time the Boers seem to have acquired the ascendancy, and to have alarmed the chiefs for the safety of their possessions, though the contest was still stubbornly maintained on both sides; but the upshot of the negotiations was that the supremacy of the

British Government was definitely and directly proclaimed. These measures were but half agreeable to the authorities at home, who were impressed with a laudable horror of extending obligations which had already been found to carry with them so heavy a charge. However, as it was represented that England's supremacy would be sincerely welcomed by both parties, and that its exercise would cost nothing, the position was accepted, and the settlements of the Boers became attached to the Cape Colony as the Orange River Sovereignty.

Six months sufficed to show that the misgivings of the Home Government were well founded, for in August, 1848, Sir Harry Smith was suddenly called upon to quell something like an insurrection in the new sovereignty. In this he succeeded, but when, some two years later, a fresh Kaffir war broke out, it became presently evident that the Orange River Sovereignty would aggravate England's troubles. The chiefs quarreled with each other, and all quarreled with the Boers, while both sides, instead of deferring to British authority, found their sole ground of agreement in plotting against the protectorship they had invited.

Into the events of the Kaffir war, commenced by Sir Harry Smith, and concluded by General Cathcart, we do not enter; but one of the consequences of the contest was, that after a demonstration of power the British retired from the Orange River Sovereignty, evacuated the country, and left the Boers to establish there a "Free State," adjacent to which, and beyond the river Vaal, there was also erected a "Trans-Vaal Republic."

CHAPTER III.

White Settlers and the Zulus.

THE history of the Boers in South Africa is largely connected with that of savage tribes, among whom the most powerful are the Kaffirs and Zulus. Strictly speaking, the Kaffirs include the Zulus, the latter being a subdivision of the former. They are a branch of the great Bantu division of the human family, among whose sections the aggregate tribes or clans now generally known as the Zulus are conspicuous for their physical and intellectual development.

By nature the men are brave, and are given to field sports, and, where opportunity offers, to border forays and intertribal strife. A noticeable feature in their nature is that when a fight is really ended, bitterly and bravely as it usually is fought, no passions appear to remain, nor are feelings of revenge harbored against each other. The Zulu government is that of a pure democracy, the chiefs being elected, and holding office during the pleasure of the people.

This pleasure is given expression to through parents to subheads of districts, through them to the heads of larger districts, and through them in turn to the chief direct. Legislation occurs in the same way, through an expression of feeling from the body of the people to the chief through the heads of the districts. A very complete, though unwritten, code of law, civil and criminal, exists, and is well known to every adult Zulu. Polygamy is practiced throughout the country, and has been since time immemorial. The marriage-tie, however, with the tenth or twentieth wife is as sacred as where there is only one. As a race the Zulus are conspicuous for their freedom from drunkenness and crime. The pursuits of the people are pastoral.

Zululand is a territory of South Africa, lying to the north of the colony of Natal, with a coast line of about 130 miles. It is

occupied chiefly by Zulu tribes ; but since its conquest by England in 1879 a Boer republic, known as the New Republic, has been carved out of it, which extends into the centre of the country from the Transvaal on its northwest, and comprises an area equal to nearly one-half of the remaining portion of Zululand.

This portion is composed of a strip of country adjacent to Natal, lying to the south of the Umhlatuzi river, and the district extending along the coast to the north of that river for a distance inland varying from fifty to seventy miles. The former piece of country has been known since 1882 as the Zulu Reserve. It is bounded on the southwest by the Tugela, Buffalo and Blood rivers, the last named being one of the borders of the Transvaal Republic.

PICTURESQUE AND DIVERSIFIED SCENERY.

Zululand presents very varied physical features: undulating country covered with mimosa "bush," in some parts very densely, alternates with wild and fantastically broken scenery, and thickly-wooded precipices and ravines, and these again with grass-clad hills. Two considerable forests exist in the country—one, the Ingome Forest, lying in northern Zululand, just within the territory ceded to the Boers, the other upon the Natal border. The wholesale destruction of woods for domestic purposes, which has robbed that colony of much of its beauty, and is believed to have seriously affected its rainfall, has not proceeded very far in Zululand.

The mineral resources of the country have yet to be investigated, but gold has been found in the Reserve. The rivers, like those in Natal, are rapid streams of small volume, running over rocky beds; the Tugela river is the most considerable. The climate differs but little from that of Natal. The country is very healthy for the most part; but horse sickness prevails in the valleys in the hot season, and the swampy neighborhood of San Lucia Bay, a lagoon lying at the mouth of the Umfolosi river, is uninhabitable.

Like the Natal natives, the Zulus cultivate the ground very superficially, planting maize, gourds of several kinds, and a grain from which a light beer is prepared. Cattle, the sole wealth of the

people, were at one time very numerous in the country, and also goats. A few of the chiefs use horses.

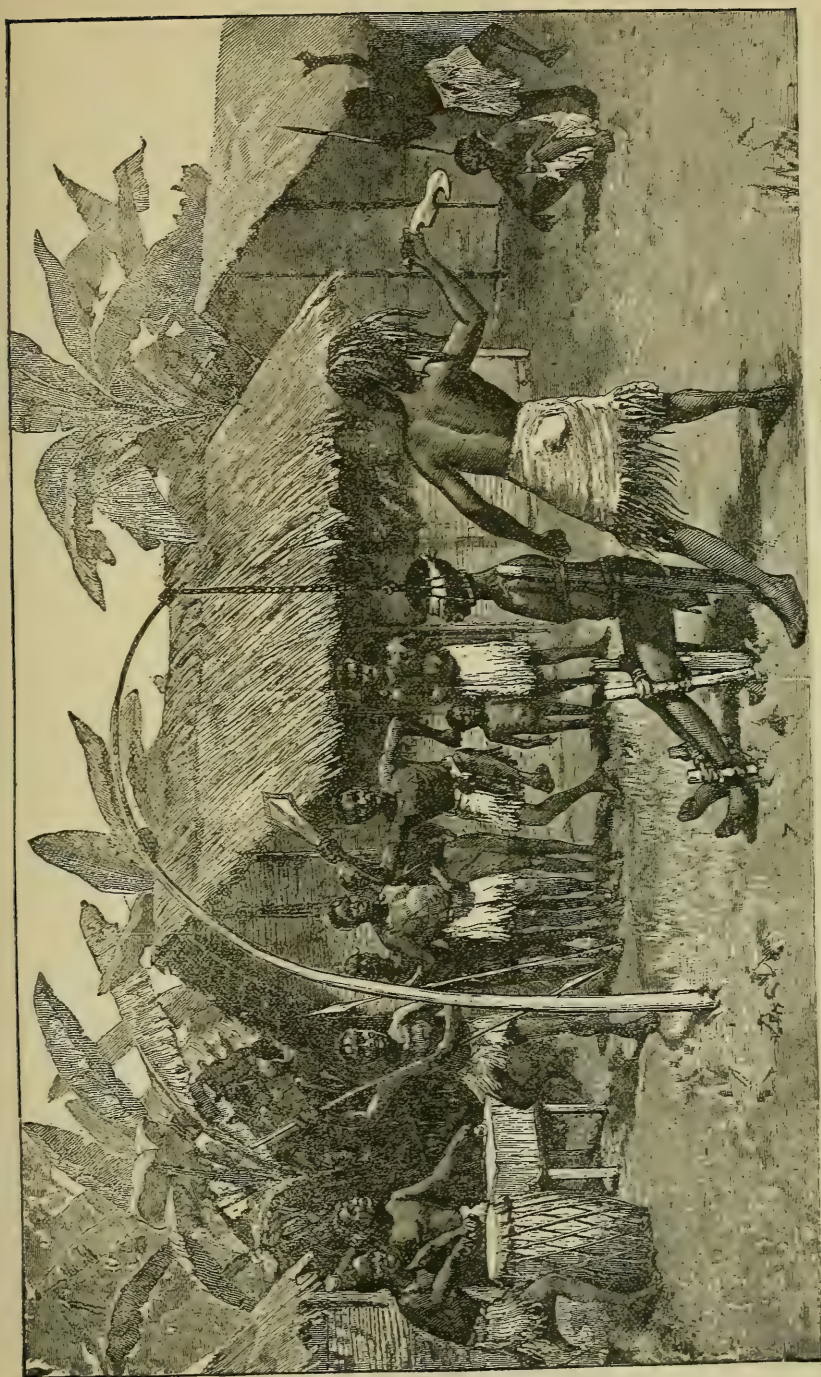
Long after big game had become scarce in Natal, Zululand offered excellent opportunities to the sportsman. It still has antelopes of various kinds, including a few koodoo, and at the mouths of the more northern rivers, hippopotamuses; but the buffalo and rhinoceros are not met with farther south than the densely-wooded hills near the Umfolosi river. The lion is not seen south of the Lebombo Mountains in the north of Zululand, but the leopard and smaller carnivores are plentiful enough in the country. Its natural history is similar to that of Natal; but indications are not wanting in its fauna and flora of its closer proximity to the tropics.

A FIERCE ENEMY IN WAR.

Since the establishment of the Zulu military ascendancy early in the nineteenth century various Zulu hordes have successively invaded and overrun a great part of southeast Africa, as far as and even beyond the Lake Nyassa district. Such is the terror inspired by these fierce warriors that many of the conquered tribes have adopted the very name of their conquerors or oppressors. Hence the impression that the true Zulus are far more numerous north of the Limpopo than has ever been the case. In most places they have already become extinct or absorbed in the surrounding populations. But they still hold their ground as the ruling element in the region between the Limpopo and the lower Zambesi, which from them takes the name of Matabeleland, and which, like Zululand itself, in 1888, became a British protectorate.

The Zulus possess an elaborate system of laws regulating the inheritance of personal property (which consists chiefly of cattle), the complexity arising from the practice of polygamy and the exchange of cattle made upon marriage. The giving of cattle in the latter case is generally referred to as a barter and sale of the bride, from which indeed it is not easily distinguishable. But it is regarded in a different light by the natives themselves.

The kraal, or village, is under the immediate rule of its headman, who is a patriarch responsible for the good behavior of all its



PECULIAR MODE OF EXECUTION IN SOUTH AFRICA.

members. Over the headman, whose authority may extend to more than one kraal, is the tribal chief. The exercise by some of the principal chiefs, during the reign of Pande and his son, of the power of life and death could not always be controlled by the central authority.

Several of the Zulu customs resemble those of the Jews, such as the Feast of the First Fruits, held upon the ripening of the maize, when the whole nation gathers at the king's kraal, and the custom of raising up seed to a deceased brother. The employment of "witch doctors" for "smelling out" criminals or "abatagati" (usually translated "wizards," but meaning evildoers of any kind, such as poisoners) is still common in Zululand, as in neighboring countries, although it was discouraged by Cetewayo, who established "kraals of refuge" for the reception of persons rescued by him from condemnation as "abatagati."

FIGHTING STRENGTH OF THE TRIBE.

No means exist for estimating the present population of Zululand. The country was at the time of the war in 1879 regarded as less densely inhabited than the colony of Natal. The Zulu army was estimated to contain twenty-three regiments, of 40,400 men in all, and, although the enrolment was voluntary, it may be assumed that it comprised nearly all the able-bodied men of the nation. In addition to the heavy mortality sustained by the Zulus in the war many lives have been lost in subsequent conflicts in which they have engaged amongst themselves.

The earliest records of contact between Europeans and the Zulu race is probably the account of the wreck of the "Doddington" in 1756. The survivors met with hospitable treatment at the hands of the natives of Natal, and afterwards proceeded up the coast to St. Lucia Bay, where they landed. They described the natives as "very proud and haughty, and not so accommodating as those lately left." They differ from the other natives in the superior neatness of their method of preparing their food, and were more cleanly in their persons, bathing every morning, apparently as an act of devotion. Their chief pride seemed to be to keep their hair in order. It is added that they watched strictly over their women.

In 1780 the Zulu tribe inhabited the valley of the White Umfolosi river under the chieftainship of Senzangakona. At that time the Zulus numbered some few thousands only, being subject to the paramount chief Dingiswayo, who ruled over the Tetwa tribe, which inhabited the country to the northeast of the Tugela. Dingiswayo is represented as having been very much in advance of other chiefs in those parts in enlightenment and intelligence. He opened up a trade with the Portuguese, bartering ivory and oxen for beads and brass. He was also very warlike, and introduced a strict military organization among his people, by means of which he obtained the ascendancy over neighboring tribes, including that of the Zulus.

A SOUTH AFRICAN NAPOLEON.

Upon the death of Senzangakona at the beginning of the nineteenth century he was succeeded by a son named Tshaka, who had served as an officer in the army of Dingiswayo, whose favor he won through his force of character and talents. Dingiswayo having been killed in battle, the Tetwa tribe sought the protection of Tshaka, who lost no time in further developing the new military organization, and very soon became master of nearly the whole of southeastern Africa from the Limpopo to Cape Colony, including the settlement of Natal, Basutoland, a large part of the Orange Free State, and the Transvaal Republic. The terror of the Zulu arms was, moreover, carried far into the interior through the revolt of a Zulu chief, Moselekatse, who conquered a vast territory towards the northwest.

Tshaka's strict discipline and mode of attack, in which the long missile weapon of the other tribes was replaced by a short stabbing assegai, was such that nothing in the mode of warfare of those opposed to him could withstand him. He overran the district of Natal with his armies in 1820; but crowds of the northern tribes driven before his onslaught passed through the country about 1812.

In 1825 an English naval officer, Lieutenant Farewell, visited Tshaka with the object of obtaining leave to establish a settlement in what is now the district of Natal. He found the king at his capital "surrounded by a large number of chiefs, and about 8,000

or 9,000 armed men, observing a state and ceremony in our introduction that we little expected." The king showed his visitor much friendliness, making him a grant of land in that neighborhood. Lieutenant Farewell took formal possession of the territory he had received, which he described as nearly depopulated and not containing more than 300 or 400 inhabitants, on August 27, 1825.

The Zulu monarch, being anxious to open a political connection with the Cape and English Governments, entrusted in 1828 one of his principal chiefs, Sotobi, and a companion to the care of Lieutenant King, to be conducted on an embassy to Cape Town, Sotobi being commissioned to proceed to the king of England. From causes which are not now certainly known these people were not allowed to proceed beyond Port Elizabeth, and were soon sent back to Zululand. On September 23, 1828, Tshaka was murdered by his brother, Mhlangana, and a few days afterwards Mhlangana was killed by another brother, Dingane.

AMBITIOUS TO FOUND A GREAT KINGDOM.

Tshaka's reign had involved an immense sacrifice of human life, but he had set before himself the aim of establishing a great kingdom, and, having succeeded in that, his home rule had been relieved by acts of generosity and statesmanship.

What is recorded of Dingane's reign shows him in the light of a bloodthirsty and cruel monster without a redeeming feature. The attempts made by the emigrant Dutch Boers under Piet Retief to establish friendly relations with him, and obtain a cession of the district of Natal, ended in the massacre of the whole party of seventy of their leading men at the king's kraal February, 1838, and of all members of their families left behind in Natal who could not be collected into fortified camps. Two unsuccessful attempts were made to avenge the deaths of the emigrant Boers. A Dutch command under Pieter Uys invaded the Zulu country, but was compelled to retreat, leaving their leader behind them, while a considerable force, composed of English settlers, Boers and natives, entered Zululand at the mouth of the Tugela, and was completely annihilated, after inflicting very great loss on the Zulus.

A detachment of the Zulu army on this occasion entered Natal and compelled the settlers at the port to take refuge on board a ship. After a further attack by Dingane the emigrant Boers and settlers again invaded Zululand in December, 1838, and after a severe engagement defeated the Zulu army with great slaughter, on the banks of the Blood river, which owes its name to the results of the victory. In 1840 the Boers agreed to support Dingane's brother, Pande, in rebellion against him. The movement was completely successful, several of Dingane's regiments going over to Pande. Dingane passed into Swaziland in advance of his retreating forces, and was there murdered, while Pande was crowned king of Zululand by the Boers, who received in exchange for their services the much coveted district of Natal.

During the next sixteen years of Pande's reign nothing occurred to disturb the peaceful relations between the Zulus and the Natal Government. In 1856 a civil war broke out between two of Pande's sons, Cetewayo and Umbulazi, who were rival claimants for the succession. A bloody battle was fought between them on the banks of the Tugela in December, 1856, in which Umbulazi and many of his followers were slain.

CORONATION OF A NEW KING.

The Zulu country continued, however, excited and disturbed, until the Government of Natal in 1861 obtained the formal nomination of a successor to Pande; and Cetewayo was appointed. Pande died in October, 1872, but practically the government of Zululand had been in Cetewayo's hands since the victory of 1856, owing both to political circumstances and the failing health of his father.

In 1873 the Zulu nation appealed to the Natal Government to preside over the installation of Cetewayo as king; and this request was acceded to. The rule of Pande was in earlier years a severe one, the executions ordered by him being so numerous in 1859 as to evoke remonstrances from Cetewayo, who warned the king that he would drive all the people over into Natal. In 1856 and for some years afterwards, a considerable exodus of refugees did take

place into the colony, but by 1871 the tide appeared to be turning the other way.

The encroachments of the Transvaal Boers upon the borders of Zululand having for many years exposed the British Government to urgent appeals on the part of the Zulus for its intervention, a second attempt was made by the Government of Natal, and this time with success, to induce the Boers to submit the boundary disputes between them and their neighbors to arbitration. A commission was appointed, composed of three British officers, who in June, 1878, pronounced a decision substantially in favor of the Zulus. But the high commissioner, Sir Bartle Frere, had determined upon measures for re-modeling the Zulu nation with a view to the confederation of the South African colonies and states.

ANGRY FEUDS AND TERRIBLE BATTLES.

The invasion of Zululand took place in January, 1879, and the war was ended by the capture of the king at the end of August. Cetewayo having been conveyed to Cape Town, the Zulu country was portioned out among eleven Zulu chiefs, a white adventurer, and a Basuto chief who had done good service in the war. This arrangement was productive of much bloodshed and disturbance, and in 1882 the British Government determined to restore Cetewayo again to power. In the meantime, however, the deepest blood feuds had been engendered between the chiefs Zibebu and Hamu on the one side and the neighboring tribes who supported the ex-king and his family on the other.

These people suffered severely at the hands of the two chiefs, who were assisted by a band of white free-booters. Zibebu, having created a formidable force of well-armed and trained warriors, was left in independence on the borders of Cetewayo's territory, while the latter was restrained by the conditions of his restoration from any military enterprise or defensive measures. A collision very soon took place; but in the conflicts that followed Zibebu's forces were victorious, and on July 22, 1883, led by a troop of mounted whites, he made a sudden descent upon Cetewayo's kraal at Ulundi, which he destroyed, massacring the inmates of both sexes.

The king escaped, though wounded, into the Reserve, which had been placed under British rule ; there he died in 1884. He left a son, Dinuzulu, who sought the assistance of some of the Transvaal Boers against Zibebu, whom he defeated and drove into the Reserve. These Boers, not a large number, claimed as a stipulated reward for their services the cession of the greater part, and the more valuable part, of central Zululand. The Government of Natal attempted to mediate on behalf of the Zulus and accepted on their behalf, in spite of their protests, a line which roughly divides central Zululand into two equal portions. Of these the north-western has been created into the independent Boer state already mentioned. The rest of central Zululand is administered, with the Reserve, as a British protectorate and dependency.

WHAT IF THE ZULUS RISE?

When the war of 1899 broke out a careful observer of events in South Africa said: "Should the Zulus seize the opportunity offered by the Transvaal war to strike for freedom, England would have her hands full. Should the bold Basutos join arms with their fierce cousins, South Africa would become hot soil for the British foot for many long months to come. Both of these uprisings are threatened ; both are greatly feared. The Zulu situation in particular is watched with anxious eye. England for a while was over-matched in the last Zulu war, and victory was bought in the end with rivers of English blood. Scarcely any greater misfortune could come just now than an uprising such as this."

The Zulu is undoubtedly the best native fighter of South Africa. He is physically a splendid savage—fierce, powerful and enduring. Add to this the memory of a magnificent past, the traditions and courage of a race unwhipped except by white men, and by them only at fearful odds, and you have a worthy foeman. The Zulus yielded to the sway of England through force indeed, but the fight they made then was one to keep alive the hope of a better ending for renewed struggle.

The secret of the Zulu power lies, first in organization, and, second, in the tradition of victory. Organization under the great

chieftain Tshaka at the beginning of the nineteenth century gave them their first superiority over other savage tribes, and an unending series of victories for half a century or more produced a race of rare courage and warlike prowess. The story of it describes the Zulu of to-day.

What is now known as Zululand—a wild country, bounded on the north by the Transvaal, on the south and west by Natal, and on the east by the sea—was then divided among several savage tribes, of which the Zulus were one of the weakest. As we have seen, the chief of a neighboring tribe, the Umtetwas, plotted the murder of his two sons, one of whom, however, escaped, and in his wanderings fell in with the British, the organization of whose forces he noted with shrewd understanding. After his father's death he returned to his tribe, was made chief, and proceeded to organize his warriors into brigades, regiments and companies, British fashion, and had remarkable success in warfare.

A CHIEFTAIN OF GREAT ABILITY.

One of his lieutenants was a youth of fierce and restless energy. He was the son of a conquered chieftain and his name was Tshaka. He studied the organization of the Umtetwa army zealously, and saw in it wonderful things not accomplished by his wise but mild chieftain. He made up his mind that some day his own chance would come.

Winning consideration, Tshaka was finally, as a reward, appointed chief of the weak tribe of Zulus. He organized them perfectly, and when the chief of the Umtetwas was killed in battle Tshaka announced the independence of the Zulus and upheld it by force.

This done Tshaka started in to make the Zulu power supreme. He attacked his weaker neighbors first, and with every victory absorbed the young warriors into his own army and destroyed the old men, women and children. In this way his own army grew marvellously, and his conquered neighbors lost recuperative power and eventually identity.

He divided his young warriors into regiments, distinguishing

each regiment by different colored shields, and established with rewards a competitive spirit among regiments. He trained them to advance and attack in solid formation, something new in South African savage warfare, and he developed the close quarters' attack with the short stabbing assegai or spear, so generally used among South African tribes.

Then he established an inviolate law that any soldier returning from battle without assegai or shield, or with a wound in the back, should be executed as a coward. By another law young soldiers were forbidden wives until after long service, unless meantime they earned them by distinguished bravery in the field.

Absolute discipline was inculcated. An expedition never knew its destination and purpose until far from home. In attacking the first onslaught was always in solid formation, supported on either side by wings of skirmishers. Flank movements were a regular manœuvre, and as effective in savage as in civilized warfare.

ZULUS EVERYWHERE VICTORIOUS.

It can easily be seen how the Zulus, under such a system, swept all before them. The undisciplined savages of the plains and forests went down like grain before the reaper. And every new tribe subjugated was ruthlessly amalgamated into the victorious nation. The Zulus swept the coast, subjugated Natal and pushed their fierce, bloody sway far inland. The terror of their name passed far north and far south.

Nor was there limit to their ravages until the Dutch settled in Natal. Then began a series of fierce fights in which the white man and the rifle finally triumphed and the Zulu power was broken, or at least reduced to the point of non-interference with the movements of the Dutch and the English, who soon after swarmed over the land. But while taught to respect the white man, the Zulu nursed his traditions, his pride and his ferocity. It was a disgrace in his eyes to labor except in the prosecution of war. Under Cetewayo, the great chief whose power England broke in a war in which she met several terrible reverses and lost hosts of splendid men, the Zulu was at heart the Zulu of the great Tshaka's days.

And this is the people who now threaten to avail of England's troubles to regain their freedom. They are the same in spirit and are rich in resentment. For years they have nursed their wrongs. What they have lost in savage fierceness by a generation of peaceful subjection, is more than matched by their gains in knowledge. They still retain their terrible stabbing assegai, but they have added the rifle, and are splendid marksmen. They dream of restoring the splendors of their past, and if they rise can be counted a terrible foe.

The only occupation is the raising of cattle. There are 8,900 square miles in the district and the government is a British protectorate. The Basutos, while by no means the peers in war of the Zulus, occupy a strong position. Basutoland is bounded by Cape Colony, the Orange Free State and Natal. They have discouraged the white man, and there are only 600 Europeans in their entire territory. The country is a splendid grain producer, and the Basutos are thrifty and rich. There are wild mountain districts to serve in time of need.

They were once a warlike power of some consequence, and in 1879 they stood off England in a war over disarmament to a compromise by which the Cape Government has since paid them \$90,000 a year toward the cost of government. They are in large measure self-governing—of course, under British dictation—and enjoy a considerable measure of civilization. About fifty thousand out of a population of two hundred and twenty thousand have been converted to Christianity.

CHAPTER IV.

Manners and Customs of the Boers.

THE traveler Burchell met with much hospitality from opulent Dutch farmers in South Africa, but even among those of the lowest class, there was ever a readiness to open the door to the hungry and benighted stranger. In the family of a farmer of the middle class, whose dwelling did not indicate much of either affluence or comfort, but whose members appeared contented and happy, he spent a short time. The following particulars are taken from his observations.

The situation of the house was bleak and exposed, and there was not much display of art or culture around. It was situated on a wide flat, bounded by rocky mountains. One large room, having a mud floor, and a single glazed window, whose broken panes betokened the scarcity of glass, formed the principal part of the house. At one end were the bed-rooms, and at the other a very deep and wide fire-place, exactly resembling that of an English farm-house.

As the Boers often find it better economy to consume the sheep in their own families, and convert the fat into soap, to be sold at their annual visit to Cape Town, than to sell the animals at a low price, a large cauldron of boiling soap stood over this fire. A door in the back wall of the apartment opened into the kitchen. At the time of the traveler's visit, a small window near the fire-place was kept constantly closed with a wooden shutter, to exclude the cold wind, as it had neither sash nor glass.

Near the glazed window stood a small table, and on it a little old-fashioned coffee-urn, an article in constant use. On each side of the table were two homely-looking chairs, for the use of the master and mistress. A few chairs and benches, with a large dining-table, were duly ranged round the room. A large Bible and a few books lay on a shelf.

The three daughters of the farmer were under the instruction of an itinerant tutor, who had been, for several months, an inmate of the family. He could make himself understood in English and French, and appeared fully able to complete the education of such a family as was gathered round him. He was a native of Holland, and had passed the last twenty-nine years of his life in Cape Colony. Teachers of this class are scattered everywhere throughout the South African Republics. Their abilities, in many instances, are too humble to allow of their getting a living in their native land by the same occupation. They generally traverse a great portion of the colonies; for their usual stay at each house is only from six to twelve months, and in this time they must engage to "finish" their pupils in what the village school-master called "the three *rs*—reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic."

READY MARKET FOR CATTLE.

The head of this family employed his farm only in rearing cattle, for the purchase of which he was visited by a "slagter's knegt"—a butcher's man. This person was commissioned by his employer in Cape Town, to travel into the grazing district, and buy up the number of sheep or oxen he might require, paying, however, not in money, but in small notes of hand, previously signed by his employer, and the validity of which was certified at the fiscal's office. Such notes were considered as good as cash, into which they were converted by the grazier on taking them to town, or they were sometimes negotiated in payment with his neighbors.

The inland traffic connected with Cape Town was long carried on with much risk and difficulty, on account of its remote position at the extreme corner of the country, and of the miserable state of the roads by which it was approached. The barrenness and deficiency of pasturage in the tract of land lying around the town exposed the Boer's or Dutch farmers, trading there to serious inconvenience.

Those residing at a distance of five or six hundred miles, generally made but one journey there in the course of a year. On such occasions, the vehicles which conveyed them had much

the appearance of a traveling menagerie ; for, in addition to the principal members of the family, there were poultry, goats, sheep, dogs, monkeys, and other animals. A musket or two, with ammunition, were taken, not only to afford means of protection, but also to procure game for subsistence by the way.

The wagon bearing this motley group, drawn by a team of eight, ten, or even sixteen oxen, with the immoderately long whip of the driver, and the naked figure of a little negro leading the foremost pair, presented to a stranger in the country a novel and amusing spectacle. The driving seat was considered an honorable post ; but the office of leading the oxen was looked on as degrading to any but a native.

Between the capital and the cultivated districts lie the extensive plains, commonly called the Cape Downs, which were and are traversed by numberless roads and wheel-tracks in every direction. The soil is composed of loose white sand on a substratum of clay, supporting only a few stunted shrubs and rushes. A few solitary huts are scattered here and there.

OX TEAMS FROM UP COUNTRY.

From the general barrenness of the country, the travelers often stop but a single day at Cape Town. After having come the distance of perhaps twenty days' journey, they cross the barren heath already described, and frequently "outspan," as they call it, or unyoke, at Salt River, to be ready to enter the town at day-break the next morning. Thus they are often able to sell their produce, and to make the purchases they require during the day, and immediately set out on their return home.

Another Boer rejoiced in a more extensive domain. The visitor descended from the ridge of a mountain, by a steep and stony path, tracked out by the hartbeests, elands, and other large game, and followed the rugged course of a solitary brook, or rather torrent, for the greater part of its bed was now dry, until, after a ride of about three hours, he reached the farm of Elands'-drift, in the valley of the Tarka, and the residence of Winsel Koetzer.

On riding up to the place, consisting of three or four thatched

houses and a few reed-cabins, inhabited by the native servants, he was encountered by a host of some twenty or thirty dogs, which had been lying about in the shade of the huts, and now started up around him, open-mouthed, with a prodigious barking and clamor, as is generally the case at every farm-house on the approach of strangers. In daylight these growling guardians usually confine themselves to a more noisy demonstration; but at night it is often a matter of no small peril to approach a farm-house, for many of these animals are both fierce and powerful, and will not hesitate to attack a stranger, if in their eyes, he has the ill-luck to appear in any way suspicious, or is contemplating mischief.

A MOTHER AND BASHFUL GIRLS.

The noise of the dogs brought out Arend Koetzer, one of the farmer's sons, from the principal dwelling-house, a fine, frank young fellow. Seeing the visitor thus beset, he came instantly to his help against the canine rabble, whom he discomfited with great vigor, by hurling at them a few of the half-gnawed bones and bullocks' horns which were lying in scores about the place. An introduction now took place to the young Boer's mother and sisters—a quiet looking matron, and two bashful girls, who appeared from one of the outhouses. “Wil Mynheer aff-zadel?” (“Will the gentleman unsaddle?”) was the first inquiry. The visitor readily agreed, intending, indeed, though it was still early in the afternoon, to spend the night at this farm.

On entering the house, he found that the old Boer had not yet risen from his afternoon nap, or siesta, a habit which is generally prevalent throughout the colony. He was not long, however, in making his appearance; and, after shaking hands with a sort of gruff heartiness, he took down a bottle of brandy from a shelf, and urged his visitor to drink a “zoopje” (dram) with him, declaring it was good “brandiwyn,” distilled by himself from his own peaches. The spirit, which was colorless, had something of the flavor of bad whisky, but the visitor preferring a cup of “theewater,” it was in the meantime prepared and poured out for him by the respectable and active-looking dame.

This "tea-water" (properly enough so termed), was made by a decoction, rather than an infusion, of the Chinese leaf, and which, being diluted with a certain proportion of boiling water, without any admixture of milk and sugar, was offered to every visitor who might chance to arrive during the heat of the day. A small tin box with sugar-candy is sometimes handed around with the "tea-water," from which each person takes a little bit to keep in his mouth, and thus to sweeten, in frugal fashion, the bitter beverage as he swallows it.

During this refreshment, the visitor carried on a tolerable fluent conversation, in broken Dutch, with his host and his "huis-vrouw," and he gratified them not a little by communicating the most recent information he possessed of the state of European politics, respecting which old Koetzer was very inquisitive.

A BARN OF A HOUSE.

The domicile of this family would not, probably, have suggested any ideas of peculiar comfort to an American. It was a house somewhat of the size and appearance of an old-fashioned Scotch barn. The walls were thick, and substantially built of strong adhesive clay; a material which, being well prepared or "tempered," in the manner of mortar for brick making, and raised in successive layers, soon acquires, in a dry climate, a great degree of hardness, and is considered scarcely inferior in durability to brick.

These walls, which were about eight or nine feet high, and tolerably smooth and straight, had been plastered over within and without with a composition of sand and cow-dung, and this being well white-washed with a sort of pipe-clay, or with wood-ashes diluted with milk, the whole had a very clean and light appearance.

The roof was neatly thatched with a species of hard rushes, which are considered much more durable and less apt to catch fire than straw. There was no ceiling under this roof; but the rafters over-head were hung with a motley assemblage of several sorts of implements and provisions, such as hunting apparatus, "bill-tongue" (that is, dried flesh of various kinds of game), "sjamboks"

(large whips of rhinoceros and hippopotamus hide), leopard and lion skins, ostrich eggs and feathers, strings of onions, rolls of tobacco, bamboo for whip handles, calabashes, and a variety of similar articles. A large pile of fine home-made soap graced the top of a partition wall.

The house was divided into three apartments; the one in which they were now seated (called the "voor-huis") opened immediately from the open air, and is the apartment in which the family always sit, eat, and receive visitors. A private room or "slaap-kamer" is formed at either end of this hall, by partitions of the same height and construction as the outer walls running across, and having doors opening out of the sitting-room.

A PECULIAR FLOOR.

The floor, which, though made only of clay, appeared uncommonly smooth and hard, was formed of ant-heaps, which, being pounded into dust, and then watered and well stamped, assume a consistency of great hardness and tenacity. The floor was carefully washed over every morning, in order to keep it cool and free from vermin—especially fleas, which are apt to become an intolerable pest in this country.

This house was lighted by four square windows in front, one in each of the bed-rooms, and two in the "voor-kamer," and by the door, which appeared only to be shut during the night. The door consisted merely of some reeds, rudely fastened on a wicker frame, and fixed to the door-posts by thongs of bullock's hide. The windows also were without glass, and were closed in the night, each with the untanned skin of the quagga, or wild ass.

The furniture amounted to little more than a dozen of chairs and stools, bottoms formed of thongs, and a couple of tables, one large and roughly constructed of common plank from the "geelhout" tree, the other small, and more highly finished of ornamental wood. At the smaller table was the station of the old dame, who had before her a brass tea-urn and the other apparatus, whence she dispensed the beverage already mentioned. Opposite her sat the "baas" (as the Hottentot attendants called their master), with the

flask of brandiwyn at his elbow, and his long clumsy Dutch tobacco-pipe in his mouth.

At the further end of the apartment, a couple of wooden pails bound with bright polished hoops of brass, were suspended from crooked antelope's horns built into the wall; these pails were filled with spring-water, and had bowls of calabash affixed to them, in order that whoever was athirst might drink with facility. Sour milk, however, is the favorite beverage in this country; and when that is to be had, no one drinks water. In another corner stood a huge churn, into which the milk is poured every night and morning until it is filled, when it is churned by two negro women.

In the same end of the hall, part of the carcass of a sheep was suspended from a beam; two sheep, and sometimes more, being slaughtered for daily consumption; the native herdsmen and their families, as well as the farmer's own household, being chiefly fed on mutton, at least during summer, when beef could not be salted. The carcasses were hung up in this place, it appeared, chiefly to prevent waste, by being constantly under the eye of the mistress, who, in this country, instead of the ancient Saxon title of "giver of bread" ("levedy," whence our English term of lady), might be appropriately called the "giver of mutton."

ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE FOOD.

Mutton, and not bread, is here the staff of life; and they think it no more odd to have a sheep hanging in the "voor-huis," than a farmer's wife in America would to have a ham in the smoke-house. At this very period a pound of wheaten bread in this quarter of the colony was six times the value of a pound of animal food.

In regard to dress, there was nothing very peculiar to remark. That of the females, though in some respects more slovenly, resembled a good deal the costume of the lower classes in Europe. The men wore long loose trowsers of sheep or goat-skin, tanned by the servants, and made in the family; a check shirt, a jacket of coarse frieze or cotton, according to the weather, and a broad-brimmed white hat completed the dress. Shoes and stockings appeared not to be essential to either sex, and were seldom worn.

Sandals, however, of a certain kind, called "country shoes," are in common use, the fashion of which appears originally to have been borrowed from the Hottentots. They are made of raw bullock's hide, with an upper leather of dressed sheep or goat-skin, much in the same way as the old brogues of the Scottish highlanders. They do not last long, but they are light and easy in dry weather: every man can make his own sandals, and the leather costs little or nothing.

The visitor, having previously heard that the industrious dame, the Juffrouw Koetzer, sometimes manufactured leather dresses for sale, bespoke a traveling jacket of dressed spring-buck skin, the latter to be faced with leopard-fur, the price of which, altogether, was about five dollars. He also purchased the skin of a leopard, which one of the young Koetzers had lately shot, for about a pound of gunpowder.

AN INQUISITIVE HOUSEHOLD.

Old Koetzer and his family, like the old Dutch colonists generally, were extremely inquisitive, asking a great variety of questions, some of them on very trifling matters. Americans are apt to feel annoyed at this practice, but without any sufficient cause. Though it betokens a lack of refinement, it is not at all allied to rudeness or impertinence; it is simply the result of untutored curiosity in the manners of people living in a wild and thinly inhabited country, to whom the sight of a stranger is a rare event, and by whom news of any description is welcomed with avidity. Instead, therefore, of haughtily or sullenly repelling their advances to mutual confidence, the visitor answers all their questions with good humor, including those that respected his own age, the number, names, and ages of his family and relations, the object and extent of his present journey, and such like.

In return, he plied them with similar interrogations, to all of which they not only replied with the utmost openness, but seemed highly delighted with his frankness. In this manner he soon learned that his host had eight or ten brothers, all stout frontier graziers like himself, and all with numerous families. His own

family consisted of six sons and as many daughters, several of whom were married, and settled in the neighborhood. Two of his sons, with their wives and families, were now living at this place in cottages adjoining the house.

The old dame stated that she was herself by birth a Jourdan, and was descended from one of the French Huguenot families who settled in the colony after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Her father, she said, could speak French; but she herself knew no language but Dutch. Her manner and address, however, retained something of French urbanity and politeness, which the Belgian bluntness of her husband rendered the more obvious.

Having exhausted the usual topics of country chat, the visitor suggested a walk round the premises, and sallied forth, accompanied by the Boer and his son Arend. They first went to the orchard, which was of considerable extent, and contained a variety of fruit trees, all in a thriving state. The peach-trees, which were now in blossom, were the most numerous; but there were also abundance of apricot, almond, walnut, apple, pear and plum trees, and whole hedges of figs and pomegranates.

GROVES OF LEMON AND ORANGE TREES.

The outward fence, when there was any, consisted of a hedge of quinces. There was also a fine grove of lemon and a few orange trees. The latter required to be sheltered during the winter, until they had attained considerable size, the frost being apt to blight them in this upland valley. All the other fruits were raised with ease: peach trees would bear fruit the third year after the seeds had been put in the ground. From the want of care and skill, however, in grafting, few of the fruits in this part of the colony were of superior sorts, or of delicate flavor. The peaches especially, were but indifferent; but as they were chiefly grown for making brandiwyn, or to be used in a dry state, excellence of flavor was but little regarded.

Two mulberry trees, which were planted in front of the house, were large and flourishing, and produced an abundance of fruit.

This was not the wild or white mulberry raised in Europe for feeding silk worms; but the latter sort thrives also very well in different parts of the country.

The garden, if it deserved the name, was very deficient in neatness, but contained a variety of useful vegetables: a large plot of beet root, some beds of very fine cabbages, and plenty of mint, sage, and garlic, catching the eye. Onions were raised in great abundance, and of a quality equal to those of Spain. Pumpkins and melons were cultivated in considerable quantities. The sweet potato is raised here; but the common ones, though growing well, appeared not to be in much request in this part of the colony. Until the arrival of English settlers, indeed, the value of this useful root was not generally appreciated by the inhabitants, and the quality of the few they raised was very inferior.

VINEYARDS OF LUSCIOUS GRAPES.

Since that period, however, the cultivation of potatoes has greatly extended itself in the eastern districts, and their quality has been so much improved by the seed brought out by the settlers, that they now are scarcely, if at all, inferior to our own; and the prejudices with which the native population, particularly the Hottentots, regarded them, rapidly declined. Adjoining to the garden and orchard was a small, but well-kept vineyard, from which a large produce of very fine grapes was obtained, which, as well as the peaches, are chiefly distilled into brandy for home consumption.

The whole of the orchard, vineyard, and garden ground, together with about twenty acres of corn land adjoining, was irrigated by the waters of a small mountain rill, collected and led down in front of the house by an artificial canal. Without irrigation little can be done in this part of the colony; and though the river Tarka passes only a short distance from the back of the orchard, the channel is here too deep to admit of its water being led out upon the banks.

The limited extent, therefore, of from twenty to thirty acres was the whole that could be cultivated on this farm, comprising at least 6,000 acres, exclusive of the waste and inappropriated tracts

adjoining. But this is quite sufficient for the wants of a large family ; the real wealth of the farm, so far as respects marketable commodities, lies in the stocks of herds which are raised on its extensive pastures. This old Winsel himself hinted to his visitor—as, shutting up a gap in the garden hedge with a branch of thorny mimosa, they issued out towards the “kraals” or cattle-folds—the Boer exclaiming in a tone of jocund gratulation, while he pointed to a distant cloud of dust moving up the valley—“Maar daar koomt myn vee!” (But there come my cattle.)

LARGE FLOCKS AND HERDS.

The appearance of the Boer folding his herds and flocks is patriarchal and picturesque, and may well recall the words of the ancient poet :

“ On came the comely sheep,
From feed returning to their pens and folds,
And those the kine in multitudes succeed ;
One on the other rising to the eye,
As watery clouds which in the heavens are seen,
Driven by the south or Thracian Boreas ;
And numberless along the sky they glide ;
Nor cease ; so many doth the powerful blast
Speed forward ; and so many, fleece on fleece,
Successive rise reflecting varied light.
So still the herds of kine successive drive
A long extended line ; and filled the plain
And all the pathways with the coming troop.”

As the Boer and his visitor were now conversing, the clouds of dust which had been observed approaching from three different quarters came nearer, and it was manifest that they were raised by two numerous flocks of sheep and one large herd of cattle.

First came the wethers, which are reared for the market, and are often driven even down to Cape Town, seven hundred miles distant. These being placed in their proper fold, the flock of ewes, ewe goats, and lambs, was next driven in, and carefully penned in another ; those having young ones of tender age being kept separate. And finally, the cattle herd came rushing on pell-mell, and spontaneously assumed their station upon the summit of their

guarded mound; the milch cows only being separated, in order to be tied up to stakes within a small enclosure nearer the houses, where they are milked by the hottentot herdsmen, after their calves, which are kept at home, had been permitted to suck for a certain period.

Not one of these cows, it was said, would allow herself to be milked until her calf was first put to her; if the calf dies, of course there is an end to her milk for that season. This appears to be the effect of habit, and might be remedied by proper management. About thirty cows were milked; but the quantity obtained from them was very small, not so much as would be got from six or eight American cows.

The Boer and his wife, with all their sons, daughters, daughters-in-law, and grandchildren, who were about the place, were assiduously occupied, while the herds and flocks were folding, in examining them as they passed in, and in walking through among them afterwards, to see that all was right. The people thus employed declared that though they do not very frequently count them, yet they know at once whether any individual ox is missing, or if any accident has happened among the flocks, by which any are lost, from beasts of prey or otherwise.

FLOCKS OWNED BY WHOLE FAMILY.

This faculty, though the result, doubtless, of peculiar habits of attention, is certainly very remarkable; for the herd of cattle at this place amounted altogether to nearly 700 head, and the sheep and goats (which were mingled together) to upwards of 5,000. This is considered a very respectable, but by no means extraordinary, stock for a Tarka grazier.

Every individual of an African Boer's family, including even the child at the breast, has an interest in the welfare of the flocks and herds. It is their custom, as soon as a child is born, to set apart for it a certain number of the young live stock, which increase as the child grows up; and which, having a particular mark regularly affixed to them, form, when the owner arrives at adult age, a stock sufficient to be considered a respectable dowry for a

prosperous farmer's daughter, or to enable a young man, though he may not possess a single dollar of cash, to begin the world respectably as a "Vee Boer."

On approaching the cattle kraals, the visitor was struck by the great height of the principal fold, which was elevated fifteen or twenty feet above the level of the adjoining plain, and his sur-



NATIVE OF SOUTH AFRICA CAPTURED BY A FEROCIOUS LEOPARD.

prise was certainly not diminished when he found that the mound, on the top of which the kraal was constructed, consisted of a mass of solid manure, accumulated by the cattle of the farm being folded for a succession of years on the same spot.

The sheep-folds, though not quite so elevated, and under the lee, as it were, of the bullocks' kraal, were also fixed on the top of similar accumulations. The similar folds (for those of the sheep and goats consisted of three divisions) were all fenced in with

branches of the thorny mimosa, which formed a sort of rampart around the margin of the mounds, and were carefully placed with their prickly sides outwards, on purpose to render the enclosures more secure from the nocturnal assaults of the hyenas, tigers, and jackals.

Against all these ravenous animals, the oxen are, indeed, able to defend themselves; but the hyenas, tigers, and leopards are very destructive to calves, sheep, and goats, when they can break in upon them, which they will sometimes do in spite of the watch-dogs kept for their protection; the cunning jackal is not less destructive to the lambs and kids.

FRIGHTENING OFF LOCUSTS.

Some travelers, approaching the residence of a farmer, had their attention attracted to a novel sight. Several people were waving white flags in some cultivated ground near the house. On drawing nearer they discovered that this was a method adopted by the farmer and his family to expel an army of locusts that had just alighted on their corn. They had been employed since sunrise, and it was now towards afternoon, and they described the insects as being so numerous, that it would take an hour's ride on horseback to reach the extremity of the ground that they covered.

No idea can be formed of such countless multitudes, except by those who have actually witnessed them. Their appearance when alighting somewhat resembles a dense crimson cloud, resting on the land, and when they rise up to proceed onward, the air is literally darkened beneath. Every green herb—every blade of grass is destroyed in their course, and in their track there remain nothing but barrenness and desolation. Still they are turned to some use. Hottentots have been observed feeding fowls with locusts out of a large sack, and it was surprising to see with what voracity they were devoured. Bushmen are particularly partial to locusts, which contribute largely to their subsistence.

A Boer, of the name of De Clercq, one day riding over his farm, had alighted in a difficult pass, and was leading his horse through the long grass, when a lion suddenly rose up before him,

at a few yards' distance. He had in his hand only a light fowling piece, loaded with slugs; and hoping that the lion would give way, he, according to the plan always recommended in such emergencies, stood still and confronted him; but the lion, on the contrary, advancing and crouching to spring, he found himself under the necessity of firing; he took a hurried aim at the forehead, but the slugs lodged in the breast, and did not prove instantly mortal.

The furious animal sprang forward and seized De Clercq on either side with his claws, but at the same time bit his arm almost in two, as he mechanically thrust it forward to save his face. In this position he held him for a few seconds, till his strength failing from loss of blood, the lion tumbled over, dragging the Boer with him in a dying embrace. De Clercq, however, escaped without any serious injury, and before long entirely recovered.

SEIZED BY A BIG LION.

Gert, a Boer of the Cradock district, was out hunting with a neighbor. Coming to a fountain, surrounded, as is common, with tall reeds and rushes, Gert handed his gun to his comrade, and alighted to search for water. But he no sooner approached the fountain, than an enormous lion started up close at his side and seized him by his left arm.

The Boer, though taken by surprise, stood stock still, without struggling, aware that the least attempt at escape would ensure his instant destruction. The lion also remained motionless, holding fast the Boer's arm in his fangs, but without biting it severely—shutting his eyes at the same time as if he could not withstand the countenance of the victim. As they stood in this position Gert, maintaining his presence of mind, began to beckon his comrade to advance and shoot the lion in the forehead. This might have been easily effected, as the lion still closed his eyes, and Gert's body concealed from his view any object advancing in front of him.

But the fellow proved a wretch, for instead of complying with Gert's directions or making any attempt to save him, he cautiously retreated to the top of a neighboring rock. As the lion continued quiet Gert continued to beckon for aid; and lion hunters say that

if he had persevered a little longer, the lion would have relaxed his hold and left him uninjured. But Gert, indignant at his comrade's pusillanimity, and losing patience with the lion, drew his knife, which he wore sheathed at his side, and with the utmost force of his right arm, plunged it into the lion's breast.

The thrust was a deadly one, for Gert was a bold and powerful man; but it did not prove effectual in time to save his own life—for the enraged lion, held at arm's length by the utmost efforts of Gert's strength and desperation, so dreadfully lacerated the breast and arms of the unfortunate man with his claws, that his bare bones were laid open. The lion fell at last from loss of blood, and Gert fell along with him.

His rascally companion who had witnessed this fearful struggle from the rock, had now sufficient courage to advance, and bore poor Gert to the nearest house—where such aid as the neighbors could give was afforded, but utterly in vain. Gert expired the third day after this most courageous but frightful struggle, of lockjaw.

A SETTLER'S THRILLING ADVENTURE.

Kupt, one of the settlers, proceeding with several companions on a journey into the country, to obtain some young oxen for the Dutch East India Company, met with the following adventures. On the arrival of the wagons, which were obliged to take a circuitous route, they pitched their tent a musket-shot from the kraal, and after making the usual arrangements, went to rest. They were, however, soon disturbed; for about midnight, the cattle and horses, which were standing between the wagons, began to start and run, and one of the drivers to shout, on which every one, with his gun in his hand, ran out of the tent.

About thirty paces off there stood a lion, which, on seeing them, walked very deliberately about thirty paces further, behind a small thorn-bush, carrying something with him, which Kupt supposed to be a young ox. The south-east wind blew strong, the sky was clear, and the moon shone very bright, so that they could see clearly; and firing more than sixty shots at that bush, which they stoutly pierced, they could not perceive any movement.

After the cattle had been quieted again, and they had looked carefully around, they missed Smit, the sentry, from before the tent. They called as loudly as possible, but in vain; nobody answered, and it was then concluded that the lion had carried him off. Three or four men then advanced very cautiously to the bush, which stood right opposite the door of the tent, to see if they could discover anything of the man, but returned greatly alarmed, for the lion, who was there still, rose up, and began to roar; they saw too, the musket of the sentry, which was cocked, and also, his cap and shoes.

As the bush was sixty paces from the tent and only thirty from the wagon, and they were able to point at it as a target, they fired into it about a hundred shots without perceiving anything of the lion, from which they concluded that he was killed, or had run away. This induced Stamansz to go and see if he were there or not, taking with him a firebrand. But no sooner did he approach the bush, than the lion roared terribly and leaped at him; on which he threw the firebrand at his assailant, and the others having fired about ten shots, he retired directly to his former place behind the bush.

FIRING INTO A BURNING BUSH.

The firebrand had fallen into the midst of the bush, and, favored by the strong south-east wind, it began to burn with a great flame, so that they could see very clearly into and through it. They continued firing into it; and as the night passed away and the day began to break, every one was anxious to aim at the lion, as he could not go from thence without exposing himself entirely to their fire. Seven men, posted on the furthest wagons, watched him that they might fire, if he should come out.

At last, before it became quite light, he walked up the hill with poor Smit in his mouth, when about forty shots were fired at him, but, although some were very near, he escaped unhurt. Every time a ball approached him, he turned round towards the tent, and roared at his enemies; and Kupt was of the opinion that if he had been hit, he would have rushed on the people and the tent.

On the arrival of broad daylight, they saw by the blood, and a piece of the clothes of the man, that the lion had carried away his victim. They also found behind the bush the place where the lion had kept him, and it appeared exceedingly strange that no ball should have struck the lion, as several of them were beaten flat. As it was hoped he might have been wounded and not far off, the people asked Kupt to be allowed to go in search of Smit's corpse, in order to bury it, supposing that by the fire that had been constantly kept up, the lion would not have had time to devour much of it.

Kupt gave permission to some, on condition that they should take a good party of armed Hottentots with them, and made them promise that they would keep a good lookout, and avoid all unnecessary danger. Seven of the party, assisted by forty-three armed Hottentots, followed the track, and found the lion about half a league further on, lying behind a little bush.

A TERRIBLE ENCOUNTER.

On the shout of the Hottentots, he sprang up and ran away, on which they all followed in pursuit. At length, the lion turned round and rushed, roaring terribly amongst the crowd. The people, fatigued and out of breath with running, fired, but missed him, on which he made directly towards them. Two of the people were now attacked by the lion, when the captain, or chief man of the kraal, threw himself between them and the lion, and that so closely that the claws of the lion were struck into his sheep-skin garment.

Instantly the lion hunter doffed his mantle and stabbed the lion with his spear; and the other Hottentots striking into the lion their spears, Kupt says "he looked like a porcupine." Still he did not leave off roaring and leaping; but bit off some of the spears, until Stamansz fired a ball into his eye, which made him turn over and the others shot him dead. This was a very large lion, and had but a short time before devoured a Hottentot whom he had carried off from the kraal.

On another occasion, the grass was exceedingly tall, and the country abounded in spring-bucks. A Hottentot thought he per-

ceived one amidst the grass, and crept closely up to it in order to make sure of his shot, when, on rising to discharge his piece, he found himself close on a large, male lion, which instantly set up a loud roar.

His own tale, however, was not a little amusing. "I saw," said he, "a spring-buck, which I made sure of having in the pot to-night; but when I got close to it, I found it to be the Governor. I was just going to fire, when he asked me in a loud tone, 'What are you going to do?' 'Oh,' said I, 'I beg your pardon, I did not know it was your honor, or I should not have presumed to draw so near you; I hope your honor will not consider it an insult, and I shall instantly retire.' So I scampered away a great deal quicker than I went to him, and made the best of the situation."

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Diederik Muller and his brother Christian were accustomed to hunt in company, and between them killed a large number of lions. They did not achieve this, however, without many hair-breadth escapes, and have more than once saved each other's lives. On one occasion, a lion sprang suddenly on Diederik, from behind a stone wall—bore man and horse to the ground, and was proceeding to finish his career, when Christian galloped up and shot the savage brute through the heart. In this encounter Diederik was so roughly handled that he lost his hearing in one ear—the lion having dug his claws deeply into it.

When the nightly depredations of a tiger have roused the farmers, the following is the course pursued: The animal is tracked to its lair in the thick underwood, and, when found, attacked by large dogs. If possible, it flies; but, when unable to escape, makes a desperate defence, raising itself above the assailants by leaping on a bush, and from thence striking them down with its paws as they rush in, and from its great strength and activity, frequently destroying them. But the tiger seems to know its master foe, and should a man approach within the range of its tremendous spring, it at once leaves the dogs and darts upon him, and the struggle is then for life.

A native, going out early one morning, to look after cattle, heard his dogs baying at a distance in the jungle, and, on coming up to ascertain the cause, was met by a tiger's spring. The tiger clung, and, seizing him by the nape of his neck, tore the skin off, until the scalp hung over his eyes, but, even in this state of torture, the native drew his wood-knife from his belt and stabbed him to the heart. In general, the man stands at a distance, waiting his opportunity till he can fire without injuring the dogs.

FIERCE COMBAT WITH A TIGER.

Mr. Shaw, the missionary, says: "News was brought one evening, that a horse had been laid hold of by a tiger and partly devoured. The chief gave orders that the hunters should be on the spot at sunrise the next morning. I engaged to accompany them, and took my dog and gun, the Namaquas had their clubs, and all the dogs which they were able to procure. A little terrier having obtained the scent, ran forward till it came to the cavern where the tiger had taken up his abode. It stood at the entrance and barked, not knowing the kind of game it had been pursuing. The tiger rose, and fixing its eyes on the terrier, it scampered away at its utmost speed.

"The tiger now stood on the surface of a large sloping rock, and, on seeing the other dogs, he looked angrily at them, and began to grumble, as though he would challenge them to an attack. My own dog and two others instantly accepted the challenge, and a furious contest ensued. It was impossible for me to make use of my gun; but at this crisis, a native, on seeing that the dogs were faithful to each other, ran and seized the tiger's tail, which he held with all his might. The tiger roared, the dogs became more furious, the men with their clubs approached and beat him on the head; and thus assailed, he soon groaned his last."

A resident in the colony, named Bournan, was suddenly attacked by a tiger, who stuck its claws into his head, aiming at his throat, that he might suck out the blood of the victim. Bournan, an athletic and powerful man, wrestling earnestly with his foe, succeeded in throwing the tiger on the ground, where, for a

time, he held it down. He soon found, however, that the animal was too strong for him, but when about to give himself up as lost, recollected that he had a knife in his pocket. Instantly taking it out, he pressed with all his might the tiger to the ground, and succeeded in cutting its throat. Bournan was covered with wounds from which the blood during the fearful struggle copiously flowed; but though his life was preserved, it was long before his previous strength was restored.

The testimony of old Teysho to a traveler entirely corresponded with what he had heard on the same subject from the Boers and Hottentots. The lion, he said, very seldom attacks man if unprovoked; but he will frequently approach within a few paces and survey him steadily; and sometimes he will attempt to get behind him as if he could not stand his look, but was yet desirous of springing upon him unawares. If a person in such circumstances attempts either to fight or fly he incurs the most imminent peril; but if he has sufficient presence of mind coolly to confront him, the animal will, in almost every instance, retire.

The power of the human eye is felt by other animals. A British officer in India, having chanced to ramble into a jungle adjoining the encampment, suddenly encountered a royal tiger. The rencounter appeared equally unexpected on both sides, and both parties made a dead halt—earnestly gazing on each other. The officer had no firearms, and was aware that a sword would be no effective defence in a struggle for life with such an antagonist.

But he had heard that even the Bengal tiger might be sometimes checked by looking him firmly in the face. He did so. In a few minutes the tiger, which appeared preparing to make his fatal spring, grew disturbed—slunk aside—and attempted to creep round upon him behind. The officer turned constantly on the tiger—which still continued to shrink from his glance;—but darting into the thicket and again issuing forth at a different quarter, it persevered for about an hour in this attempt to catch him by surprise; till at last it fairly yielded the contest and left the officer to pursue his walk. The direction he now took, it may easily be believed, was straight to the tents, at double-quick time.

CHAPTER V.

The Great Powers Dividing Africa.

THE scramble for Africa among the great nations might well be called a modern movement. It was not, indeed, until 1884 that Europe turned anything like covetous eyes toward the Dark Continent. Up to that time the controlling powers in Africa were England and France, and even these two great colonizers pursued their annexations in a most leisurely fashion. Portugal, it is true, possessed some 800,000 square miles in East and West Africa, but her corrupt and feeble administrative policy in all colonial affairs made her practically a dead letter.

A year previously, too, the German flag had been raised by a German private trader on the coast of Namaqualand, in South-west Africa. It was a small and apparently unpretentious incident at first sight, but it was the thin edge of the wedge. It was the beginning of the scramble.

To go back to the beginning, Africa, when the Roman empire fell into decay, suffered a corresponding relapse. Her fringe of seashore civilization melted away like snow, and the Roman was followed by the Islamic occupation, which, by the twelfth century, had firmly established itself in the very heart of Northern Africa. Then came the maritime rise of Portugal, and the first visits of her adventurous seamen to the shores of the mysterious Dark Continent. At the end of the eighteenth century, Turkey had invaded the north, the Dutch had landed quietly at the Cape, the French claimed Senegal, and the English owned Gambia and the Guinea coast.

Early in the nineteenth century, however, Europe found herself so busy at home, that Africa was for the time being forgotten, and only isolated explorers carried on operations within her borders. Up to 1857, when the heroic Livingstone first appeared on the scene, African exploration had been mainly confined to the

Niger basin. But when Livingstone had once opened the way, Baker, Stanley, Speke, Grant and Burton were not slow to follow.

Between 1879 and 1883, Stanley had founded what eventually became the Congo Free State, and in so doing awakened the interest and the latent animosity of both France and Portugal. Europe woke up with a start, and from that day it was destined that Africa should know no longer what was meant by the word peace.

In 1884-5, the Berlin congress came together, and practically laid down what might be called the rules of the game. And a merry game it was—that of slicing up a continent. The spheres of England, France and Germany were nonchalantly decided upon, and the whole continent was roughly blocked out. It was all come by so easily, it was so tremendous in extent, and its possession was so intoxicatingly novel that the different powers said among themselves, with a great deal of magnanimity, that there was plenty of elbow room, and no need for crowding, and so it was not hard to arrive at an understanding. But later, when the actual partition of the continent took place, and the various spheres were delimited and looked into, dissatisfaction began to manifest itself.

IMMENSE BRITISH POSSESSIONS.

There was some reason for dissatisfaction. A glance at the map of Africa will show this. British South Africa, in the first place, extends from the Cape to Lake Tanganyika, a distance of 1,800 miles. In fact, the whole south coast is British, and with Africa, it must be remembered, the farther you get away from the equator the more valuable the possession. This immense British sphere is bordered on the west by German Southwest Africa, Portuguese Guinea and the Congo Free State, while the two Boer republics are shut into the British spheres as enclosures, and will, it now seems apparent, be finally absorbed by the greater power, against whom they have seen fit to take up the sword. The only disputed boundary in this part of Africa is that between the possessions of Great Britain and Portugal.

All this immense South African British area, covering about 1,000,000 square miles of territory, is in varying degrees of incor-

poration and assimilation by that ever-expanding empire whose center is London. What is not nominally under the protectorate of the British government is practically under the wing of the British South Africa company, that wonderful business concern which was first organized by two hard-headed old Scotsmen, who saw that an African company might exploit the Dark Continent as the East India company had done with Asia, and as the Hudson Bay Company had done in America. The territories of this African company extend up into the very heart of the continent to-day, and their frontier posts are steadily percolating deeper and deeper into the interior.

Roughly estimated, the British Empire in Africa embraces 2,300,000 square miles, a region equal in extent to all that portion of the United States east of the Rockies. This includes the white man's country of South Africa, with its high table-lands, its diamonds and its gold; British Central Africa, or Rhodesia; British East Africa, stretching from the Indian Ocean to Lake Victoria, and having within its borders Uganda, "the pearl of Africa," discovered by Henry M. Stanley, and now fast developing into a prosperous and modern community, with merchant and war ships aiding its commerce on the lake and railroads connecting it with the ocean and the interior, all of which promises a bright future.

MAKES WAR AND PEACE.

On the west coast is the Niger Territory, holding the mouth of the great water-way of Western Africa, under the control of the British Royal Niger Company, having such absolute sway that it makes war and peace, concludes treaties with the natives and exercises all the attributes of sovereignty under the protecting care of Great Britain. Then there are the minor colonies, the Gold Coast, Sierra Leone, scarcely worth speaking of, as they are relics of past greatness during the slave trade days.

It is in East Africa, however, from the Cape up to the Mediterranean, that one sees the present imperial sway of the Briton, as well as the potential importance of this new empire. It extends practically in an unbroken sweep from the northernmost to the

southernmost points of the continent. Egypt continues to be nominally independent, although under the protection of the British flag, with British officials directing Egyptian finances and British officers leading Egyptian armies.

Essentially, therefore, Egypt is to be regarded as a British sphere of influence, destined to regain her lost colonies. The area of Egypt and the Soudan was not included in the 2,300,000 square miles given as the British Empire in Africa, and if these dependencies are added the total is brought up to almost 3,000,000 square miles, equal to the area of the United States, not including Alaska.

VAST AFRICAN EMPIRE.

A glance at the British possessions in Africa shows how strong the impulse of British statesmen has been to knit together this African empire into one homogeneous whole instead of detached parts. Each part is reaching out to its neighbors. This has been going on until the chance of a "Cairo to the Cape" route, entirely under British control, is no longer a dream. Already the railroad is up to Buluwayo, more than thirteen hundred miles from the Cape, while from the north Kitchener has pushed the railroad even further.

The Nile and the lakes give added means of transportation. At present there is a gap of less than three hundred miles in the connection of British Central Africa and British East Africa, and with this gap filled the rule of the British Empire will in fact reach from Cairo to the Cape. It will be from Germany or from the Congo Free State that this gap will be made up, either by cession or lease.

Considering the steady development of this new empire in Africa and the manifold benefits springing from it, it would seem to be a part of this general plan that the Transvaal and the Orange Free State should be absorbed by the larger power. But it may be that these small communities will show a Spartan fortitude and courage which will resist this hitherto irresistible tide of empire. Such a result would be of doubtful value to the world at large, for thus far with empire have come development and progress.

The limits of British East Africa were arranged by agreement with Germany and Italy, the two contiguous powers. But it is here that France steps in. France has shown a Gallic impetuosity in her annexations. Of England she has always been jealous in Africa, and thereby hangs a tale.

The territory claimed by France in the Dark Continent covers something like 3,000,000 square miles, or perhaps a little more. By the Anglo-French arrangement of 1890 England very magnanimously ceded to her European rival all the Sahara desert. Now, the Sahara desert, as Lord Salisbury rather wittily termed it, is "very light soil." The extreme "lightness" of this soil did not dawn on the French mind until after the agreement had been drawn up and settled. Then France saw she had been gold-bricked. Algeria and Tunis, of course, she held by right of conquest, but on the northwest she found herself shut off from the coast by Morocco, and also those Spanish possessions known as Rio d'Oro. Deserts under such circumstances are not such desirable possessions, so France realized that, while she was apparently the largest land-owner in all Africa, she was actually possessor of the biggest territorial white elephant ever palmed off on an unsuspecting power.

FRANCE PUSHING HER CLAIMS.

It was to make amends for this error that France, misinterpreting the Berlin agreement, slipped in and occupied Busa, and also dispatched Major Marchand and his expedition to pick up any territorial waifs that might be left lying about beyond Fashoda. The one aim of France has been to have direct access to the lower Niger. In this matter Great Britain seems to have cleverly checkmated her rival and appears to have made up her mind on no account to yield any part of the west bank of the lower Niger to France, notwithstanding the latter's claim, though a disputed one, to certain spots in that vicinity by right of previous occupation.

France, however, has seized on her share elsewhere. She has Madagascar. It cost her dear, and she is still paying for it, but she has it. From a little to the north of Cape Blanco round to the British Gold Coast Colony she possesses a long line of coast,

though the same is somewhat interrupted by such foreign patches as British Gambia, Liberia, Portuguese Guinea and Sierra Leone. The whole of the upper Niger above Say is French, and nearly all the country that nestles in the great bend of that river is claimed by her.

The most threatening bone of contention in this quarter is a patch of land behind the British Gold Coast and German Togoland, made up chiefly of the kingdom of Mossi. Over it flutter both the tricolor and the union jack, though one must give way. Behind Ashanti Great Britain also claims certain territory, and is doing her best to strengthen that claim by as effective an occupation as possible.

SHARP PRACTICE AGAINST THE NATIVES.

Belgium occupies a goodly strip of the basin of the Congo. By a convention with Great Britain in 1894 a slice of the west Albert Nyanza shore and a portion of the upper Nile was leased to the Belgians. Since that time, however, pressure from France has cut down the original Belgian claim. It might not be out of place here to add that the rule of both France and Belgium has shown none of that liberality and general idea of fair play toward the native which is associated with English domination.

In 1895, when France seemed to be menacing the country of the Kalifa, it was declared in the British parliament that any attempt on the part of France to establish herself on the Nile would be regarded as "an unfriendly act." The French Soudan is defined as that country included in the basins of the Niger and the Senegal west of Togoland, together with that embraced in the northern bend of the river. Like the Niger region, this territory is densely populated and capable of great commercial development. But France, as has already been said, is not satisfied. She declares that the agreements reached between England, Germany and Italy relative to the delimitations of the Egyptian Soudan are not binding upon her, and declines to accept what Great Britain has pointed out as the limit of the French claim on the Soudan's western border.

This eagerness on the part of France to find a footing on the upper Nile is intimately associated with the presence and the activi-

ties of the English in that district. As all the world knows, this Anglican activity is bitterly resented by France, who realizes that while Egypt is nominally under the suzerainty of Turkey, it is really an English dependency. And since the defeat of the kalifa at Omdurman once more gave England control of the lost Egyptian Soudan, France's uneasiness has been in no way allayed. It is for this reason that England, in her war with the South African Republic, finds no sympathizers on the European continent. "She has lived by the sword," say the continental powers, "so let her suffer by the sword."

Thus it will be seen that the French explorers and statesmen seem to have chosen Western Africa as their field of influence, as Britain has chosen Eastern Africa. The total French possessions, free from controversy and dispute with other Powers, now reach the enormous total area of more than 3,000,000 square miles. This includes the flourishing colony of Algeria, on the north, which, like Cape Colony at the other extremity of the continent, is naturally adapted as a home for the white man. South of this is that vast sweep of country once known as the Desert of Sahara.

RICHES IN THE DESERT.

But France has found unknown wealth in these sands. Already a railroad has crossed Algeria and is pushing into this former desert for the purpose of opening up the whole western section and bringing forth its latent riches. South of the desert France controls the headwaters of the Niger, with its fertile valleys. Further south is the French Congo, with the Congo River and its valley along the southern border.

It was from these western possessions that Marchand pushed forward to Fashoda, while another French expedition, starting from Obok, on the east coast, sought to join hands with him, thus demonstrating to the world that England's dream of a British Africa, inseparable from Cairo to the Cape, was not to be realized. But while these plans were not fully carried out, France has developed her possessions in other directions, until she rightly makes claim of holding first place in the extent of possessions in Africa.

Germany, who may be said to have begun the scramble for Africa, has come off with far less territory than her rivals. It must be remembered, however, that although she began with a rush, that rush started as late as 1883. Previous to that time she had nothing ; now she has undisputed possession of almost 1,000,000 square miles. She began her acquisitions in south-west Africa, where, by arrangement with England, she came into possession of Damaraland and Namaqualand. But it is doubtful if this half desert country can ever be of any practical value. In fact, it would never have been allowed to slip through John Bull's hands were it otherwise.

Germany's greatest African possession, however, lies in the eastern part of the continent, with British East Africa on its north and Portuguese East Africa on its south. This territory of the Germans includes the southern half of the Victoria Nyanza and a portion of the shore of Lake Tanganyika, with about 400 miles of coast line. Although several efforts have been made to open up this country, Germany does not seem to have the remarkable success of the British in her colonizing attempts. The vast bulk of the country is little more than an unknown desert. While Germany still clings stubbornly to an indefinite claim to territory lying north of Ashanti, it is extremely doubtful that her African possessions will ever materially increase.

GERMAN EMPIRE IN AFRICA.

Germany, coming late, took the least desirable desert country, and even the scant possibilities of this have been further weighed down by officialism and militarism, which are the main characteristics of German colonizing, as against the local civil administrations which the British and French put into force. In West Africa Germany has also set her foot—in the Kameruns, not far from the Niger country, and at Togoland, running from the Gulf of Guinea back to a rich interior. With Germany's industrial awakening and her need for new markets this German Empire in Africa is viewed at Berlin as a seat of future greatness.

At the beginning of the scramble for Africa, Portugal put

forth tremendous claims for a colonial empire stretching across the continent from Angola to Mozambique. England soon stepped forward and shattered that dream, and to-day the actual jurisdiction of the Portuguese seldom extends beyond a fringe of coast territory. One of her richest possessions, Delagoa Bay, has passed into the hands of the English by purchase, and on the Guinea coast all that remains of her old possessions is a small strip of 14,000 square miles south of the Gambia.

Italy has had much the same luck as Portugal. For many a year she had cast a covetous eye toward Tripoli. France spoiled that scheme by curtly telling her to keep hands off, or there would be trouble. So it was not until 1882 that she took any step toward getting a slice of the continental pie that was going around. Twelve years previously an Italian trading house had obtained the cession of a little spot of land on Assab bay, and here Italy saw the chance for forcing in the usual thin edge of the usual wedge. In a little less than six years she had reached Cape Kasar and had prepared to absorb Abyssinia. It was a sad mistake. She attempted more than she could perform, and, after a series of humiliating disasters, was forced back to her little strip along the Red Sea. She still adheres to a vague claim on Somaliland, but it is doubtful if she will ever be able to establish this claim.

THE NEGRO AND AMERICAN INDIAN.

During all these struggles life has gone darkly with the African. While his eventual fate may be, as scholars and statesmen believe, that of the red Indian in America, it will be a much greater length of time before he will pass away from the continent which the more virile white has wrung and is still wringing from him. But it is only a matter of time, and a very short time, when every mile of Africa will be opened up and every obscure tribe introduced to the railway engine and the advanced ideas and the whisky bottle of the European civilizer.

When once Cecil Rhodes' dream of a "Cape to Cairo" railway is realized and the heart of the Dark Continent is pierced by a line of steel rails, the greatest work in the transformation of

Africa will have been accomplished. Christianization, once the watchword of every power that intruded so sanctimoniously into the jungle of the black, seems to have been quite forgotten in the mad rush for land.

Just how industrious the different great nations have been in this respect may be gleaned from the following table, in which is given an approximate estimate of the area claimed by the different powers. France, it will be seen, comes first; but if the Egyptian Soudan and the other claimed territories of Great Britain be considered as absolutely belonging to that empire, France would be second in the list of African landlords:

	Square miles.		Square miles.
France	3,300,000	Abyssinia	195,000
Great Britain	2,300,000	Morocco	220,000
Germany	925,000	Liberia	14,600
Congo Free State	900,000	Turkey (Egypt and Tripoli)	800,000
Portugal	750,000	Mahdi's Territories	650,000
Italy (including Somali-land)	420,000	Wadai	150,000
Spain	214,000	Unannexed Sahara	800,000
Boer Republics	168,000	Lakes	68,000
		Total Africa	11,874,600

TABLE OF DISTANCES.

Such figures may serve to demonstrate the magnitude of the Dark Continent. To Americans who are in the habit of thinking of South Africa as an out-of-the-way corner of the world the following railway distances will be interesting, if not surprising:

Cape Town to—	Miles.	Durban to—	Miles.
Kimberley	647	Pietermaritzburg	70
Vryburg	774	Ladysmith	189
Mafeking	870	Harrismith	245
Bulawayo	1,360	Newcastle	268
Salisbury	1,553	Laingsnek	300
Bloemfontein	730	Charlestown	304
Johannesburg	1,014	Volkstrust	323
Pretoria	1,040	Standerton	330
Port Elizabeth to—		Heidelberg	440
Rosemead Junction	243	Johannesburg	483
Norval's Pont	329	Pretoria	511
Bloemfontein	450		
Viljoen's Drift	628	Delagoa Bay to—	
Johannesburg	714	Kometi Paart	58
Pretoria	740	Pretoria	310
		Johannesburg	336

All of this goes to show that time brings its changes. In the eighteenth century the world was busy stealing Africans from Africa. In the nineteenth century the world is busy stealing Africa from Africans.

The United States has thus far given no attention to territory in Africa, and has permitted the other powers to apportion Africa among themselves as best suited them. Liberia has at times reached out to this country for help, and an American protectorate has been proposed. But Liberia is little more than a dot on Africa, having an area of only 12,000 square miles. Moreover, it is not a white man's country, for Sierra Leone, alongside, is known as the white man's grave. As a charity, protection might be given to Liberia, but for practical considerations it would be a travesty for the United States to look to that spot as the seat of future American effort in Africa.

PROPORTION OF WHITES AND NATIVES.

The territory claimed by each of the great powers in Africa affords no estimate of the foreign or native population. For example, the British and Dutch in South Africa, both combined, are everywhere outnumbered by the native element, chiefly Kaffirs and Hottentots, but for the purpose of comparison the savage races may be ignored.

Taking the various political divisions in detail, in Cape Colony the western, that is, the older settled part, is predominantly Dutch. The British form the majority only in the south-east, from Algoa Bay eastwards, the diamond mining country about Kimberley, the copper-producing part of Little Namaqua Land, and in Cape Town itself. The south-eastern pro-British portion of the colony is much more progressive and growing in population than the older western portion. The former derives a great deal of trade from the rapidly developing countries lying to the north; the latter has only deserts on its northern side, and is, therefore, almost entirely dependent on its trade.

Taking Cape Colony as a whole, the British and Dutch sections are probably in about the ratio of seven to ten. In Natal

about five-sixths of the 50,000 whites are estimated to be British. In the extreme northwest, however, there is a small Boer majority, a survival of the Great Trek, or emigration of 1836.

The Orange River Free State and Transvaal republics are, of course, pre-eminently Boer. The small, but relatively densely peopled patch about Johannesburg is the glaring exception, from the existence of which has sprung the whole vexed question. The as yet sparsely peopled Rhodesia and Bechuanaland are with equal obviousness British, but their white population is too insignificant to play any great part in the solution of the difficulty.

A COUNTRY FOR THE ANGLO-SAXON.

Although the whole of South Africa is not under the rule of Great Britain, the English or American emigrant is able to make his home in any part of it, and the English language is commonly used in every town or village, whether in Cape Colony or in Natal, in the Dutch republics or in the Portuguese possessions.

It appears that the shape and construction of South Africa are of particular, almost of providential, advantage to the Anglo-Saxon of to-day. Had the harbors been more accessible, the roads into the interior easier and more general, the land itself better watered and more readily cultivated, a country with so genial a climate must, centuries ago, have passed into the hands of other nations, which were at that time much further advanced than ourselves; or, failing this, must have been so thickly peopled by races native to the soil as to leave no room for colonists from abroad. It needed Anglo-Saxon enterprise to open up this wild country.

CHAPTER VI.

Wonderful Country of Rhodesia.

IN 1897 the celebrated explorer, Henry M. Stanley, to whom credit must be given for many of the most important discoveries ever made in Africa, visited the southern part of the continent and gathered most valuable information concerning the Transvaal, Orange Free State and other localities that have become well known in the war between the English and Boers.

Mr. Stanley first visited Rhodesia, a vast territory, under the dominion of Great Britain, and lying north of the Transvaal. Named after Mr. Cecil Rhodes, the most prominent English capitalist and government official in South Africa. This territory has come prominently into view on account of its vast agricultural and mineral wealth, and the splendid future believed by everybody to await it. We cannot do the reader a greater favor than to permit Mr. Stanley to give, in his own language, his most interesting account of his latest visit to the southern part of the great continent that will hereafter ever be associated with his name. Writing from Bulawayo, the principal town in Rhodesia, he says :

The exploration and the development of Rhodesia have always been regarded by me with sentimental interest. Every new advance in this region has been hailed by me with infinite satisfaction, and no man regretted more than myself the lapses of the founder and Administrator in December, 1895, which threatened to involve the whole of South Africa in trouble, and to arrest the progress which had begun. It appeared for a moment as if Rhodes and Jameson had relinquished golden substance for a shadow.

It is not in human capacity to realize from a far distance the truth of the rumors which came from here respecting the intrinsic value of the land, and so I came here at a great inconvenience to myself to verify by actual observation what had been repeatedly stated. I have been rewarded for so doing by clear convictions,

which, though they may be of no great value to others, are very satisfactory to myself, and will forever remain fixed in my mind, despite all contrary assertions. There was a little speech recently delivered by Commandant Van Rensburg, which, perhaps, will be thought by London editors of no importance, but it was most gratifying to me, inasmuch as I had become possessed with the same ideas. He said that it was generally supposed that without gold Rhodesia could not exist, but he differed from that view, as, he was certain in his own mind, it would remain an important country because of its many agricultural products, its native wood, coal, cement, etc., etc.

He had come to the conclusion that Rhodesia was as fit for agriculture as any part of South Africa, though he had been rather doubtful of it before he had seen the land with his own eyes. That is precisely my view. It is natural that the large majority of visitors who have come here to satisfy themselves about the existence of gold in Rhodesia should pay but little attention to what may be seen on the surface; but those who have done so now know that Rhodesia has a great agricultural future before it.

GREAT RAILWAY ACHIEVEMENT.

Several hundreds of men, eminent in divers professions, have come from England, America, the Cape, Orange Free State, Natal, Basuto and Zulu Lands, the Transvaal, Bechuanaland and Northern Rhodesia, to celebrate the railway achievement by which this young colony has become connected with the oldest colony in South Africa. In any other continent the opening of five hundred miles of new railway would be fittingly celebrated by the usual banquet and the after-dinner felicitations of those directly concerned with it; but in this instance there are six members of the Imperial Parliament, the High Commissioner of the Cape, the Governor of Natal, scores of members of the Colonial Legislatures, and scores of notabilities, leaders of thought and action, bankers, merchants, and clergy from every colony and state in the southern part of this continent. They all felt it to be a great event.

Few events of the century surpass it in interest and import-

ance. It marks the conclusion of an audacious enterprise, which at one time would have been deemed impossible, and later as most unlikely. It furnishes a lesson to all colonizing nations. It teaches methods of operation never practiced before. It suggests large and grand possibilities, completely reforms and alters our judgment with regard to Africa, effaces difficulties that impeded right views, and infuses a belief that, once the political and capitalist public realizes what the occasion really signifies, this railway is but the precursor of many more in this continent. In fact, we have been publicly told that we are to expect others, and that the railway to the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi is the next on the programme, and will soon become a palpable fact.

RAPID ADVANCE EVERYWHERE.

The Rudd-Rhodes Concession was granted by Lo Bengula in 1888. The Charter to the South Africa Company was given in 1889; possession of Mashonaland was taken by Jameson and his pioneers on September 12, 1890; Bulawayo was entered in 1893, and thus the Lo Bengula Concession grew to be Rhodesia. But during this brief interval the advance has been so rapid that, though at home people may vaguely believe in it, one has to see the town of Bulawayo and to come in personal contact with its people to fully comprehend what has been done, and to rightly understand the situation.

With the clearer view gained by a personal visit the huge map in the Stock Exchange, which shows the estates, farms, townships, and mines of Rhodesia, becomes an encyclopædia of information—the plans of Bulawayo and Salisbury, and other towns which have arisen in Rhodesia, valuable directories. If fresh from an inspection and study of these you step out and look at the town of Bulawayo, and glance at the country, you begin to share the local knowledge of the inhabitants, see with their eyes, understand on what they base their hopes, and grasp the real meaning of pushing a railway 500 miles to reach a town of 3000 people.

So that, while at home men were arguing that the Rudd-Rhodes Concession was valueless, and Rhodesia a fraud, the land

was being bought with avidity, prospectors had discovered gold reefs, shafts had been sunk, tunnels had been made to get a fair idea of the value of the reefs, a nominal capital of many millions—some say twenty millions, some say double that sum—had been assured for operations, towns had been created with all the comforts suited to new colonists, and the embryo State was fairly started into existence.

While being instructed in the hopes and ambitions of several of the local people, my knowledge of how other young countries, such as the States, Canada, Australia, had been affected by the extension of the railway into parts as thinly inhabited as Rhodesia, induced me to cast my glance far beyond Rhodesia, that I might see what was likely to be its destiny, whether it was to be a Free State like Orange, self-sufficient and complacent within its own limits, or broadly ambitious like Illinois State, of which Chicago is the heart. Assuming that the energy which has already astonished us be continued, there are enormous possibilities in view.

A COMMERCIAL CENTRE.

Bulawayo is 1360 miles from Cape Town, but it is only 1300 miles of land travel from Cairo, for the rest of the distance may be made over deep lakes and navigable rivers; it is but 1300 miles to Mossamedes, in Angola, which would bring the town within fifteen days from London; it is only 450 miles from Beira, on the East Coast, which would give it another port of entry open to commerce from the Suez Canal, India, Australia, and New Zealand; it is but 350 miles from N'gami; it must tap British Central Africa and the southern parts of the Congo State. That is the position acquired by Bulawayo by the railway from Cape Town.

Chicago, less than 60 years ago, had far less pretensions than this town, and yet its population now runs into the millions. Something of what Chicago has become Bulawayo may aspire to. The vast coal fields to which the new railway is to run, the stone, granite, sandstone, trachyte, the woods, minerals, gold, copper, lead and iron, the enormous agricultural area, are valuable assets which must nourish it to an equal destiny.

Then the Victoria Falls, larger than Niagara, what mighty electrical power lies stored there! I merely mention these things hap-hazard with the view of assisting my readers to understand the significance of these festivities. Many men will think and meditate on them, and new confidence, courage and energy will be begotten to stimulate them to greater designs and larger effort.

But how does the scene at Bulawayo affect the political world? It seems to me to have great importance for all South African and British politicians for the way it affects Germany, Portugal, the Congo Free State and Cape Colony. It will cause people to revise their opinions, and to clear their minds of all previous policies. Any influence that Germany may have hoped to exercise on South African politics has received a check by the insuperable barrier that has been created by those slender lines of steel between its South-West African Colony and the Dutch Republics. The Bech-uana Crown Colony and Protectorate, through which they run, must receive a percentage of all immigrants to Rhodesia.

RIVALS OF THE GERMAN COLONY.

These last two are far in advance of the German Colony, and each day must see them strengthened, so that they will become formidable obstacles in the way of German aspirations. These colonies, lying along the length of the western frontier of the Transvaal State, are four times larger than the Transvaal, and their grand stock-raising areas and agricultural plains having now become easily accessible, cannot remain long unoccupied. I fancy, therefore, that the ambition of Germany to rival England's claims to the paramountcy will become wholly extinguished now, and that her thinkers, like wise men, will prepare their minds for the new problems which must be met in a not remote future.

The populating of Rhodesia by mixed races of whites of a superior order to any near it must exercise the Portuguese, whose territory lies between Rhodesia and the Indian Ocean. The iron road leading to it cannot be closed. The future of the country is no longer doubtful. We have tested its climate ourselves; we have heard the general conviction that these lofty plains, 4500 feet above

the sea, suit the constitution of the white race; we have seen a hundred English children going from Bulawayo to a picnic to celebrate the arrival of the railway, and assuredly that would have been impossible on a tropical day in any other tropical country I know of. We have seen scores of infants on the streets, in the suburbs, on the plains outside, in arms and in perambulators, and they all looked thriving, pink and happy.

The market of Bulawayo each day shows us English vegetables fresh from the garden. We have seen specimens of the cereals. Well, then, it appears to me certain that there will be a masterful population in this country before long, which it would be the height of unwisdom to vex overmuch with obsolete ordinances and by-laws such as obtain in Portuguese Africa, and burdensome taxes and rates on the traffic that must arise as this country grows in wealth and population.

POSSESSIONS OF PORTUGAL.

It may be hoped that intelligent Portuguese will do all in their power to promote concord and good feeling with their neighbor, to check refractory chiefs from doing anything to disturb the peace, for nothing could make the people of Rhodesia more restless than interruption to traffic, and a sense of insecurity. If they do that the Portuguese territory must become enriched by the neighborhood of Rhodesia.

The Congo State will doubtless recognize its profit by the advent of the railway to Bulawayo and the extension of the line towards its southern borders, and the arrangements of the government will be such as to ensure respect for boundaries and to teach the native tribes that transgression of such will be dangerous.

The British Government have a valuable object lesson for the development of African colonies. For over two hundred years the West African colonies have been stagnating for lack of such means of communication. They have been unable to utilize their resources. Their natural pretensions to the hinterlands have been grievously curtailed, and what ought to have been British is now French. Nyasaland has also too long suffered from Imperial par-

simony. The function of government should comprise something more than police duty or the collection of taxes.

The removal of causes injurious to health and life, and the establishment of communication as required by circumstances of climate, and needful to augment commerce, are just as urgent as the prevention of lawlessness and the collection of imposts. The climate of Nyasaland has slain more valuable men than the assegais of the Angoni. Against the latter the government sent their Sikhs; against the former they have done nothing. Many of the sick colonists might have been saved, if, when weakened by anæmia, a little railway past the Shiré Rapids had taken them quickly through the malarious land to a more healthful locality.

ADVANTAGES OF RAPID TRANSIT.

If it be worth while to retain and administer Nyasaland, it is surely worth while to supply the population with certain means to send the fruits of their industry to the world's markets, and to enable them to receive the necessaries of existence without endangering their lives in the effort of risking the loss of their goods. Therefore, to a government that has shown such dread of constructing an insignificant railway a hundred miles in length, the enterprise of the Chartered Company in constructing one five hundred miles long—and starting immediately upon an extension two hundred and twenty miles—at the cost of one and three-quarter millions, must be exceedingly stimulative. The antique and barbarous method of portage should be abolished in every British colony, more especially in tropical colonies, where exposure to sun and rain means death to white and black.

To the South African Republic it is vitally important to weigh well in what manner the Bulawayo railway will affect her future. The republic will soon be surrounded by a rampart of steel on three sides and alien land and ocean on the other. From Beira, north of the republic, a railway will run west to Salisbury, and thence south to Bulawayo and the Cape.

With two ways of ingress from the sea a country like Rhodesia—with as good a climate as the Transvaal State, with resources

which tend to rapid prosperity, enjoying impartial and liberal laws, just and pure administration, opening its arms widely to the whole world without regard to race, blessed with ample domains and suited to the needs of all classes—must necessarily prove more attractive to all people in search of homes, than a country which only favors Dutch burghers; and Rhodesia therefore bids fair in a few years to overtake the Republic in population, and even to surpass it. The Boers do not avail themselves of the advantages of their position to that fulness which would make it doubtful whether Rhodesia or the Transvaal offered the most inducements to intending settlers for making a permanent home.

TRYING TO MONOPOLIZE THE COUNTRY.

On the contrary, the common report is that the object of the Boers is to restrict population and reserve the State for Boer progeny. If true, the attempt to suppress population and growth by restrictions, monopolies, and vexatious ordinances is simple imbecility, as compared to the Chartered Company's policy of stimulating commerce by giving free rein to enterprise, and keeping the paths and gates to its territory freely open to all comers. If there is an intelligent man in the Transvaal, it must be clear to him that the Republic must soon lose the rank among South African States to which she was entitled by her wonderful resources and undoubted advantages; and the only thing that can save her from degradation, neglect, and financial difficulties, is the absorption of that alien population which crowds her cities and clamors for political rights.

Cape Colony, though much is due to it for its support of the Bechuana railway, is not wholly free from the blame of inertness in the past. One cannot look at the map of Africa and miss seeing that extraordinary territory labeled German close to Cape Colony, without being reminded of the obtuseness shown by the Cape democracy. But the Germans are a great nation, rich, commerce-loving, and enterprising, and the Cape people need to be warned, considering that they are largely mixed up with Dutch Boers, who are slow to move and sadly behind the times. If the

Germans chose to invest \$20,000,000 in railways from the mouth of the Swakop to the banks of the Orange, they would be formidable competitors for the trade of Bechuanaland and the north of the colony, and Swakop is three days nearer Europe than Table Bay.

The railways in America created cities and filled the wastes with settlers, and every new settler was supposed to be worth \$1,000 to the nation; and in this country there is a mile of railway to every twenty square miles of country. The Cape has but a mile of railway to every 112 square miles. The railways should spread out like a fan from Cape Town. The existing lines require straightening greatly.

It is not good policy that the line to Natal should run through alien States, nor is it conducive to the development of the Colony. Some railways may not show large dividends, but they are indispensable to development and communication: they give value to acres which otherwise would be worthless, and indirectly contribute to revenue in other ways than by dividends. Hence Cape Colony may learn a good deal from this new railway.

APPEARANCE OF THE TOWN.

I think I have said enough to illustrate the position in which Bulawayo has been placed by the arrival of the railway. At present its broad avenues and streets give one an idea that it has made too much of itself. When the avenues are about 90 feet wide and the streets 130 feet wide, naturally the corrugated iron one-storied cottages and the one-storied brick buildings appear very diminutive; and the truth is that, were the streets of proportionate width to the height of the buildings, the town would appear very small. The plain upon which it stands gives an idea of infinity that renders poor one-storied Bulawayo very finite-looking indeed.

The town, however, has laid itself out for future greatness, and the designers of it have been wise. Winnipeg, in Manitoba, which Bulawayo reminds me of by the surrounding plain, was laid out on just such a spacious plan; but ten years later six-storied buildings usurped the place of the isolated iron hut and cottage, and the streets were seen to be no whit too wide. Ten years hence Bula-

wayo will aspire higher towards the sky, and when the electric trams run in double lines, between rows of shade trees, there will be no sense of disproportion between buildings and streets.

On the walls of the Stock Exchange I found hanging plans and elevations of the brick and stone buildings already contracted for. They are not to be very lofty, none over two stories, but architecturally they are most attractive. These new buildings will, perhaps, stand for about five years, for, according to my experience, it is not until the tenth year that the double story becomes the fashion. At the twentieth year begins the triple story; at thirty years the fourth story begins to appear.

ORANGE TREES AND FLOWERS.

East of the town area devoted to commerce is a broad strip of park. It occupies a gentle hollow in the plain, watered by a crooked ditch, called spruit here, running through a rich, dark, and very thirsty earth. It contains a few puddles here and there along its course. Only a portion of the park is laid out as yet, and that has been well and carefully done. Its plots contain a few hundreds of grape vines, which look like currant bushes. There are also about a hundred very young orange trees, a few flowers, shrubs, etc. A stone column to the memory of Captain Lendy occupies an eminence in it.

The whole park has a sombre appearance, owing to the dark soil and ironstone freely sprinkling it. But as the bushes, shrubs, and flowers have only been lately planted, and as around the forcing houses there is a large number of young plants in tins and pots, soon to be transplanted, a couple of years will make an immense difference in the appearance of the place.

From various people I have learned that the average estimate of the population of Bulawayo is 3000 whites, one-fifth of whom are women and children. There are several hotels, but none of them are fit for ladies, and scarcely for gentlemen. The noise and clatter at these forbid sleep, except between midnight and 5 A. M. The food is somewhat coarse, but plentiful; the tea and coffee such as one may obtain on a Cape liner—that is, too strong an infusion of

one, and a watery decoction of the other. The cooks evidently are common ship-cooks, as one may gather by the way they boil potatoes and cabbages. The bread is good, the butter is tolerable, the meat is like leather. The waiters, though civil and willing enough, are awkward and new to their work.

There are seven churches—the Wesleyan, Congregational, Church of England, Dutch Reformed, Presbyterian and Roman Catholic, and one Temperance Hall. There is, of course, a jail, a fire brigade and police station. In the jail are several prisoners, white and black. The crimes of the whites have been burglary, theft and drunkenness. Among the blacks are fourteen prisoners under sentence of death for various crimes.

POOR WATER SUPPLY.

The railway station is fairly adapted for its purpose, though its construction was necessarily rapid. The settling reservoirs, fed by pipes from the dams, are not far from it; but I fear that they will be of little use, as the soil is too porous. A coating of cement would make them effective, but the general opinion is that cement would be too costly.

The great defect of Bulawayo is the smallness of the water supply and the badness of it. At present the inhabitants depend on wells, and water is easily obtainable at 30 and 40 feet, but the water is of a hard and indifferent quality. Up on one stream, about two and a half miles from the town, there have been constructed three dams of different lengths and varying heights. No. 1 dam is the nearest to Bulawayo, and has a solid stone and cement core starting from the bedrock 10 feet wide, and decreasing by setbacks of 6 inches to a width of 2 feet at the top. No. 2 dam has a puddled core of clay faced with stone, and No. 3 is of similar construction. In April these dams were full and overflowing, but, unfortunately, through bad construction and want of care, there were several leaks, and it is now decided to demolish two of the dams and rebuild them. Nos. 2 and 3 are quite fit to retain the water catchment. The estimated storage of water by the three dams is calculated to be between 40 and 45 million gallons. A

fourth dam, about to be erected, will, it is thought, considerably increase the storage.

We have had four copious showers of rain since our arrival, but a few hours later the spruits, gullies and water-courses were almost waterless, the streets showing scarcely a trace of the rain, so porous and thirsty is the soil. Daily it becomes apparent to me that the inhabitants of Bulawayo should lose no time in studying the art of water conservation. In a country just within the tropics an abundant supply of water is essential, and thirty gallons per head per day would not be excessive.

Ten thousand inhabitants should be able to command 300,000 gallons daily, but Bulawayo within twenty years will have probably 20,000, and there is no river between here and Khama's country that could supply 600,000 gallons daily. Numbers of little watersheds may be drained into reservoirs, but if I were a citizen of Bulawayo my anxiety would be mainly on the subject of water. The water question is not at all an insoluble one, because, for the matter of that, Bulawayo will have always the Zambesi tributaries to fall back upon, especially the Guay River.

A FINE AVENUE.

At the north end of the town we came to a gate leading to an avenue which ran perfectly straight for two miles and a half. The carriage road, which it is intended to macadamize, is about 30 feet wide, and running parallel with it on either side is an inclosure 50 feet wide, to be planted with shade trees. Thus the avenue embraces a width of about 130 feet. At the extremity of it is the Government House, standing in grounds which four years before were occupied by Lo Bengula's kraal. We were all curious to see the place, and one of the first objects shown to us was the small tree under which the Matabele king dispensed his bloody judgments.

Here is a description of the place from "Zambesia:" The King's capital stands upon a ridge on the northern side of the Bulawayo River, in a most commanding position, overlooking as it does the entire country round. Every yard of the ground was covered with manure, layer after layer; the whole place was filthily

dirty. The King used to sit on a block of wood in the middle of a great pole stockade, surrounded by sheep and goats.

The first sentence is most misleading, though not inaccurate. The kraal stood upon the same level as the plain of New Bulawayo; but the "Bulawayo River"—a dry watercourse most of the year—has scoured out a broad hollow to a depth of about 20 feet in the plain, and, as the kraal was seated on the brow above it, it enables one to have a view of a circle of about fifteen miles in diameter, within which are probably three or four of these long, broad swells of plain land.

Government House is a long, low, white-washed house, in Dutch Colonial style, with a pillared verandah outside. It is the property of Mr. Rhodes, as well as the avenue just mentioned. I am told he possesses about eighty square miles altogether hereabouts, and by the way he is developing his estates, it will some day be a beautiful as well as valuable property.

FOREMOST MAN IN SOUTH AFRICA

This reminds me that I have not once mentioned Rhodes, though when describing Rhodesia one ought not to omit his name; but the fact is he has preferred to remain in the country rather than undergo the fatigue of the banquets and ceremonies. From Cape Town here many men have spoken of him to me, and always with unqualified admiration. I know no man who occupies such a place in men's thoughts. His absence has given rise to all kinds of conjectures as to the cause of it. Some say it is due to the fact that the Cape elections are approaching, and he did not wish to be forced to a pronouncement of policy; others that it is due to Dr. Jameson's zealous care of his health, as he suffers from heart complaint; others again say it is due to a wounded spirit, which too long grieving might easily end in a Timonian moroseness.

Whatever the true cause may be, he has so planted himself in the affections of the people that no eccentricity of his can detract from his merits. When a man scatters \$1,000,000 a year on the country out of which he made his wealth, it covers a multitude of sins in the minds of the recipients of his gratuitous favors.

“ He does mad and fantastic execution
Engaging and redeeming of himself,
With such a careless face and forceless care,
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.”

We have seen what Bulawayo is as it terminated the employment of the ox-wagon, and had just emerged out of the sore troubles caused by war, famine and rinderpest. The next train that arrives after our departure will be the beginning of a new era. The machinery that litters the road will be brought up, and the ox-wagons drawn by fourteen oxen, and the wagons drawn by twelve mules, and those drawn by twenty donkeys, will haul it to the mines, and hence we may hope at the end of a year or so that Rhodesia will have proved by its gold output its intrinsic value as a gold field.

CHAPTER VII.

Vast Stores of Natural Wealth.

MR. STANLEY furnishes the following graphic description of Rhodesia and its timbers and mines: It is fitting to ask, What is Rhodesia, about which so much has been said and written? What are its prospects? I cannot help but wish I were more qualified by local and technical knowledge to describe the country; but as I have been at some trouble in soliciting the judgment of experienced men, conscientiously weighing the merits of what was told me, and carefully considering what I have personally seen, I can only hope the following summary may have some value to those interested in Rhodesia.

I have been asked by my fellow-guests at Bulawayo how the face of the country appeared as compared with the tropical regions further north with which I am more familiar. With regard to the superficial aspect of Rhodesia, I see but little difference between it and East Central Africa, and the southern portion of the Congo basin. Indeed, I am much struck with the uniformity of inner Africa on the whole. Except in the neighborhood of the great lakes, which mark the results of volcanic action, where great subsidences have occurred, and the great plains have been wrinkled up or heaved into mountains of great height, the body of Inner Africa away from the coasts is very much alike.

The main difference is due to latitude. From the Cape Peninsula to north of Salisbury, or the Victoria Falls, the whole country is one continuous plain country. Between the tops of the highest hills and the highest grassy ridge in the Transvaal the difference of altitude seems solely due to the action of the rain. In the Zambesi basin you have a great shallow basin, and directly you cross the river and travel northward the ascent is being made to reach the crest of the watershed between the Zambesi and the Congo, which is but little higher than the highest ridge of Salisbury.



DUNCAN STUART

CAPTAIN B COMPANY, CANADIAN CONTINGENT FOR THE TRANSVAAL



MAP SHOWING POSITION OF NATAL WITH RELATION TO
THE TRANSVAAL AND ORANGE FREE STATE



BOERS ON THE MARCH—CONCENTRATING FOR AN ATTACK ON LADYSMITH



COMPANY B OF THE LONDON, ONTARIO, CONTINGENT BEFORE DEPARTING FOR SERVICE
IN THE TRANSVAAL



ROYAL HOTEL, DURBAN

THIS IS A FINE HOTEL, COMPARING FAVORABLY WITH THE BEST IN OTHER COUNTRIES. IT IS USED BY THE OFFICERS OF THE BRITISH ARMY AS HEADQUARTERS IN THE WAR. THE WAITERS ARE HINDOOS AND THE ROOM-BOYS ARE ZULUS



OOM PAUL KRUGER—PRESIDENT OF THE TRANSVAAL OR SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC

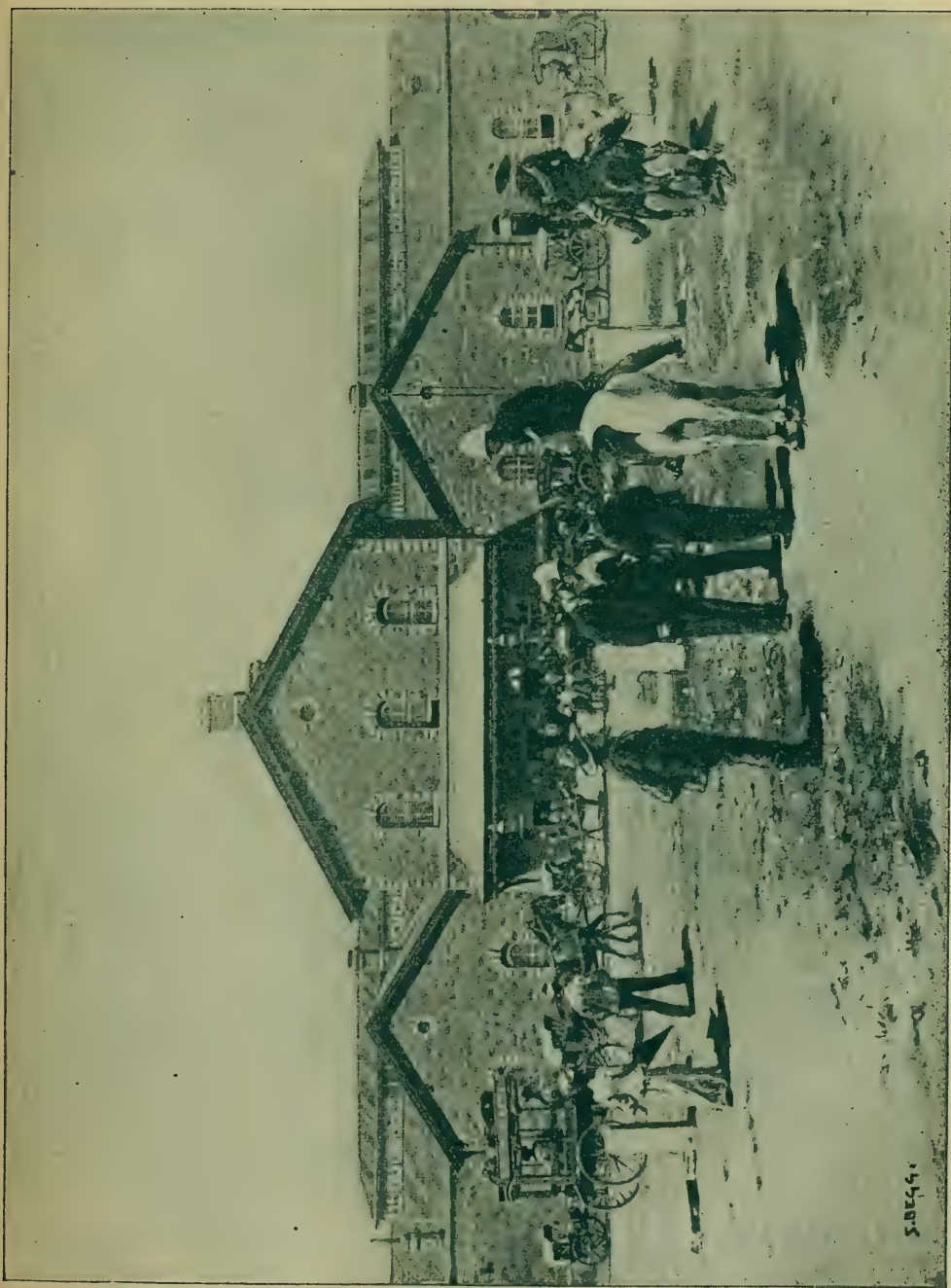


A BRITISH FIELD BATTERY FORDING A RIVER IN NATAL



BOERS ASSEMBLING TO JOIN THE TRANSVAAL ARMY

THIS ENGRAVING REPRESENTS A PART OF A "COMMANDO," OR COMPANY OF SOLDIERS LEVIED IN A CERTAIN DISTRICT, PREPARING TO TAKE UP ARMS UNDER THE COMMANDER OF THE BOER TROOPS



THE RAILWAY STATION AT BLOEMFONTEIN—ORANGE FREE STATE

S. BEGG



UNIFORMS ON SENTRY DUTY UNIFORMS OF STATE ARTILLERY FIELD SERVICE PARADE CAVALRY INFANTRY INFANTRY OFFICER
 GUNNERS OF STATE ARTILLERY OFFICERS OF STATE ARTILLERY VOLUNTEERS

TYPES OF UNIFORM WORN BY THE BOER MILITARY



INSPECTION OF BOER MOUNTED RIFLEMEN IN A VILLAGE NEAR PRETORIA



ENGLISH TROOPS SURPRISED BY THE BOERS AT GLENCOE



THE FAMOUS RICKSHA BOYS OF DURBAN

THESE VEHICLES ARE USED PRINCIPALLY BY BUSINESS MEN IN GOING TO DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE CITY. ALL THE BOYS ARE ZULUS AND WEAR REEDS AROUND THEIR ANKLES CONTAINING SMALL STONES WHICH RATTLE WHILE THE BOYS ARE IN MOTION



SUPPLYING THE BOERS IN THE TRANSVAAL WITH AMMUNITION



THE NATIVE POLICE OF NATAL

THEY ARE THE MOST INTERESTING CHARACTERS IN SOUTH AFRICA. THE WORK THEY HAVE TO PERFORM IS TO KEEP THE NATIVES STRAIGHT AND THEY ARE NOT ALLOWED TO ARREST THE WHITES. THEY TAKE MUCH PRIDE IN THEIR UNIFORMS



PRESIDENT KRUGER PREACHING AT PRETORIA

From thence a gradual descent is made to reach the central depression of the Congo basin. Northward of the Congo watershed, you gain the average altitudes of the grassy ridges of South Africa, and then begin a descent into the basin of the Tchad lake, and from thence to the Mediterranean the same system of great land waves rolling and subsiding continues.

Latitude—and I might say altitude—however, changes the appearance of the land. Rarely on the tableland of Equatorial Africa do we see the scrub and thorn trees of South Africa. The vegetation there is more robust, the trees taller, the leafage thicker and of a darker green; the mere grasses of the tropics are taller than the trees growing on the plains of Cape Colony, Bechuanaland and Rhodesia, though in the latter country there are oases favorable to the growth of noble timber. In nitrous belts—fortunately of no great width—in Ugogo, Nyasaland, East Africa, we should be reminded of the thorny productions of Bechuanaland, and ten degrees north of the equator we should again see a recurrence of them, but this happens only in detached portions.

GROWING THRIFT AND LUXURIANCE.

It must have struck even the most unobservant of our guests how the land improved as we traveled northward. How the ungrateful looking Karroo of Cape Colony was presently followed by expansive plains covered with dwarf shrubs; how the plains became more promising after we passed the Hart river; how the rolling grassy prairie-like country of Southern Bechuana was followed by the acacias and mimosas of Northern Bechuana; and how as we neared Rhodesia these trees in a few hours of travel rose from ten feet to twenty feet in height; how the land became more compact, and lost much of its loose porous texture, and consequently the grasses were higher, and water might be found at a lesser depth.

That improvement, I am told, continues as we go northward towards Salisbury, even though we may keep on a somewhat uniform level, that is on the tableland separating the river flowing eastward, south to the Limpopo and north-west to the Zambesi.

So rapid is the effect of a lower altitude, and consequent greater heat and moisture, that about eighty miles from Bulawayo to the north-west, a magnificent forest of teak has been found, from whose grand timber we saw several specimens of furniture, such as tables, desks and bureaus, a log of twenty feet length and a foot square, besides a quantity of planks.

Now, this Rhodesia consists of Matabeleland and Mashonaland, and covers about a quarter of a million square miles. It is the northern portion of the Great South African tableland, and its highest elevations run northeast and southwest, varying from 4000 to nearly 6000 feet above the sea. This height declines on the eastern, southern, and northwestern sides, as it slopes along with the rivers flowing from them. This high land, which is eminently suitable for European families, is about 70,000 square miles in extent, of solid, unbroken agricultural country as compared with Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. Those who remember what countries of similar superficial area in Europe can contain in population may be able to gauge what numbers of the white race may exist in Rhodesia. Here is room for an empire.

MALARIOUS DISTRICTS MADE HEALTHY.

Outside the limit I have mentioned the resident must expect to be afflicted with malarial fevers, and the lower one descends towards the sea, the more frequent and severe will they become. There is this comfort, however, that long before the upper plateau is over-populated, population will have made a large portion of the malarious districts healthy and inhabitable—at least, it has been so found in every land that I have visited.

On the upper lands, the resident who has come by way of the Cape and Bechuanaland need have no fear of malaria. I regard my own oft-tried system as a pretty sure indicator of the existence of malaria, for a very few hours' residence in a country subjected to this scourge would soon remind me of my predisposition to it; but during the whole of the time I have spent in Rhodesia I have not felt the slightest symptom. I have seen white women driving their babies in perambulators on the plain outside Bulawayo in a

sun as hot as any in the Egyptian or Moroccan desert, and, though I felt they were unwise, it was clear to me that in such a climate a sufficient head protection was the only thing necessary to guard against a sunstroke or the feverish feeling which naturally follows a rash exposure to heat.

Rhodesia has been visited by us during what is generally said to be its worst period. The rainy season begins in November and ends in March. We arrived November 4th, and, though we have been here only a week, we have had four showers and one all-night downpour. The rainfall during the season amounts to as much as 45 inches. I fancy few men have had larger experience of the pernicious effects of cold rains alternating with hot suns than I, and the composure of the Bulawayo population under what seems to promise four months of such weather strikes my imagination, and is to me a strong testimony of the healthfulness of the climate.

FINE MARKET GARDEN.

The park of Bulawayo, the grounds of Government House, and especially the advanced state of the charming gardens, afforded to me valuable proofs that the soil responded very readily to civilized treatment; but the most conclusive proof to me of the capacity of the soil was furnished by a large market garden laid out in a depression just outside the town. From end to end the garden, supplied with water by a wind-pump from a well, was a mass of robust European vegetables, whence cabbages weighing 30 pounds each, and tomatoes of extraordinary size, have been sent to market. At the Palace Hotel the hundreds of guests made large demands for vegetables, and there was no stint of them.

Further on towards old Gubulawayo we were attracted by native women hoeing in a field, and our attention was drawn to the native fields, which showed by the old corn-stalks that the Matabele must have found the black earth of the plains gracious to their toils. Here and there in these villa gardens, market gardens, public pleasantries, and ornamental grounds, we found sufficient evidences that, given water, the soil of Rhodesia was equal to supplying anything that civilized man could possibly demand.

The next thing to do was to find out something relating to the precious metal, whose presence in Rhodesia was the immediate cause of the railway. I remember last session having heard in the Smoking Room of the House of Commons the most disparaging views regarding the prospects of Rhodesia and the quality of the reefs. The gold of Rhodesia was said to be "pocket" gold, and that the ancients, whose presence long ago in this land is proved by the multitude of old workings and disused shafts, were too clever to have left any for us moderns. Not knowing how to controvert such statements, I had left them unanswered, half believing that they were true.

Sir James Sivewright, in his speech on the first festal night, said that Bulawayo was built upon faith, and the majority of the guests I discovered held the most doubtful views, and I must confess little was needed to confirm the skepticism which had been planted in me in England. But when I heard that there was an exhibition of ores to be seen in the Hall of the Stock Exchange, I felt that the Reception Committee had provided for us something more valuable than banquets—something which should satisfy an anxious mind and furnish much needed information.

SPECIMENS OF NATIVE ORES.

Within a well-lighted, decent-sized hall, on an ample shelf ranged around it, a few of the mining companies of Rhodesia had sent various specimens of the ores. Above these shelves hung admirably-drawn maps to illustrate the reefs whence they were taken. I had noticed, as I went in, other specimens of Rhodesian products ranged along the passages—bulky lumps of coal from the Zambesian coal district, a coal that is said to give only from eight per cent. to twelve per cent. of ash; fine red sandstone blocks, a stone closely resembling that of which most of the houses on Fifth avenue, New York, are built; blocks of grey sandstone, to which substance I had already been attracted, it being so much used for lintels and doorways of Bulawayan houses; and rough and polished granite blocks, which reminded me of the famous Aberdeen stone, besides several limestone briquettes.

The first exhibits of ores I happened to inspect were from the Camperdown Reef, in which the virgin gold was conspicuous enough to satisfy the most unbelieving. The next exhibit consisted of a number of briquettes of cement manufactured in Bulawayo. The third was a glass case which contained old gold beads, discovered at Zimbabwe, and attracted a great deal of attention from the dusky appearance of the metal which centuries had given it, the rude workmanship, evidently African, and the puerility of the ornaments. Beyond this the Rhodesia Company had specimens from the Criterion Reef, situated eight miles from Bulawayo.

GOLD IN DISGUISE.

The rock contained no visible gold, and the Curator who guided me round had the assurance to say that the quartz where gold was not visible was more appreciated than that which showed nuggets. This made me think of the mountains of white quartz I had seen on the Congo, and to wonder whether the Curator was indulging in unseemly levity. However, perceiving some doubt in my glance, he said it would be demonstrated shortly. Adjoining the Criterion ores was a heap from the Nellie Reef in the Insiza district, fifty miles from Bulawayo. The Curator said these were "very rich," and taken from old workings; but despite the Curator and the old workings, I could not see a trace of gold in the rock, even with a magnifier. Next to the Nellie exhibit was a pile of rock from the Unit and Unicorn Reef—in the Selukwe district, eastern Rhodesia—but I saw no gold in any one of these rocks.

Just at this juncture the Curator told me that one of these apparently valueless rocks was about to be crushed and panned for our instruction. We went out into a yard, where there was quite a crowd of curious people assembled. The lump of rock was put into a small iron mortar, and in a few minutes it was pounded into a dusty-looking mass. It was then passed through a fine sieve, and the large fragments were returned into the mortar to be again pounded.

A sufficient quantity of the grayish dust having been obtained, the mortar was emptied into a broad iron pan. The pan was

dipped into a tub full of muddied water, a dexterous turn or twist of the wrist, and the coarser material was emptied into the tub. Frequent drippings and twists reduced the quantity of material in the pan, until at last there was barely a tablespoonful of it left, and still I saw no glitter. Again the dipping and twisting and rinsing were repeated, until at last there was only a teaspoonful of the dirt left; but all around the bottom of the pan was a thin thread of unmistakable gold dust. It was beyond belief that such a barren-looking piece of quartz rock should contain gold; but then these experts are wonderful fellows. I pay them my most respectful homage.

Returning to the hall under the influence of this very needful lesson, I resumed my examination of the exhibits. Beyond the Unit and Unicorn exhibit stood some planks of a teaky quality, beautifully polished, and showing numbers of small dark knots, and wavy patterns, which gave a walnuttty appearance to the wood. The next exhibit was from the Gwanda district by the Geelong Gold Mining Company, taken from a ninety-foot level. In this district the ancient workings are found deepest. The prehistoric miners were accustomed to build charcoal fires on the quartz, and, when the rock was sufficiently heated, threw water on it, which soon disintegrated it, and enabled the picks and gads to be used.

QUARTZ CRUSHED TO DUST.

This reminded me how often I had done the same to huge rocks which blocked the way for my wagons on the Congo. The broken quartz, being brought to the surface, was then handed to natives, who crushed it to dust on blocks of granite with diorite hammers, or ground it as the modern natives do mealies. The dust was then panned in much the same way as is done by prospectors of to-day. In one of the old shafts, over sixty feet deep, was found the dome of a human skull and some pieces of human bone. The relics lay side by side with the quartz exhibits. One could moralize here if one had time.

The exhibit of the Ellen Reef of the United Matabele Claims Development Company showed distinct gold. Just near it were

blocks of fine-looking coal from the Matabele Gold Reefs and Estates Company. The coal-field is situated 120 miles north of Bulawayo. The coal has been already tested, and is found to be admirable for all uses.

The Nicholson Olympus Block, Gwanda district, showed specimens which panned 120 ounces to the ton. The Mary reef specimens assayed six ounces to the ton. Next to these was a clock frame made out of trachyte in the form of a Greek temple. This trachyte is grayish-white in color and easily workable, but hardens by exposure. As there is plenty of this material it is probable Bulawayo will make free use of it in future. Mansions and villas of this stone would look extremely chaste and beautiful.

OLD MINES ABANDONED.

Then we came to the exhibits from the Tebekwe Mine, Selukwe district, seventy miles from Bulawayo on the Salisbury Road. The large map above was worth studying. It illustrated a reef about 1100 yards in length, and eight oval-form excavations made by the ancients, resembling the pits Kimberley diamond diggers formerly made in the blue clay. The base lines of these excavations were not much over 60 feet from the surface. On the appearance of water in each shaft the ancients were unable to make their fire on the exposed quartz reef, and consequently had to abandon it, and they probably made another excavation along the reef until the appearance of water compelled them to relinquish that also.

I next came to the Gaikwa and Chicago Reef, whose old workings had a shaft 70 feet deep. Its present owners sunk this to 100 feet when they came to the abandoned reef. I think the assay showed nearly twelve ounces to the ton.

Close to it were specimens from the Adventurers Reef in the Insiza district, which assay 1 ounce to the ton. Beyond was the Willoughby's Consolidated Company, Limited, which had exhibits from the favorite mines, called Bonsor, Dunraven and Queen's. People who have no pecuniary interest in mines have told me that the best mines in Rhodesia, and of which there is not the least doubt, are the Globe and Phoenix, Bonsor, Dunraven, Tebekwe

and Geelong, all of which are in the Selukwe district, excepting the last, which is in Gwanda.

After this exhaustive inspection of the ores on exhibition, it remained for us to see one of these Rhodesian mines in operation to dispel the last remnant of doubt which eloquent skeptics had inspired me with. We chose the Criterion Mine, which is by no means the nearest to the town. It belongs to the Rhodesia Company, and is situated eight miles south from Bulawayo, and as Mr. Hirschler, the engineer of the mine, was willing to take upon himself the trouble of being our guide, we flung ourselves gladly upon his generosity. In one hour and a half we made the distance in a spring cart drawn by four spirited little mules.

BIG HOLE WORTH LOOKING INTO.

We halted at the engineer's station on a commanding grassy ridge, which neighbors that once occupied by Mosilikatse's old kraal of Gubulawayo during the forties, fifties and sixties of this century. A few spaces from the spot where we outspanned we came to a series of "old workings" which ran along the crest of the ridge for about 2000 feet. Where one of these old workings was untouched by the engineer, it reminded me of just such a big hole as might have been made to unearth a boulder, or to root out a large tree. One of these hollows was chosen by the engineer to sink his first shaft. After penetrating through fifty feet of debris, he came upon the reef which the ancients had abandoned because of flooding, and time, aided by rain, had filled up. He continued for about 10 feet more, sampling every 3 feet as he went, to discover the grade of the ore.

Since then he has sunk eight other shafts. The mine consists of 170 claims, but the development is concentrated on about twenty-five claims, ten of which are in the centre of the property, and fifteen towards the eastern boundary. In the centre two shafts are being sunk to the 150 feet level, and are at present connected by a drive 300 feet long. On this level the reef is throughout payable, while a chute 100 feet long is of high-grade ore. Trenches on the line of the reef indicate its occurrence towards the eastern portion

of the mine, where five shafts varying from 100 feet to 150 feet deep have been sunk. On examining the material at the mouths of the shafts, those among us who knew of what they were speaking declared that much of it was of high grade. High pyritic quartz abounded, and this was rich in fine gold. Sulphide galena was found in some of the quartz.

At the mouth of one shaft visible gold was very frequent, and about forty of the visitors obtained specimens wherein miniature nuggets were plainly visible. Where the reef was being worked at the deepest shaft it showed a breadth of 24 inches; in some places it is only 18 inches wide; at others it is 48 inches broad.

LAND RICH IN GOLD.

My readers need scarcely be told that the exhibits of ores are only such as a few companies of Rhodesia were induced to send after urgent appeals from the public-spirited citizens of Bulawayo. I saw none from Salisbury, Mazoe, or any part of Mashonaland, and only a few mines in Matabeleland were represented. There was no time for a proper exhibition. Many more were *en route*, but the distances are great and the ox-wagon is slow. At any rate we have seen sufficient to prove that Rhodesia is an auriferous country, though as yet no one knows what rank it will take among gold-producing lands.

My own conviction—a conviction that is, I suppose, made up from what I have seen and heard from qualified men—is that Rhodesia will not be much inferior to the Transvaal. True, it has no Witwatersrand—forty miles of reefs; but the superficial area is twice the size of the Transvaal State, and the prospectors have only succeeded in discovering a few plums. Then, though the railway has been brought to Bulawayo, it is still far from the Belingwe and Selukwe districts, and within a radius of 100 miles from the town there are many gold fields richer than those in the immediate neighborhood of the railway terminus. It is necessary to state this in the clearest manner, for many will be carried away by the idea that now the railway is at Bulawayo the output of gold should follow immediately.

There is no doubt in my mind that gold will be produced in payable quantities from these Rhodesian mines ; but the extent of profit depends upon circumstances. It is also as certain that Rhodesia cannot hope to compete with the Transvaal under present conditions. Bulawayo is 1360 miles from the sea, and at least 40 miles from the richest mines. Johannesburg is 390 miles from the sea, and is in the centre of its forty mile long gold field. That simple fact means a great deal, and shows an enormous disadvantage to Rhodesia.

The latter country will have to pay four times more for freight than the Transvaal gold fields. Against this must be set the small duties that will have to be paid. After paying five per cent. to Cape Colony, goods will be admitted free to Rhodesia. Then the heavy taxes paid to the Boers will still further diminish the disadvantages of Rhodesia ; yet when we consider the time wasted in the long railway journey, and the haulage by ox-wagon to the mines, we shall find a much heavier bill of costs against the gold output of Rhodesia, than on that of the Transvaal.

A good substantial railway from Beira or Sofala to Bulawayo, *via* Victoria, would completely reverse things. Bulawayo would then be about the same rail distance from the sea as Johannesburg is ; the poor ores could then be worked profitably, and the aggregate of gold product would in a few years rival that of the Rand. If I were a Chartered Director, my first object should be to get the shortest and most direct route to the sea from Bulawayo, and a substantial railway along it, and having obtained that, and a liberal mining law, I should feel that the prosperity of Rhodesia was assured.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Chief City of the Transvaal.

CONTINUING his observations on the Transvaal and its turbulent political condition, the writer states some plain truths, and points clearly to the impending struggle between the English and Boers. He says :

Between Bulawayo and Johannesburg there is a great difference. In common with some 400 guests of the Festivities Committee, I looked in admiring wonderment at the exuberant vitality, the concentrated joyous energy, and the abounding hopefulness of the young sons of British fathers who, in the centre of Rhodesian life, were proud of showing us a portion of their big country, and what they had done towards beginning their new State. We shared with them their pride in their young city, their magnificently broad avenues, the exhibits of their resources, their park, their prize cabbages, and the fine, bold, go-ahead-ive-ness which distinguished their fellow-citizens.

We felt they had every reason to be proud of their victories over the rebel Matabele, the endurance they had shown under various calamities, and the courageous confidence with which they intended to face the future. From our hearts we wish them all prosperity.

At Johannesburg, however, different feelings possessed us. Without knowing exactly why, we felt that this population, once so favored by fortune, so exultant and energetic, was in a subdued and despondent mood, and wore a defeated and cowed air. When we timidly inquired as to the cause, we found them laboring under a sense of wrong, and disposed to be querulous and recriminatory. They blamed both Boers and British ; the whole civilized world and all but themselves seemed to have been unwise and unjust. They recapitulate without an error of fact the many failures and shames of British Colonial policy in the past, gave valid instances

of their distrust of the present policy, pointed to the breaches of the Convention of 1884, and the manifest disregard of them by the Colonial Secretary, described at large the conditions under which they lived, and demanded to know if the manner in which the charter of their liberties was treated was at all compatible with what they had a right to expect under the express stipulations of the Convention.

"Why," said they, "between Boer arrogance and British indifference, every condition of that Power of Attorney granted to Paul Kruger has been disregarded by the Boer, and neglected by the British." They then proceeded to dilate upon Boer oppression, Boer corruption, the cant and hypocrisy of President Kruger, the bakshish-begging Raad, the bribe-taking Ministry, the specious way in which promises were made, and, when their trust was won, the heartless way in which these same promises were broken.

ALMOST UNBEARABLE OPPRESSION.

From these eloquent themes they proceeded to detail their worries from taxation, high wages, extortionate freight charges, the exactions levied upon every necessity of their industry, the exorbitant price for coal, and imposts on food designed expressly to pamper the burgher at the expense of the miner. Then in a more melancholy tone they discussed the mistakes of their friends—Jameson's tactless raid—the poverty of the country, the decline of business in the city, the exodus of the Australians, and the prospects of a deficit in the Treasury, etc.

I wish that I could have taken down verbatim all that was said to me, for the spokesmen were of undoubted ability, fluent in speech and full of facts, not a tithe of which I can remember. As I fear I cannot do justice to what was urged with such vehemence and detail, you must be content with the broad sense of their remarks only. These men have stories to say which should be said to shorthand writers. I have read many books and articles on South African politics, but I was never so interested or convinced as when these men told their stories straight from the heart.

I then turned an inquiring attention to the Johannesburg

newspapers, and from a heap of them obtained their opinions on the gloom prevailing in the "Golden City." There were columns of allusions to the general distress, of the unemployed becoming numerous, of tradespeople unable to find custom. Clergymen had been interviewed, who said that "poverty was rampant," that shopkeepers were almost distracted through fear of insolvency, that the country's credit was going and almost gone, that Australians were leaving in such numbers that sufficient berths on steamers could not be found, and that the inaction of the government was driving skilled and willing workmen away.

GREAT BUSINESS DEPRESSION.

My hotel-keeper, a bright sociable man, was induced to give me his own opinions on the depression. He acknowledged that his own hotel was doing fairly well, but the other hotels were mostly empty. Tradesmen he knew were bitterly lamenting the want of custom, buildings in course of erection were stopped because the owners did not think themselves justified in proceeding with the structures, rents were hard to collect from tenants, the upper stories were already empty, reductions had been made on the lower floors, and still there were no permanent tenants; goods stored in bonded warehouses had to be auctioned, as the proprietors had not the means to take them away, etc.

Encountering a gentleman whom I knew in Sydney, Australia, and who is now on the Stock Exchange here, I inquired of him what he thought of the condition of things. He said: "Mostly everything is at a standstill, I think. To-day stocks and real estate are a trifle firmer, but I cannot conceive any reason for it. There is nothing within my knowledge to justify confidence. Old Kruger is relentless and implacable. He will never yield, whatever people may say. And unless the reforms are granted, so that the mines can be worked at a profit, Johannesburg must decline, and things will become as bad for the State as for ourselves. The old man positively hates us, and would be glad to see the town abandoned.

"On the strength of the Industrial Commission report many of us bought largely, but when we found that there was a majority

against us, we sold out in such haste that for a while it looked like a panic. The majority of the Raad had been bought out by the Dynamite Company, and, of course, we were helpless. You people at home have no idea of the corruption of our Government. Kruger appears not to know that when he calls the Dynamite Company a corner-stone of the State, he is giving himself away. We know that the Company and its twin brother, the Netherlands Railway Company, support the twenty-four members of the Raad, and as they, with Kruger, are the State, these companies may well be called corner-stones."

At the club I met a gentleman whose moderate way of expressing himself made me regard him as being inclined to be impartial, and when urged to give his views, he said that "undoubtedly there were great grievances which every well-wisher of the State would desire to see removed. The administration was so corrupt that it was difficult to get a Boer official to attend to any business, unless his palm was oiled beforehand. The officials had got into the habit of excusing themselves from doing their duty because they were overwhelmed with work, or that they had no time. It is a way they have of hinting that unless it is made worth their while, they will not put themselves out to do what they are paid to do by the Government. Many companies understand this so well that they set apart a fund from the profits to meet this necessity.

FLAGRANT POLITICAL CORRUPTION.

"You know, perhaps, that the Dynamite Concession is one of the most corrupt things in the State. One member of the Raad gets \$1.20 a case, and the Government pocket \$2.50 for every case of dynamite sold in the Republic. When we know that \$12.00 would be a sufficient price for a case of dynamite, to invoice a case at \$10.00 higher shows that some people must have grand pickings. Were the mines in full operation they would consume about 250,000 cases, and this extortion of \$10.00 a case means \$2,500,000 blackmail on the mining industry.

"Then the railway administration is just as bad. The tariff is abnormally heavy. The first-class fares are greatly in excess,

and as for freight charges, you can imagine how high they were when it was proved during the drift closure that ox-wagons could make the transport as cheaply as the railway."

"Then you appear to justify Rhodes in his attempt to rectify this?" I said.

"No, I do not; but all that he stated before the Parliamentary Committee about the abuses is perfectly true. I cannot, however, absolve him for attempting to promote a revolution to effect a change. But about this corruption at Pretoria. I do not blame the Boers so much as I blame the Hollanders and our Jews here. They are the real causes of the disorders in the State. The corruption was started by the Hollanders, and the Jews have been only too willing to resort to bribery, until the share market has become demoralized. These fellows unite together to discredit a mine, until there is no option but to close it. Many of the mines have been closed through their intrigues. Mine is one of them, for instance."

CUSTOM HOUSE OFFICERS.

This was my first day's introduction to the moral condition of Johannesburg. But to begin at the beginning. On arriving at midnight at the frontier of the Transvaal, near the Vaal River, the train was stopped in the open veld until daylight, for Boer officials require daylight to make their conscientious examination of passengers and their luggage. Half an hour after dawn the train moved over the Vaal Bridge, and we were soon within the grip of the Boer Custom House. I was told later that the officials were insolent; but I saw nothing uncommon, except a methodical procedure such as might belong to a people resolved to make a more than usually thorough search.

The officials came in at the rear end of the carriage, locked the door behind them, and informed us we were to go out before them. The male passengers were ushered into one corrugated-iron house, the females, with their respective searchers behind them, into another. One burly passenger had diamonds concealed on his person, but his clothes were only slightly felt. A small, pale clergyman just behind him, however, received marked attention,

and was obliged to take off his boots, and every article of his baggage was minutely scrutinized. Probably some of the women searchers performed their duties just as thoroughly. My servant was asked to pay duty on some of my shirts, but he refused to pay anything, on the ground that the shirts had been repeatedly worn and washed.

The distance to Johannesburg from the frontier was but an hour and a half of ordinary running, but from the time we neared the Vaal River it occupied us eleven hours. A reporter from the "Star" had come aboard at the frontier station, and from him we learned a few facts regarding Johannesburg, such as that the Outlander miners intended to starve the burghers out by closing the mines, that the Australians were leaving in crowds, and though there were three presidential candidates in the field, Kruger was sure to be returned for a fourth term, as General Joubert was known to be weak, and Schalk Burger almost unknown.

REEF OF GOLD.

The Transvaal veld was much greener and more rolling than that of the Orange Free State. Johannesburg came into view about 9 A.M.; but instead of making direct for it the train sheered off and came to a halt at Elandsfontein, six miles east. It was then we first obtained an intelligent comprehension of the term "Main Reef," to whose production of gold the existence of Johannesburg is due. Its total length, I am told, is thirty-eight and a half miles, to be accurate, and along this a chain of mines, well equipped and developed, exists, out of which, however, only ten miles of the reef can be profitably worked under the present economic circumstances. The working of the remaining twenty-eight miles depends mainly upon the removal of the burdens, upon low wages, abundant labor, cheap transport, etc.

To either side of Elandsfontein runs a lengthy line of chimney stacks, engine houses, tall wooden frames, supporting the headgear, stamp mills, with clusters of sheds, huts and offices, hills of white tailings and ore. To the westward these become more numerous, and as the train moved from Elandsfontein towards Johannes-

burg, it clung to the side of a commanding ridge by which we obtained a panoramic view of mine after mine, each surrounded by its reservoirs, hills of tailings, lofty stores of ore, iron sheds, mills, offices and headgear structures, until finally they occupied an entire valley.

Presently, while we still clung to the ridge, we saw that the scattered cottages, with their respective groves, were becoming more massed, and looking ahead of them we saw the city of Johannesburg, filling the breadth of a valley, girdled by a thin line of tall smoke stacks, and dominated by two parallel lines of hills, the crests of which rose perhaps 300 feet or so above the city. The scent of eucalyptus groves filled the air, for now the ridge on our right was given up to cottages, villas, mansions, each separated by firs, eucalyptus, flower gardens and varied shrubberies, the whole making a charming sight, and a worthy approach to the capital of the mining industry with its golden promises of wealth.

LIKE A EUROPEAN CITY.

Reduced to matter-of-fact figures, Johannesburg proper covers four square miles; its roads and streets are 126 miles in length, twenty-one miles of which are macadamized, and ten miles have tram lines. The city's parks and open spaces occupy eighty-four acres. There have been twenty miles of gas-piping laid, while the electric light is supplied by forty-two miles of wire. The water-works supply 600,000 gallons of water daily for domestic use, exclusive of what is required for the mines and street watering.

The streets of the city generally are about 50 feet wide, while the principal business streets average 90 feet in width. Several of these are flanked by buildings which would be no discredit to any provincial city in England, while the array of shops have their windows as artistically dressed with wares as those of Regent Street in London, which gave me some idea of the character and good taste of the people.

A photograph of Johannesburg taken in 1888 revealed a thin collection of galvanized iron structures, widely scattered over a roadless veld, while present photographs show a mature city, com-

pace, with an aspect of age, well furnished with churches, massive buildings, parks with trees over a hundred feet in height, rich villas and artistic mansions. It was scarcely credible that in such a short period such a marvellous change had been wrought. The wonder was increased when I was driven along the length of Hospital Hill, and noted the streets of this suburb, bordered by artistic and costly houses, luxuriant shrubberies, flower gardens and stately lines of shade trees.

The marvel was greater still when my conductor told me that as late as 1892 this suburb, now so flourishing, was a mere virgin grassy veld. "What, all these miles of groves and gardens and villas sprung up since 1892?" "Yes, so prodigiously rapid is the growth of vegetation, trees, climbing plants and shrubs, when daily watered, that these shade trees which give the suburb such an appearance of age are only a few years old."

SIGNS OF THRIFT AND PROSPERITY.

Now these picturesque and comfortable residences of such varying architecture, whose furniture I could just see through open windows and doors, and bespoke great wealth and taste, you must bear in mind would adorn Birmingham or Manchester. Imagine miles of such houses crowded with fair occupants and troops of daintily-clad children, their long hair floating in the wind as they sported in snowy garments on the lawns and amid the flowers, and then my surprise, and something more, as I suddenly came in view of a fort which the rude Boers have built to terrorize this community.

The superb ridge, which seemed to me with its beautiful houses and gardens a veritable paradise after four thousand miles of travel over treeless plains, and which would certainly be an ornament to any city on the globe, had in its centre a large and ugly earthwork, behind which were monstrous Krupp guns to lay waste this Eden, should the humanity of Johannesburg ever be driven by despair to strive physically for the rights of freemen. The mere suggestion of it is brutish, and a Government which can coolly contemplate such a possibility, and frighten timid women and young children

with such horrid prospects, are only fit to be classed with the Herods of the Dark Ages.

A short drive northward of the suburb placed me in a position to view the far-reaching desolate wastes of the primitive veld, and to realize more fully what human intellect, skill, energy and capital have done on Hospital Hill and in Johannesburg itself. Twelve years ago there was not a vestige of life—human or vegetable, except the grass—to be seen within the entire range of vision from the Hill, and yet the creators of the remarkable transformation we had just seen were to be threatened with slaughter and devastation if once they plucked up courage to exact the rights which every civilized government would long ago have granted to them.

It were well now, after briefly showing what Johannesburg and its population is, that the chief of the State and his rustic burghers, in whose hands lie the future of this remarkable city and its industry, should be presented to the reader in order that he might realize the striking incongruity of first-class mechanical ingenuity, spirited enterprise, business sagacity and tireless industry being subject to senile madness and boorish insensibility.

INTELLECT RULES THE WORLD.

That such a thing should be is most preposterous and contrary to all human precedent. For elsewhere, and since the dawn of civilization, Intellect has always become Master, Captain and King over Ignorance, but at Johannesburg it is Asinine Ignorance which rules Intellect. Another reversal of human custom is seen in the submissiveness of Intellect to Ignorance, and though, being naturally sensitive under the whip and restless under the goad, it remonstrates sometimes, its remonstrance is in such a sweet, mild way, that the spectator can only smile and wonder.

Fitting words are wanting to describe my overmastering surprise at the state of things in the Transvaal; I am limited by space and time, so that I must let my pen race over these pages and trust largely to the intelligence of those who read the lines. I have a printed cutting before me of a discussion in the First Raad of the Boer Republic, during which the President, in the support of his

views, stands up and says that Isaiah had been told by the Lord that Israel had been punished because the rulers of that people had not hearkened unto the voice of the poor.

Another speaker of similar intelligence rose up to contend that the Lord had enjoined that the rich, not the rulers, should help the poor, and Isaiah had not been told that the poor were to be helped with other people's money. This construction of Scripture raised the President of the State to his feet again, and he reiterated the fact that the Lord had meant the rulers, whereupon another Senator interpolated the remark that some people were in the habit of shielding themselves behind the Bible with a view to saving their own pockets and justifying their actions.

MONEY SPENT FOR DEFENCES.

At Standerton the President was questioned as to the prospects of assistance being given to poor burghers. His entire reply is worth quoting, but I have only room for a small portion of it. Said he: "The burghers' distress has been caused by the war (Jameson's raid), and the subsequent unrest has not tended to improve matters. The burghers have suffered from these circumstances. The country has been compelled to spend a lot of money on the building of forts, nearly \$10,000,000, by which our means have been exhausted. In the Zoutpansberg district especially, the condition of things I know to be most distressing. White families as well as black are dying rapidly. Still I expect you to turn to the Bible in a time of adversity like this. Follow the prophet Isaiah's advice, and look to the Lord God who has so far befriended you. Why will men not follow in the path of the Lord instead of losing money at races and by gambling?"

I was fortunate enough to have an early morning interview with President Kruger. As he was fully dressed in the usual black suit and little old-fashioned top hat, and smoking on the verandah of his house, the old President must have risen from bed an hour earlier at least, and though all the clocks in this region are fully thirty minutes behind time, 5 A.M. is a remarkably early hour to begin business. Two-armed guards in the uniform of London

police inspectors stood in the street barring the way to the house; but a mere look from the President sufficed to give us admission.

His "Good-morning" in English slipped from him unconsciously, and after a shake hands he led the way to a spacious saloon, wherein the first thing that attracted my attention was a large and coarse oil painting of him.

It was clear that neither Kruger nor his friends knew anything of art, for the picture was an exaggerated reproduction of every defect in the President's homely features, the low, narrow, unintellectual brow, over-small eyes, and heavy, massive expanse of face beneath. The man himself was almost beautiful in comparison with the monster on the canvas, and I really could not help pitying him for his innocent admiration of a thing that ought to be cast into the fire as an intolerable monstrosity.

A REPULSIVE BOER.

But presently the President spoke—a mouthful of strange guttural words—in a voice that was like a loud gurgle, and as the great jaws and cheeks and mouth heaved and opened, I stole a glance at the picture, and it did not seem to me then as if the painter had libeled the man. At any rate, the explosive dialect so expanded the cheeks and widened the mouth that I perceived some resemblance to the brutal picture.

I was told by my introducer, after the interview was over, that the President had already read a chapter in the Bible, and that it is his custom to do so every morning before appearing in public. I then understood the meaning and tone of his last words to me. Said he: "What I have said, shall be done." He was alluding to the fact that the Dynamite Monopoly and Railway Rates were the children of the State, but they should be put into the hands of the Attorney-General, and if it were discovered that the terms of the concessions were in any way contravened, reparation should be made. The manner of his last words reminded me of the Jovic way—"and what I will, is fate"—but when I learned how he had been engaged, I knew he had been infected with the style of the Pentateuch.

CHAPTER IX.

Gold and Diamond Mines of South Africa.

THE history of the diamond mines may furnish some clew to an understanding of the situation, if nothing more. Diamond dealers say that the precious gems have increased very much in value since the beginning of the war. The mines of Kimberley are the greatest diamond producers in the world, furnishing from ninety to ninety-five per cent. of all the diamonds sold. Even more could be put on the market, but the mines are controlled by the richest trust on earth, which limits the output so as to keep up prices.

Yet the discovery of diamonds in South Africa goes back only a few years. One day in 1867 the children of a Boer farmer, who lived on a farm seventeen hours' ride west of Hopetown, on the bank of the Orange River, were playing with some stones they had found in its bed. An Ostrich hunter named O'Reilly happened to pass, and the Boer farmer, Van Niekerk, called his attention to an especially brilliant stone that a Griqua boy had found. O'Reilly was startled. He scratched on a pane of glass with the stone, and immediately decided that he had a diamond in his hand. He promised the Boer half of whatever it proved to be worth, and wanted to follow up the search at once.

After many wanderings he went to an English physician in Graham's Town, a Dr. Atherstone, who was the first to recognize the great value of his "find." He recognized it as a diamond in a moment, and estimated its weight at 21 3-16 carats. A little later this stone was sold to Sir Philip Wodehouse, then Governor of Cape Colony, for \$2,500. O'Reilly soon brought another stone from the same locality which weighed 8 7/8 carats, and it was sold to the same person for \$1,000. One of the most beautiful of South African diamonds later came from Van Niekerk's farm on Orange River, the so-called "Star of South Africa," weighing 83 1/2 carats,

found by a Kaffir. The brilliant later cut therefrom came into the possession of the Earl of Dudley for \$125,000.

Immediately after the first report of these discoveries the Orange River was crowded with white, black and yellow Europeans, Kaffirs and Hottentots, and here and there they succeeded in finding a few diamonds. Thence the search spread to the bed of the River Vaal, and here, on the property of the Berlin Missionary Society, at Pniel, camps were pitched, and the work began in earnest.

In 1870, new diamond diggings were discovered, again by children playing with stones. This was not on the banks of the river, but on the high table land where their existence had not been suspected. It was on the farm of Du Toits Pan, between the Vaal and the Modder rivers. It was in the mud which had been used to build his house that the children saw a shining object, and dug out a diamond. In pulling up a plant another child found a diamond weighing eighty carats clinging to the roots.

DIAMONDS OF THE FIRST WATER.

The richest mine of all, however, was found in July, 1871, on the Kolesberg-Kopje. The old mines were abandoned, and then came De Beers New Rush. The town of Kimberley was later founded in the neighborhood of this mine, being named after the British Colonial Secretary at that time, Lord Kimberley, and the mine was known as the Kimberley mine. Later some small diggings were found in the Orange Free State, Kossifontein and Jagersfontein, from which some of the diamonds of the first water have since been taken.

The confusion and disorder of the frenzied fortune hunters were tremendous, and political confusion followed in the claim of the Orange Free State to Kimberley and the mines around it. The British government held that this was British territory, and to make its claim good purchased the claim of an old Griqua chief to this land.

The British referred the matter to arbitration, notwithstanding the protest of the Orange Free State, making a British officer the

umpire. He decided in favor of Great Britain, and meanwhile, with a huge rush, thousands of miners had come into the country. The Free State protested against the decision in vain, for England claimed that its power was necessary to preserve order, and the Free State was obliged to accept \$450,000 for its claim. This incident has not been forgotten by the Free State Boers, and is no small incentive to them to aid their brothers of the South African Republic.

Several of the wiser miners began to combine for the formation of companies to purchase machinery that they might go to the deeper levels where the famous "blue ground" lay, filled with diamonds. By 1885 many of these companies were at work, and then a further combination of their interests took place in the formation of the De Beers Consolidated Company, Limited. The moving spirits in this combination were the redoubtable Barney Barnato and Cecil Rhodes. Under the able financial management of the latter, this company now pays a dividend of ten millions annually on a nominal capital of twenty millions.

MINES OF GREAT DEPTH.

The latest improvements in mining machinery have been of course adopted, and the best engineers are engaged in conducting the work. The "yellow earth" of the surface in which the early prospectors found their wealth has been dug through, and the "blue ground" is being worked to unprecedented depths. This peculiar formation appears to be practically inexhaustible, for soundings have never been able to get beyond it.

Nowhere else on the earth is this peculiar blue quartz to be found, so it has been called kimberlite. It is very hard, but alters and softens under moisture and air. The miners have taken advantage of this, and the large companies haul the blue ground to the surface, and spread it out to disintegrate naturally. It is spread out on floors surrounded by armed guards night and day, and there it is first harrowed by two engines some 500 yards apart dragging the harrows over it.

There it stays for six months or a year, and is then sent to the

crushing works, where it is washed and rolled by machinery until every bit of foreign matter has been removed and the diamonds alone remain. Some bits that do not pulverize under the harrow are called hard blue, are picked out by hand and carefully treated separately, for large stones are sometimes in these hard masses of rock.

The work in the mines is done chiefly by Kaffirs, who wield the drills and use the dynamite for the blasting with little inconvenience. They are engaged for a specified number of weeks, during which they are kept in a well-guarded compound, fed, and if ill, treated by the company. Only at the end of their term of service are they paid and permitted to leave, when they return with what seems to them untold wealth, to buy a wife and set up housekeeping in their home, some weeks' journey away.

All kinds of precautions are taken to prevent them from stealing diamonds which they find while at work. As each man leaves the mine he must strip to the skin and submit to a search of mouth, ears and nose. The companies try to prevent stealing by offering premiums for the finding of large stones, but, strange to say, all of the precautions have not prevented the largest diamonds from reaching the market through private persons.

HOW DIAMONDS ARE FORMED.

The diggings at Kimberley have done much to explain the formation of the diamond itself, for kimberlite is recognized by all authorities as being of eruptive origin, and the diamond in it must have been formed by the tremendous heat generated at the time of the eruption. In fact, the mines look like chimneys, or "pipes," as they are called, the blue ground running down toward the center of the earth like a huge water-pipe.

The depth of the mines is very great, a level in the Kimberley being 1,520 feet down and in the De Beers, 1,200 feet. Most of the mining now is done under ground by galleries running to the central shaft. This prevents many accidents, and is a great economy in space and time.

The sorting of the stones is an art and science in one. Good

eyes and judgment are necessary. Here are found some with deep tints of brown, pink and yellow, which are most valuable, being classified as fancy stones. Those with slight shades are least valuable, and the pure white rank next.

The largest diamond ever found in the world was discovered here in 1893, and is known as *Excelsior*. It weighed $971\frac{3}{4}$ carats, and was discovered at Jagersfontein. It far surpassed the De Beers, found some time before, which weighed only $428\frac{1}{2}$ carats, yet was quite a diamond itself.

South Africa is deeply indebted to the diamond mines. When they were first discovered, it was at the almost unknown end of a mysterious and unpopular continent. When claims were pegged out in Kimberley in 1871, it was probably as difficult to obtain information about the interior of Cape Colony as it is still of the head waters of the Niger. Yet by the end of 1872 the value of the imports and exports of Cape Colony had more than doubled, and the population working in the Kimberley mine alone was estimated at upwards of ten thousand.

STRANGE METHOD OF WORKING.

At first the mines were worked on the open system, roadways being left by which the gravel was carted away. Soon these fell in, and were replaced by wires stretched from a line of scaffolding on the edge of the chasm to some point on the claim below.

The scene was a strange one. Amidst a cloud of dust, or in a slough of mud, white men and black toiled, sweated, and dug at the bottom of a huge and ever deepening pit. Some claims had been sunk considerably lower than their neighbors, and all lay under the threatening shadow of a loose and crumbling wall. From the uneven surface, from amidst the crowd, struggling like pigmies far down in the bowels of the earth, rose a never-ending succession of buckets full of gravel, traveling slowly along the wires on their way to the floors above, where they were sorted by the dry process.

When a large stone came to hand, or when the partner down below could endure the dust no longer, the bucket, instead of returning empty, was occasionally freighted with a bottle of cham-

pagne, purchased possibly at an extravagant cost in exchange for one of the diamonds just unearthed.

Within the camp, surrounding the sorting floors, hung another jostling crowd, largely recruited from the vilest scum of the universe, many of whom were ready to sell what was left to them of conscience, of honor or of purity, for the gems from below. A great proportion of these were illicit diamond buyers, using every means in their power to tempt the white master or the colored servant to rob those around them. Prior to the passing of the laws against the illicit purchase of diamonds, in 1882-83, crime, disease and fever held high revel at Kimberley, walking openly, hand in hand, through the filthy by-streets of a dissolute city.

Meantime the walls surrounding the mine were rapidly falling in. By 1882 half the claims were buried, and many of the remainder were scarcely workable. At the bottom, then some 450 feet below the surface, water accumulated and could not be removed. Scarcely a digger who was not the claimant and defendant in half a dozen different suits. Efforts were made to tunnel through the debris and to gain access to the buried claims, but with little success. The crumbling reef itself fought against the miners, catching fire after rain and smoldering for long periods.

GREATEST MINING COMPANY IN THE WORLD.

Many sold out or abandoned their claims, seeking employment on the newly-discovered gold mines at Barberton. At length a few far-seeing men, chief amongst whom was Mr. Cecil Rhodes, created that great institution, the De Beers Mining Company, which to-day controls the diamond market of the world, and spends over \$5,000,000 every year in labor alone.

The deserted pit, garnished by a few rustling wires, still lies open to the sky, but mining is continued by means of underground shafts, carried in some instances to a depth of 1200 feet below the surface, and necessitating the employment of more capital than any ordinary individual could hope to dispose of.

Of the diamond mines still worked on the open system some are owned by the De Beers Company, but a few belong to private

individuals or to syndicates. It is quite possible that diamondiferous areas now unknown may be thrown open to prospectors, as there is every reason to believe that the crystal lies hidden in many parts of South Africa.

Though history shows that large fortunes were made in the Kimberley mines, and that many most deserving men remained wealthy after the crash, faulty legislation and want of organization allowed far too great a proportion of the gains to fall into the hands of the "scum," whilst haste, greed and inexperience, by causing men to dig straight down without regard to any other interest than their own, were eventually prejudicial to all, and caused a property, since proved to be the source of almost fabulous wealth, to be inaccessible and absolutely valueless to those who then owned it.

GEMS FOUND IN MANY PLACES.

A number of diamonds are annually washed from the neighborhood of the Vaal River, and mines are worked at and near Kimberley, in Griqualand West. A few stones have been found at Klerksdorp in the Transvaal, and discoveries have been reported from the neighborhood of the Zambesi, and Delagoa Bay.

The historical record of the diamond in South Africa is fraught with striking incidents, and it has been said many a time and oft that the discovery may be ranked as one of the Seven Wonders of the World. It certainly has been productive of as astounding and magnificent wealth as any discovery of modern times, quite as astounding and magnificent as the discovery of gold in California, Australia, the South African Republic, or as the discovery of gold in any of the gold centres in the known world. In its extension of the British Empire, in the spread of the English language, in providing homes and elbow room for industrial populations, it is unrivaled, and nothing has been so effective in reclaiming native races from barbarism and bringing them within the limits and influence of civilization.

Like most discoveries, whether of new countries, new material for science or labor to manipulate, the discovery of diamonds owes more to accident than to expert explorers. Whatever else may be

said of the slowness and lack of enterprise of the Cape it had done all in its power for years after it was suspected from the diamondiferous and auriferous indications that gold and precious stones existed in South Africa to test the reliability of scientific experts, and had expended thousands of pounds of sterling money in the employment of geological and mineralogical explorers with no better result than getting the most confident reports that by no possibility could a particle of gold or a precious stone be found in any part of the South African Continent.

Auriferous indications of most profuse promise had been brought by the late Chevalier Forssman, of Potchefstroom, to Cape-town and London, taken from his lands in the Transvaal at least twenty years before the discovery of diamonds in Griqualand West, and a quarter of a century before the establishment of the South African gold industry, but neither Colonial nor English capitalists could be induced to invest. Capital is apt to be suspicious.

ACCOUNTS WERE NOT BELIEVED.

Neither the Cape Colonist nor the people of England would believe in the discovery of real diamonds at the Cape for a very long time. First it was denied that "the Star," already mentioned, was a diamond; when that could no longer be denied, "Oh, then it fell from a star, was dropped by an ostrich, was imported from India by owners of land in the Colony to send land up to a fictitious value." But by Christmas, 1869, there were 6,000 people located at Pniel, and as many on the other side of the Vaal, digging on the river banks, between Hebron and Cawood's Hope.

At one time dealing in stolen diamonds was carried on in the most barefaced manner, and reprisals in the form of tent burning were of nightly occurrence. The Post-office at Kimberley had been robbed of a large consignment of diamonds worth thousands of dollars, there had been several attempts to waylay the post cart and rob the mail bags of the diamonds which they were known to contain. In one case the mail bags had been stolen at the post-office, and then it became plain that diamonds in transit must be better guarded. Fortunately in most cases diamonds stolen were

recovered—or at least the chief part of them. Everything about the fields grew with astonishing rapidity.

In 1870 the output of diamonds did not exceed in value a few thousand dollars a year. In 1880 the diamond diggings had become mines with steam machinery in full work; claimholders had amassed fortunes, and the yield of precious stones was estimated to exceed twenty million dollars a year at least. The establishment of the De Beers Company by the amalgamation of smaller companies brought about a new era in diamond mining, and gave it a permanency it never could otherwise have attained, and has given it a world-wide distinction surpassing all other mining operations.

MAKING SOUTH AFRICA RICH.

The diamond industry in its infancy saved the country from bankruptcy; to-day it is making for South Africa an enviable name throughout the whole wide world. No industry was ever more perfectly organized than that of the De Beers Mining Company. All its mining operations are carried out under superintendence and management of first-class men. The average number of persons employed daily in 1899 reached the grand total of 1,729 whites and 7,340 blacks; almost every nationality being represented by the employees. Everything is done with admirable precision; and there is a grandeur about the magnitude and boldness of the industry which should fill the heart of every man connected with it, from the directors, the chief manager and his subordinates, with pride.

The great diamond industry of Kimberley, combined by Cecil Rhodes into one vast consolidated company representing a market value of many million dollars, is managed by an American. He is Gardner Williams, and his assistant, Louis I. Seymour, is also an American. The selection of Mr. Williams was made by Mr. Rhodes.

The way Williams got to South Africa is an interesting tale. It was when the great Transvaal gold find of Witwatersrand was first attracting English attention. There were many doubts in the beginning among London capitalists of the real value of the ore.

The London house of Rothschild determined to investigate, and directed its American correspondent to engage an American gold-mining authority to visit the African workings.

Mr. Williams, a famous expert of the Western American gold fields, was engaged for the purpose. He went to the Transvaal, traversed the beautiful grazing lands so different from the gold country of America, entered a few shafts in the "reefs" of that marvellous deposit, unlike any other on earth, examined the black, powdery, alluvial soil that the burghers said was ore—and was disgusted.

Never in the experience of man had gold been found under such conditions, and Mr. Williams was unbelieving. He even doubted the pannings. He regarded the alleged results as fraud, and eventually reported that the whole business was not worth getting off one's horse to look at. That same black alluvial plain a few years later was turning out \$40,000,000 worth of gold per annum. But, losing this great chance, Mr. Williams nevertheless made a hit at Kimberley, and became the manager of the greatest diamond field on earth, which is the source of fabulous wealth.

DISCOVERY OF GOLD.

There would not have been any war between the English and Boers if gold had not been discovered within the boundaries of the Transvaal. The Outlanders, or foreigners, are fighting for rights that are accorded to new settlers by all civilized nations, and the Boers are fighting for supremacy and the exclusive right to govern the country by the most oppressive and barbarous laws.

The Transvaal was nothing but a rolling inland tract of meadow and mountain. It was fit for nothing but farming and ranching, with an occasional good shot at big game. The Dutch settlers had won it from the savages by blood and suffering, and they held it against the English with their lives' forfeit. The English let them have it. Why not? It was scarcely worth the quarrel. The land did not even possess a seaport.

It was in 1881 the British left the Boers their barren republic. Resources were few, exports fewer, and the treasury was empty.

There was little communication with the outer world, for there were no railroads. It was forty days by ox-cart to Cape Town.

In 1884 a man named Arnold told a farmer named Geldenhuis that there was gold on his land. Geldenhuis did not believe it, but repeated the gossip, and sold his farm to two adventurous brothers named Struben, who put up a mill and began to work the grayish, powdery dirt that has since proved the richest gold ore the earth has ever shown. The Boer government proclaimed nine farms public gold fields.

Then the rush began. The Boers, always slow where enterprise wins out, were unbelieving. They could not make up their minds to abandon the certainty of cattle-raising for the uncertainty of mining, even with rich claims crying for takers. A few settled on the Witwatersrand and went to work. Meantime the news of the find spread over the borders into English territory. The word made a sensation in Cape Town, and a horde of adventurers at once set out. The news reached London and started the adventurous there. Within a year nearly every working claim was under the spade, and nearly all were in English hands. The Boers on the spot had made up their minds too late.

OBTAINED NOWHERE ELSE SO EASILY.

The workings of the Witwatersrand—White Water Range, in English—were thirty miles in length when all were developed. The gold was found in a formation seen nowhere else in the world. Regular beds, or "reefs," of dry, powdery conglomerate, in thickness from two to twenty feet, are found throughout this district. This black veldt is the ore. Nowhere else on earth is gold mined and worked so easily or so cheaply.

In 1887, midway in the district and on the site of a hamlet that had become the centre of the industry, a hustling, bustling town was laid out, the city of Johannesburg. It was named after the surveyor. Its altitude is 5,600 feet above the sea. In twelve years the finest and largest city in South Africa has sprung up on the bare mountain side, and the hills have been lined with the huge chimneys, the reservoirs, the engine sheds, the stamping houses

and the offices of great works that employ 60,000 native miners and 10,000 Europeans.

In 1899 the 198 companies had decreased to 137, but those paying dividends had increased from twenty-eight to forty-five. These forty-five companies paid dividends of \$25,448,925 on a capital of \$101,473,375, or something more than twenty-five per cent.

"It is a curious anomaly," wrote Major Ricarde-Seaver, in 1894, "to see, at the end of the nineteenth century, a minority of fifteen thousand burghers, all told, ruling a majority of sixty thousand enlightened, wealthy and prosperous aliens, who, although they possess the richest and most valuable portion of the country, have no voice in its management. The franchise must be extended to all qualifying for citizenship, and when this is done, the Outlanders, as a class, will cease to exist. They will become citizens, and the control of the State will pass into the hands of the majority, or, in other words, the Anglo-Saxon race."

RHODESIA A LAND OF GOLD.

Johannesburg is rightly named the "Gold City," for its output is constantly increasing. Bulawayo, in Rhodesia, is likely to prove a rival to Johannesburg. There are many gold mines there, but they are not developed. Before the war started nearly all who went to South Africa for gold located at Bulawayo. In 1898 it was a small place, but the gold rush has been the means of enlarging the city, and it has increased its population tenfold. From all appearances Bulawayo will be an excellent place for prospectors after the Transvaal war is ended.

Gold in South Africa is but rarely found in alluvial deposits. Although it may be washed from the sand of some of the rivers and from certain parts of the sea-shore, and although nuggets of considerable size have occasionally been unearthed in places so far distant from one another as the south of Cape Colony and the valley of the Zambesi, the individual digger, whose capital consists of a spade, a washing-trough, and a couple of tins of bully beef, will probably do better by obtaining employment on some mine, than in excavating and washing alluvial soil on his own account.

The richest alluvial gold-fields known are those near Lydenburg, in the Transvaal, where a large amount of the precious metal has been recovered; but the total output at Lydenburg for several years sinks into utter insignificance when compared to that now yielded annually by the Witwatersrand mines.

The mining laws of most of the South African communities require that the holder of a claim shall not merely pay the license dues exacted, but shall do a certain amount of work upon the ground within a given time; in other words, that he shall prove the value of his claim. Quite properly this work is made a condition of fixity of tenure, and, failing its completion within the period fixed, the right of the holder lapses.

In the above law lies the chance of the prospector. Were the holding of a claim dependent entirely upon the payment of the necessary monthly license, a wealthy capitalist might retain large tracts of land indefinitely, without even disturbing the surface of the soil. Arrivals in the country would thus be prevented not only from working on their own account, but perhaps from working at all.

THE LUCKY MAKE FORTUNES.

As it is, the capitalist relies upon the prospector to carry out the law on his behalf, and the prospector turns to the capitalist for the wherewithal to develop the riches whose existence his researches have disclosed. This mutual dependence has led in many cases to an amalgamation of interests. Where a district is found to be auriferous, syndicates or men of means are ready to pay experienced miners to peg out reefs for them, in return for a monthly wage and for a share in what is eventually discovered.

By those who are lucky, large fortunes may thus be realized; and those who are not personally successful in drawing great prizes are at least earning an honorable living at the time, and are free to turn to other employments when they wish to do so.

Those having a little money to fall back upon may perhaps do better by exploring on their own account, but in either case the chances of prospectors in South Africa are quite equal to those of men working in alluvial districts elsewhere. Though they may

not actually recover the gold by their own exertions, the public is quite willing to pay them large sums for the liberty of doing so on the property which they have pegged out.

Experience is, of course, an advantage, but it is not indispensable. In Mashonaland and Matabeleland the existence of reefs is nearly always associated with ancient workings, and the neighborhood of workings themselves is occasionally indicated by the character of the vegetation, lemon-trees, for example, being one of the most conspicuous signs of the district having once been occupied by a colony of miners.

Besides this, experience gained in other countries is not always of service in South Africa. For instance, the gold-bearing conglomerate containing the auriferous deposit of the Witwatersrand in the Transvaal was examined by experts at the request of the discoverer, and declared valueless. Yet, within a decade, we find the group of mines round Johannesburg producing nearly a quarter of the total output of the whole world and increasing their yield month by month.

CHAPTER X.

Cecil J. Rhodes—"the Uncrowned King."

THE rapid march of events in South Africa can scarcely be recorded without some mention of the Right Hon. Cecil J. Rhodes, who became Premier of Cape Colony in July, 1890, and a member of Her Majesty's Privy Council in January, 1895. This most astute and fortunate man has played an important part in almost all the great political or financial events that have taken place in South Africa. As a diplomatist and intermediary, where opposing interests require to be reconciled, his ability is unquestionably extremely great.

Though not a gifted orator, he never fails to command attention, and, though exceedingly plain spoken, remains a riddle to those most intimate with him. Apparently a believer in National Federation, he gives away a small fortune to the Irish Home Rulers. Enterprising, or even rash in matters of business, he satisfies those connected with him, earns the respect of those who feel themselves injured by his actions, enriches himself, and is yet regarded by all as an honest, straight-forward man.

In spite of Solon's advice to call no man happy until he is dead, it is safe to say that Mr. Rhodes will certainly be regarded for all time as one of the leading statesmen in South Africa. Posterity may even give his name an honorable place among those of other great adventurers, who, since the days of the Tudors, have helped to found or guard the British empire. Mr. Rhodes was succeeded as Premier of Cape Colony by Sir John Gordon Sprigg, early in January, 1896.

The first five years of Mr. Rhodes's politics were devoted to a seemingly foolish admiration of the Kalahari Desert. To most Cape Colonists and Cape Governments, Bechuanaland was a wilderness, and Mr. Rhodes, with his plea for extension thither, was a voice crying in the wilderness. The first use which Mr. Kruger

made of his guarantee of independence was to send out his raiders east and west to found a new republic, for the Boer holds that everything north of the Vaal was made over to him forever many years ago.

It is curious to note that the Dutch-conciliation part of the Rhodes programme broke down before the one incalculable factor—Boer obstinacy. After all his efforts as Deputy Commissioner to "square" the Boer raiders, it cost an expedition to keep Bechuanaland open. However, thanks to the Imperial Government, not the Colonial, the way to the north *was* kept open, and through it Cape Town is linked by rail with Bulawayo.

SCRAMBLE FOR TERRITORY.

But meanwhile all sorts of people were sending up and spying out the North itself: Germans, Boers, and so forth; boundaries were all uncertain and conflicting territorial rights veiled in the mist. With each fresh rumor Mr. Rhodes sat on thorns. What Government should he get to take the next step? Colonial Ministers stuck short even at Bechuanaland. The Imperial Government was not prepared to do any more to define its "sphere of influence" until and unless private enterprise was ready to do something to develop it. "Can't *you* do something?" was Sir Hercules Robinson's answer to a last urgent appeal from Mr. Rhodes. "I want something to quote to the Imperial Government in proof that there is real enterprise at work to make the country ours not merely in name."

That conversation was the germ of the great enterprise, begun and carried on by Mr. Rhodes, which has linked the southern coast of Africa with the vast region north of the Transvaal, where a new nation is buckling on the harness for a rapid march forward and a brilliant career.

The plan means the acquirement of territory that has been running to waste through all past ages. Bechuanaland, annexed by Cape Colony, is an example of empire-extension by protectorate. Rhodesia is an example of "empire-extension on joint-stock principles." The former plan is the more correct—and stagnant. The

latter makes big mistakes—and progress. Joint-stock imperialism is as old as the East India Company; but the Rhodes version of it has some new aspects, both for good and evil.

When Gordon told him the story of his refusing a roomful of gold offered by the Emperor of China for crushing the Tai-ping rebellion, Mr. Rhodes deplored the wasted opportunity. He would have taken as many roomfuls as he could get. "One may have big aims, but the bigger they are the more money one needs to help them through." Napoleon remarked that "Providence was generally on the side of the big battalions." The battalions of the Napoleon of finance are substantial dollars. He has to win, like his prototype, by sudden dashing concentrations of these battalions on a divided and hesitating enemy.

MAKING AND GIVING AWAY MONEY.

It is absurd to talk of Mr. Rhodes as if he despised money. It is equally absurd to talk as if the extremely good bargains which he has struck, when selling his brains to the eager world of shareholders and speculators, proved that money was to him what it is to the average millionaire. Mr Rhodes husbands his fortune with one hand and lavishes it with the other, just as Napoleon kept the recruiting sergeant busy at one end of the scale while he never hesitated to fling a few thousand men to certain death at the other.

"But what is all this money wanted for? Isn't it to 'square' people—an engine of corruption?" That is the question commonly suggested by some impressions of Mr. Rhodes which have become current, not without a grain of fact to each ton of fancy. After Mr. Rhodes conceived his northward schemes and began to press them on High Commissioners and Colonial Secretaries, he was continually brought up by the boggy of the British taxpayer. The British taxpayer is not stingy, but it is impossible to eat territory at such a pace as John Bull has done for the last half century without satiety supervening, and some fastidiousness about the menu. John Bull will pay for annexing a country already proved good, and what he has once taken he will hold with blood and treasure, provided muddling governments do not overdo military disaster.

But when he has had a lot of little wars, with small apparent profit and still less glory, as he has had in South Africa, he is chary of taking up large new provinces on uncertainties. He does not mind declaring, by a stroke of a Foreign Office pen, a "sphere of influence;" but there the matter stops. Something more was needed, if the Transvaal borderland was to be secured from Transvaal emigrations. And after being checked again and again by this same miserable difficulty about money, it is no wonder if a man of Mr. Rhodes's belief that "territory is everything," or everything at least for the immediate British future in South Africa, should also conclude that money is nearly everything in the acquisition of territory, and is pretty sure to succeed.

HOW THE BILLS ARE PAID.

An English statesman contrasted what he called the miserably squalid associations of Bulawayo with the high administrative ideals of a rule like Sir Harry Johnston's further north. The statesman forgot the instructive fact that for years Mr. Rhodes's company has been paying cash down to keep up Sir Harry's excellent administration, while Mr. Rhodes's own pocket has been drawn on for Sir Harry's brilliant little raids on the slave traders. It seems scarcely fair or consistent in a school of English thinkers to make a boast of retaining and governing certain regions, allow the Treasury to draw on the pocket of an ambitious rich man in paying the bill therefor, and at the same time twit that man with a sordid pre-occupation in money-grubbing.

The system of empire-making on joint-stock principles may be analyzed as follows. A Chartered Company goes in and governs a country for what it can get out of it. A direct British territorial government could only get a deficit. The Chartered Company has not got a dividend yet; but it has got assets which a proper government could not touch; that is to say, it has bought the chances of a prospective boom. A regular government can take, as Canada has shown, a heavy royalty on gold-fields, but a royalty does not bring in money until the gold has been actually got out, at which stage the problem of running an administration is solved already.

But the British South Africa Company, by virtue of Mr. Rhodes's patent fifty per cent. clause, can go shares with the private exploiters and speculators out of whatever value the investing public of Europe chooses to put on the prospectuses of a country still undeveloped. On other gold-fields, the government may take toll by royalty, transfer dues, stamps, duties on mining necessities, licenses, or, as in the Transvaal, percentages on monopolies granted to private persons. Here the idea is to make things easy for the prospector till he strikes what he considers a find; then the Company comes in as a sort of ground-landlord and claims half of the shares which the vendor gets allotted to himself in floating the find into a company.

Thus in all subsidiary companies the Chartered Company holds scrip, which it can either hold as an investment or sell to the investing public. Mr. Rhodes laid down the principle that ordinary revenue got of the settlers must be spent in administration; it is this speculation mining revenue that has to pay the piper—to the tune of millions eventually. In short, Mr. Rhodes has ingeniously arranged to bleed the British share-gambler in order to pay for the neglected duties of the British taxpayer.

SPECULATING IN SHARES.

In the speculative stage of all gold-fields vast sums are drawn from the credulity, as it is often called, or from the avarice and recklessness, as it might be called more justly, of the people who buy mining shares in the hope of selling them again to other people at a profit. We do not speak of swindles, but simply of the inevitable risk in the purchase of geological chances. Generally speaking, these sums go into the pockets of private persons.

To a considerable extent, of course, that is true also of the exploitation of Rhodesia; but the peculiarity of the case is that when the process is concluded, whatever may be the fate of all the various gold companies, and even of the Chartered Company itself, there will have been incidentally added to the empire a province, of more or less value for colonization, fitted up with railways, telegraphs, and all the plant of a precocious civilization.

in the interim Mr. Rhodes takes, and gets his friends to take, large risks. His own "roomful of gold" is not enough for his schemes, and nothing is more remarkable than the way in which he has been able, throughout his career, to induce financial associates to put their resources also into his hobbies. No doubt one part of the secret is their uniform experience that he always does his best to see that they come out of it not badly.

However that may be, his personality seems to have cast a spell over the Beits, the Barnatos, and all the other long-headed men who were in close contact with his achievement of amalgamating the diamond mines; and so, when his northern scheme most needed it in the early days, he was able to count on De Beers for a risky loan. Risky it was thought at the time; yet here again he boasts that De Beers has had no cause to repent. One way or another, the good British (and Continental) investor has had to make it up to De Beers and forestall all losses.

NOT EAGER TO FURNISH THE MONEY.

Sometimes the spell fails to work, and the allies disappoint him. The Transcontinental telegraph, which is linking the Cape to Cairo, was a scheme praised in every English paper. Here, at least, they said, was imperialism in which was no guile, because it would never pay. Yet when Mr. Rhodes sent out circulars in London to the shareholders of all his concerns, who were doing very nicely just then, inviting them to put money, by way of a thank-offering, into the guileless and unremunerative telegraph, his only answer—so he tells the story—was from one indignant shareholder who wrote to ask whether these highly improper circulars were being sent out at the shareholders' expense. It is just this kind of person whom Mr. Rhodes has made lay out large sums on the extension of the Empire—by the ingenious mechanism above described.

So, too, the inquiry at Westminster brought out the fact that the Chartered Company had had to be tided over several lean periods by private advances from Mr. Rhodes and his friend, Mr. Beit. When Dr. Jameson telegraphed down that it was necessary

to smash Lobengula, and Mr. Rhodes sent the characteristically laconic reply, "Read Luke xiv. 31," the result of the calculation of ways and means, which the Scripture quoted enjoins, was not promising. So little promising, in fact, that this time De Beers failed Mr. Rhodes.

He hurried up to the seat of war to find awaiting him a reply telegraphed from Kimberley to a telegram of his own proposing a loan: "Wish you luck in your war," such was its purport; "Sorry we cannot see our way clear to the loan you want." So once again Mr. Rhodes had to see the way himself, out of his own pocket. The skeptics thought they would score a point when they called for a list of Chartered holdings, and it proved that Mr. Rhodes had sold a block of his shares; it was a surprise to those skeptics to learn that Mr. Rhodes had only sold Charters to keep the Charter going.


NAPOLEON OF FINANCE.

And so the "financial Napoleon" goes on recruiting his battalions and disposing of them; driving hard bargains with Consolidated Goldfields shareholders, and even, on one occasion at least, with Chartered shareholders; throwing the money back again into the Charter at weak points; recovering loans when the tide turned and the Company could repay him; subscribing heavily to almost every one of those subsidiary gold companies from whose vendor-shares the Chartered shareholders in turn look to get their profits.

Of the sins of the British South Africa Company we have heard enough since 1895. What of the credit side? It (with the allied Railway Companies) has opened up to the world a province as large as any two countries in Europe (Russia excluded); has organized, and paid for, the crushing of the last native war and the last native rebellion in the long series of African wars and rebellions, giving for the first time in the history of African governments, compensation for damage done to the amount of \$1,250,000 in Matabeleland alone; it has set up an administration which is at least not corrupt, with pure and competent courts of justice; and has secured the enthusiastic, the almost intolerant, support of the vast mass of the white inhabitants of the country.

CHAPTER XI.

Oom Paul Kruger and other Famous Leaders.

N May 9th, 1883, a most remarkable man was chosen president of the South African Republic. That he is a man of extraordinary ability is shown from the fact that he has retained his hold constantly upon the executive chair of the Transvaal, and the outbursts of opposition which he has had to encounter on several occasions have been overcome and have not served to dislodge him.

President Kruger is a sturdy Boer. A man of strong native sense, of iron will, blunt even to roughness, in close touch with ordinary people, a man of simple habits yet very shrewd and far-seeing, a firm believer in the Bible, which he interprets to suit himself, making it frequently endorse his own opinions, he is the one great, rugged figure that stands out in the war, even as he has been the most conspicuous personage in Transvaal history for many years.

The weight of more than three score years and ten does not seem to diminish his energy, cloud his mind, or swerve him from his purposes. He only becomes more gross and irritable with age, and more firmly bent on having his own way. His people look upon him almost as a prophet, and he is careful to give them to understand that the Lord is on the side of the South African Republic, and that the fate of the people will be only what Divine Providence either decrees or permits.

Oom Paul is a person of regular habits, and can be seen any day sitting on his "stoep" (verandah), or visiting the Raad in Pretoria, but he is a difficult bird to entrap into an interview. After the war broke out he assumed a little more of the pomp that doth hedge about a crowned or presidential head. He has an escort of seven troopers to accompany him to and from the government buildings. They wait at a respectful distance in the middle

of Church Square, until his Honor, attired in his invariable black frock-coat and broad-brimmed top-hat of ancient design, hurries back to his beloved "stoep," in order to puff away at his enormous pipe of Transvaal tobacco, and contemplate the New Dopper Church opposite his residence. Here also, since threatening letters and rumors of assassination have become more frequent, a guard has been stationed, and two sentries of somewhat casual bearing, with untidy cartridge-belts, are posted to warn off any possible intruder.

The house is certainly an insignificant-looking bungalow for the chief of the State. It is a one-storied building, with wooden-trellised verandah running along its whole length, and abuts on the roadway without any intervening space. The only indications, besides the sentries and the flagstaff, that the abode is one out of the common, are the two mottled white marble lions presented by Barney Barnato to the President. They are small and not particularly artistic animals, but they are quite pets with the Kruger family.

GREAT RELIGIOUS FESTIVAL.

When the writer happened to be in Pretoria, Oom Paul was extra busy on account of the quarterly "nachtmaal," the Boer religious festival, which fell this year on Palm Sunday and the day or two before. On these occasions the big square surrounding the church is invaded by Boers who have trekked in from all parts of the country, with their long wagons and spans of twelve or more oxen, till the place resembles a huge farmyard. They outspan at the foot of the government buildings, and boil their pots at the church door, in exercise of their free rights as burghers. There is a similar gathering around the President's church. Long services are carried on, and the two buildings are crammed to suffocation. In the intervals more secular matters are transacted with his Honor Stephanus Johannes Paulus, who is not averse, by the way, to doing a little preaching himself.

"I braved the sentries," says a visitor, "and was very civilly received by the President's grandson, who promised an introduction to his grandfather on his return from the Raad. On coming back, however, the old gentleman was not in a particularly com-

municative mood. He sat behind a sort of screen which concealed the upper part of his face, showing only the familiar 'Newgate frill.' He eyed my camera distrustfully, and was evidently determined not to be drawn into any definition of the word 'suzerainty.' He has indeed been somewhat tactlessly handled by interviewers, and now resents the approach of any newspaper man. A well-known Frenchman, for instance, asked him point-blank what he would do if the English came and occupied Pretoria. Uncle Paul was speechless with rage.

"In answer to a few questions put through an interpreter, the President intimated that he had nothing to say just at that moment, and preferred to smoke away undisturbed. He said, however, I could photograph his lions and sentries if I liked, but he thought it was scarcely worth while to waste time over the house, as it was going to be pulled down on the following day and rebuilt in a manner more consonant with the dignity of the chief of the State. His house was eighteen years old, and originally built by a Pole, but was now out of keeping with the fine new buildings of the capital.

A SNAP SHOT AT KRUGER.

"As to being experimented on himself, he said that if he gave permission to one journalist he would have to grant the favor to all, and too many fearful caricatures of him had been published. His sentries, however, were much readier to face the camera, and gave me their names and the numbers of their boxes at the post-office, in the hope that I would send them their portraits. It only remained to snapshot the President as he retreated within his abode, and to take a few more external views of the latter, after which I departed, looking round from time to time to see if the guard were after all covering me with their rifles for daring to accost the Arch-Boer on his own 'stoep.'"

His worst enemy would not accuse him of lack of courage. It is related of him that he was once hunting when he gave chase to a huge buffalo. The animal fell into a wallow, and in a second Kruger was on top of it, rider, horse and buffalo, rolling together in the big puddle. Disentangling himself, Kruger seized the

buffalo by the horns and twisted its neck until he forced its nose under water. After a fearful struggle, by sheer strength, he drowned the animal.

Kruger once injured his left thumb with a rifle, whereupon he coolly took out his knife and amputated the wounded digit. On another occasion he had a severe attack of toothache. For three or four days and nights he endured the pain without a murmur; then one night, as he could not sleep owing to the troublesome tooth, he got up, hunted for his knife, and with this dug out the offending molar.

But President Kruger is above all things a wily diplomatist, as well shown when a deputation of Outlanders waited upon him to hint that he was responsible for the decrease in value of mining shares. Oom Paul answered them in a parable about a pet monkey he once had. "Years ago," said the President, "on a cold day, I and the monkey made a fire, in which the animal burned his tail, and in revenge bit me. I said to him: 'I made a fire to warm us both, but you burned your tail in it. That was your own fault, and I don't see why you should be angry with me.'"

SHREWD WAY OF DIVIDING PROPERTY.

On another occasion he had referred to him a question about the division of certain property between two brothers, who agreed to abide by Kruger's decision. He listened patiently to both sides, and then delivered his judgment. To the elder brother he said: "I decide that you, being the senior, shall divide the property. But I also decide that the younger brother shall have his choice of the two portions."

"The Transvaal sun was already high in the heavens when at 6 o'clock on an August morning, I called upon President Kruger," writes a traveler. "I found him sitting on his front porch with his feet propped up against one of the Barnato lions. Nearby sat Mrs. Kruger placidly knitting a pair of gray woollen socks for her husband, and occasionally smiling at the quaint sallies of wit which he flung out for the benefit of some country burghers who were occupying the steps.

"As we approached the gate, Oom Paul got up and, knocking the ashes from his pipe on a lion, said something which made his hearers explode with laughter and indicated to our party, with a wave of the hand, that he would receive us within.

"While the others were paying their respects to Mrs. Kruger, I had time to look over the 'White House,' as it might be called, though in color alone is the home of the Transvaal president similar to that furnished the head of our nation. It is a little, one-story stone affair, covered with white plaster, more humble in appearance than the home of the ordinary American farmer. A veranda about six feet wide runs along in front, and morning-glory vines creep up the posts.

"The only suggestion of decoration is furnished by two huge marble lions, which recline on either side of the steps. So massive are they that the house appears, in comparison, even smaller than it is. Barney Barnato gave these to Mr. Kruger to remind him of the 'Great Trek' from Cape Colony, in 1836, when the Boer pioneers killed 6,000 lions.

BLACK COFFEE AND PERFECT HEALTH.

"Oom Paul, like all his countrymen, has been practically nourished on black coffee. To it he ascribes his remarkable health, for he has never been sick a day in his life. He drinks it poisonously strong, and so hot that, as the Boers say, 'if spat on a dog it will take off his hair.'

"He shook hands with me on being introduced, and immediately began to speak to my sponsors with such a rapid flow of language that I can only describe it as a splutter. He used the Taal dialect, a deteriorated form of Holland Dutch, spoken by the Boers, who also employ many Kaffir words in their conversation. Oom Paul soon had the party laughing heartily over some recent experience. One of the gentlemen took occasion to lean over and prompt me in a stage whisper with: 'His Honor is in a good humor this morning. Ask him anything.'"

It could easily be guessed that there would be no warm friendship between President Kruger and Cecil Rhodes. Yet it were

pertinent to ask, Why all this intermittent exhibition of spite and vain anger from the Colossus—for he is colossal in many ways—of the Transvaal? Ever since the Jameson episode Mr. Kruger has had the game in his own hands, and because his cards have been badly played, with a probable disastrous result to himself and others, he blackguards the amused on-looker, and figuratively tells him “not to look on while he is playing, as his presence only irritates.” The reason for all this is too apparent, and verges, in its unreasonableness, on the keen jealousy displayed by foreign nations to British supremacy.

DESERT TURNED INTO A GARDEN.

The Transvaal, with all its potentialities and proved riches, is on the downward grade, whilst Rhodesia, the scorned, the waterless desert, and the land with nothing to show (as Paul Kruger termed it) is progressing out of all understanding. The slump in the one is put down to Kruger, and the rise in the other is placed to the credit of Rhodes. There lies the point in a nutshell. Imagine an old-established and flourishing business, in a leading thoroughfare, losing its trade to a neighboring newcomer, with half the stock to offer, no connection to boast of, and yet cutting out its older and more powerful rival by leaps and bounds. The proprietor of the older establishment, if a business man, will overhaul his whole system, and work on lines more modern and enlightened, and endeavor to retain the trade, the fruits of past years of success.

Mr. Kruger is not a business man, and therefore cannot reason on these lines, but, instead, stands at the narrow door of his empty shop and relieves his feelings by berating his brisk rival. The very pillars of his stability are deserting him by the exodus of a number of his burghers into Rhodesia, and the stream of Dutch colonists from the Cape and the Orange Free State being diverted into the newer channel. Paul Kruger is like a wealthy proprietor who has lined his own pockets, but is doomed to see the edifice he has built fall about his ears, to the detriment of his whole staff and employees. In his rival, Cecil Rhodes, he sees a man whose pockets



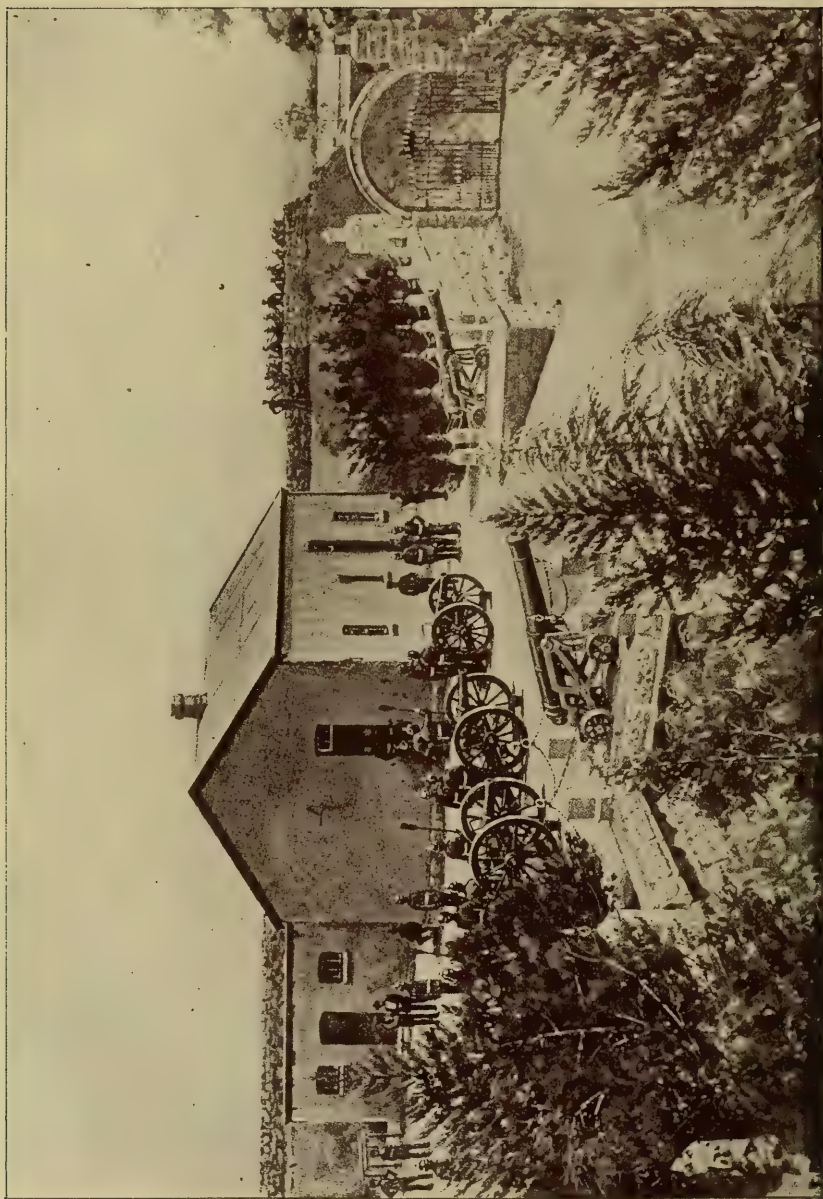
HON. CECIL J. RHODES—"THE UNCROWNED KING"



COLONEL BADEN-POWELL
GALLANT DEFENDER OF MAFeking AGAINST THE BOERS



JOHANNESBURG GOLD MINE—SHOWING STAMP BATTERY WHERE
THE ORE IS CRUSHED



FORT ERFENIS—CAPITAL OF THE ORANGE FREE STATE



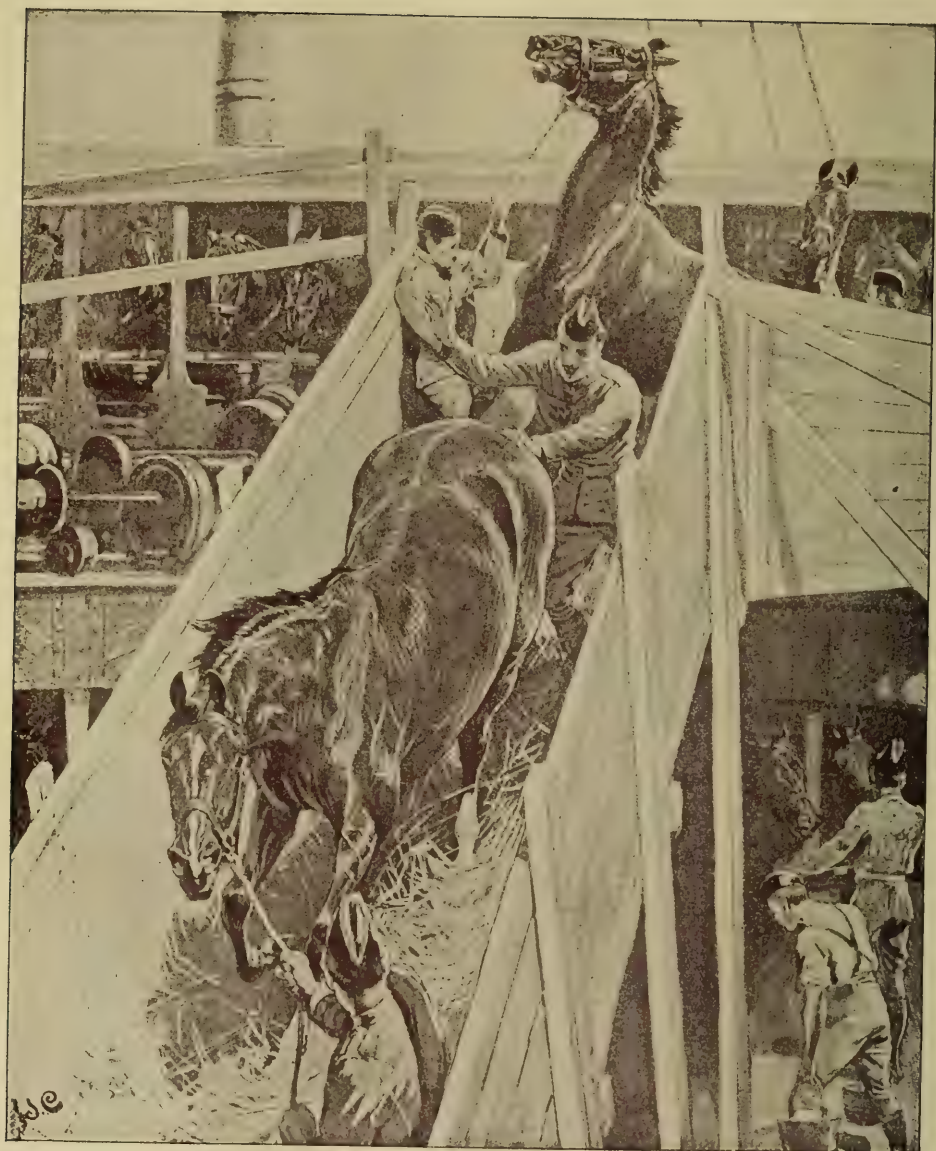
A GROUP OF OFFICERS OF THE 10TH ROYAL HUSSARS NOW ON
DUTY IN SOUTH AFRICA



A NATIVE DISPATCH CARRIER OVERTAKEN AND SHOT
BY THE BOERS



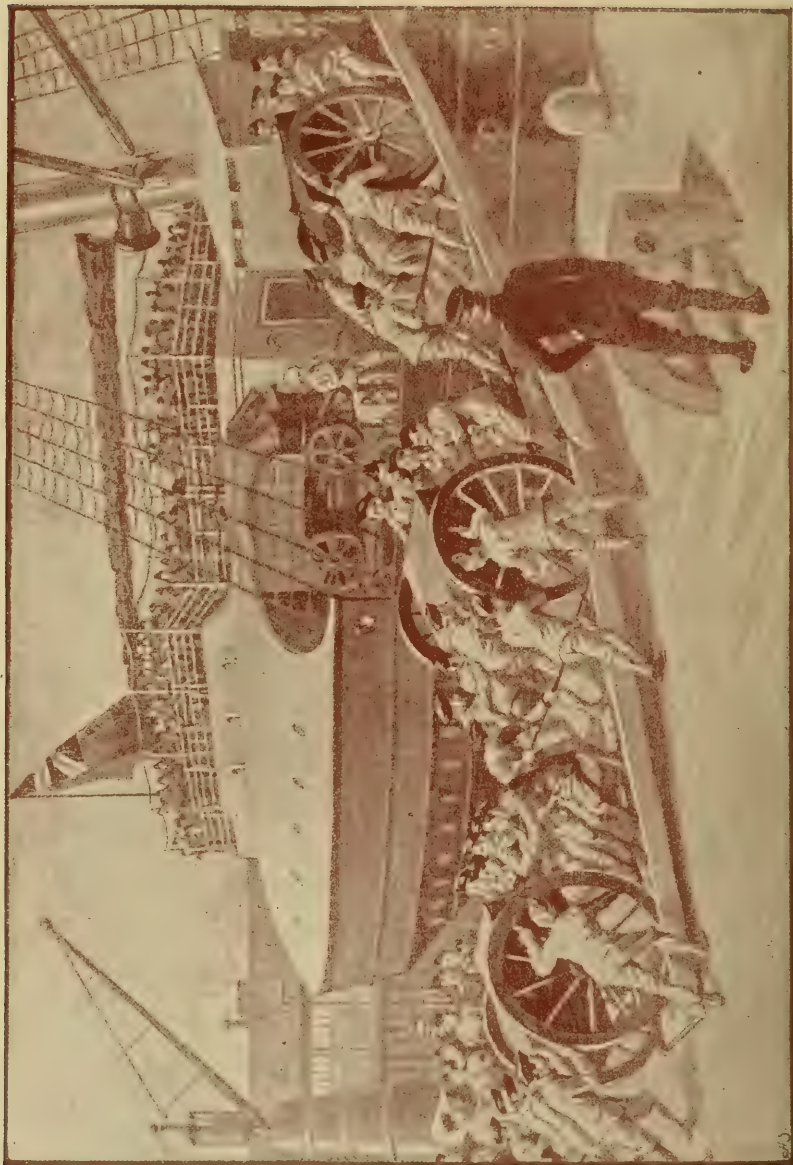
(TYPE OF THE NEW SOUTH WALES MOUNTED RIFLES
WHO VOLUNTEERED FOR SERVICE IN THE WAR BETWEEN THE ENGLISH AND BOERS



SHIPPING HORSES AT SOUTHAMPTON, ENGLAND, FOR THE WAR IN
SOUTH AFRICA



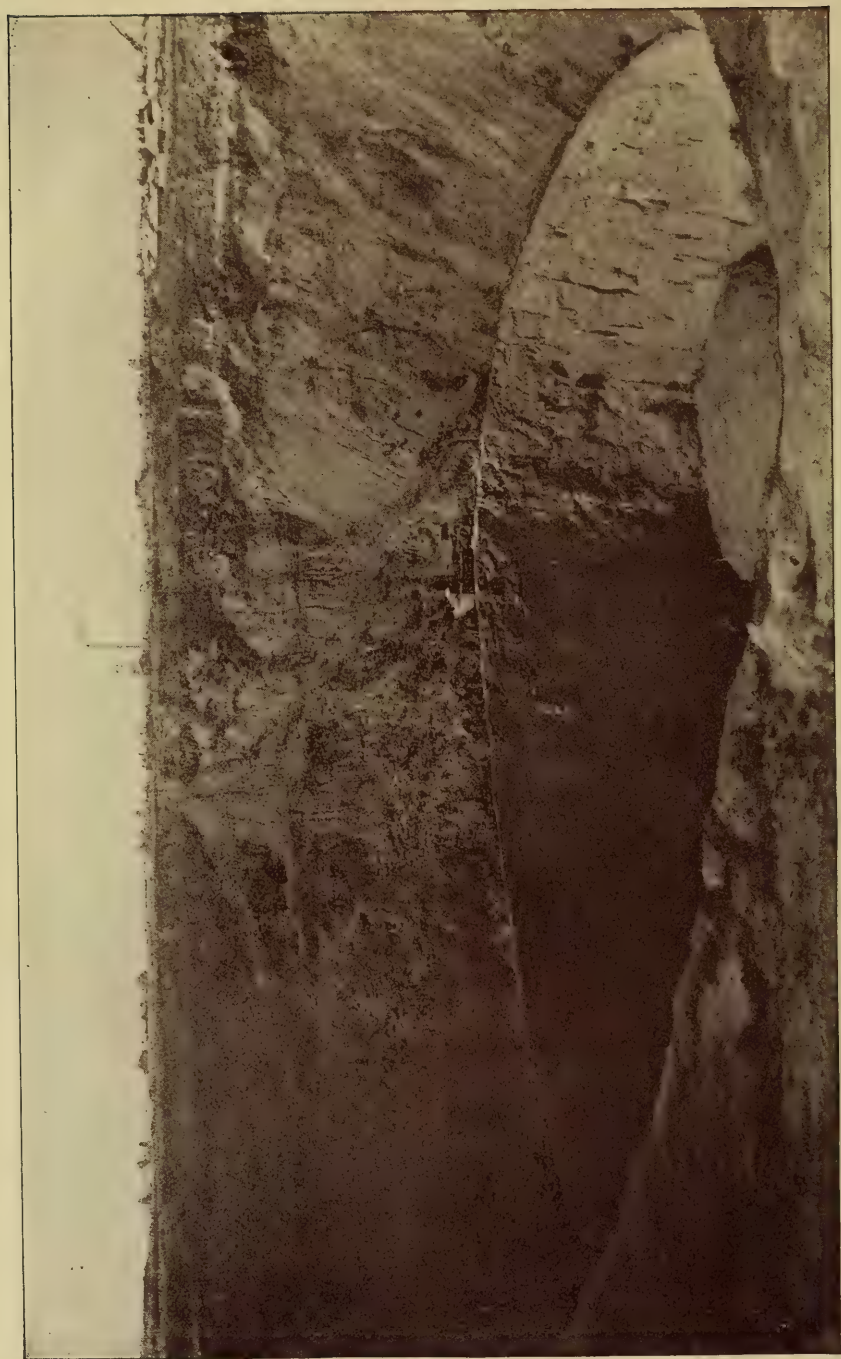
SECOND BATTALION ROYAL DUBLIN FUSILIERS LEAVING PIETER-MARITZBURG, NATAL,
FOR THE FRONT



ARTILLERY EMBARKING AT SOUTHAMPTON FOR THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA



CAPTURED BRITISH OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE 13TH HUSSARS AT
PRETORIA, TRANSVAAL



THE FAMOUS OPEN DIAMOND MINE, KIMBERLY, CAPE COLONY

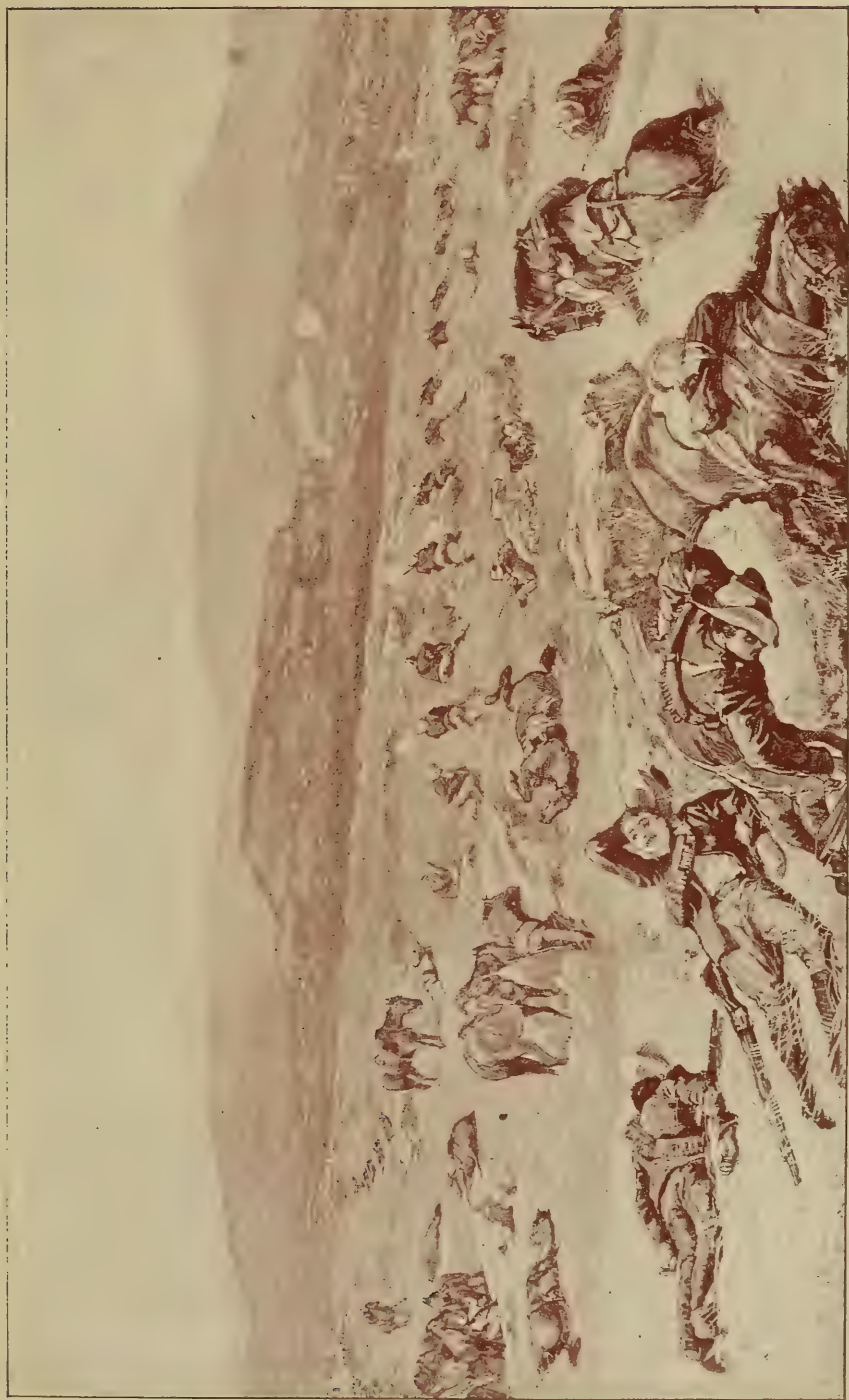
THE RICHEST DIAMOND MINE EVER DISCOVERED. IT IS A HUGE HOLE IN THE EARTH PRODUCING THE FINEST STONES FOUND. IT HAS ATTRACTED MEN FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD, AND ITS FINISHED PRODUCTS BEDECK THE WOMEN IN EVERY QUARTER OF THE GLOBE. THE DIAMOND FIELDS ARE CONTROLLED BY THE DE BEERS MINING SYNDICATE



ADVENTURES OF A EUROPEAN TRAVELLER IN AFRICA—A SPIN ROUND A CANNIBAL VILLAGE



DEFENDING THE MAIL COACH FROM A BODY OF KAFFIRS IN NATAL



DR. JAMESON'S RAID THE LAST STRUGGLE AT DOORNKOP IN THE BATTLE AT KRUGERSDORP



DR. PARKE SUCKING THE POISON FROM THE WOUND IN LIEUTENANT STAIRS'S SIDE

have not been overburdened with riches made out of his own venture, but whose work is founded upon strict business principles, and which will flourish for years after he retires from the management.

The enmity and envy engendered by this state of affairs has been well reflected lately by the epithets hurled upon the devoted head of Mr. Rhodes. "Murderer," with probably a few adjectives, omitted in transmission, is the selected choice from the pious man's vocabulary; but to do Kruger full justice we do not ascribe such violent language to a deliberate expression of a man who is cognizant of the excellencies of his neighbor, and hates him the more for his virtues being impressed upon his notice.

LAND TEEMING WITH RICHES.

Paul Kruger is, unfortunately, built roughly, and his utter blindness to the plain path that lies before him excites pity more than disgust. There is not the slightest doubt that he has firmly persuaded himself into the belief—which is not less convincing because it suits his own pocket—that the Transvaal's existence depends upon the Dynamite Concession. Imagine a young and promising land, teeming with riches, being dependent upon a private contract for its existence! What can be the fate of a land, where every wish of the majority of its inhabitants is thwarted, and all opposition to the existing autocracy is set down as the machinations of its enemies?

Paul Kruger, with teeth clenched and fists doubled, retains and yearly increases his power, as against all comers. Small wonder it is that the sight of Rhodes working away patiently at an extreme corner of his dominion, without active authority or the desire for such, recommending the granting of any wishes of the settlers that may be right and proper in a free and open country, excites his rival to abuse. Where the fight is unequal between the two powers of South Africa is, that Rhodes knows his Kruger, but Kruger, if he tried, has not the capacity to understand his Rhodes. There can hardly be a doubt that each force will keep to the track until the last, with a result that is easily foretold.

When the war began a niece of President Kruger, far from her

native land, was anxiously scanning every war dispatch that gave her information regarding the prowess of the sturdy Boers, whose successes caused her loyal heart to beat exultantly and her cheek to glow with excitement over each fresh burgher victory.

In 1898, in company with her brother, she came to the United States, where he was obliged to look after an interest he had secured in one of the rich gold and silver mines of southern Arizona. At that time no thought was entertained of war or the devoted pair would have remained in the land of their nativity; one to defend his rights, and the other, if need be, to nurse and aid in every way possible her valiant kinsmen, friends, and countrymen.

BOER GIRL IN AMERICA.

Sannie Kruger's grandfather was a mixture of Boer and English, this combination being brought about before the great trek in the beginning of the century, when the Boers and English fraternized, and up to that time had not acquired the deep hatred they have for one another at the present day. Her grandmother was a Boer girl and a sister of the present wife of Oom Paul Kruger, while her father was a nephew of this clear-headed and resourceful pilot of the destiny of the Transvaal Republic. She is, therefore, a grandniece of both Kruger and his wife. On her mother's side she is also a great niece of General Piet Joubert. This condition of affairs has been brought about from the fact that the Boers intermarry among one another, crossing the relationships until they exceed in complicity and intricacy even the famed relationships of the West Virginia and Kentucky mountaineers.

Unlike most of her countrywomen, Sannie Kruger was educated in Europe, the greater part of her training being obtained in France and Belgium, where she became highly proficient in painting and music. President Kruger severely condemns foreign customs and a continental training, but the fair slip of a girl he calls his niece so captivated him that he forgave her this unpardonable offense and even overlooked the slight strain of English blood in her nature, which probably, more than anything else, accounts for her love of travel and her determination to accompany her brother in

his unheard-of determination to leave his native country and come to America and hazard his fortunes in the most progressive of Anglo-Saxon countries.

In speaking of her kinsfolk, Miss Kruger throws much light upon what is generally unknown in this country concerning her people. The impression that usually obtains concerning the Boers is that they are purely an agricultural people, with few desires and simple tastes; and from long contact with the savage tribes whose territory they took by force, they have acquired to a greater or less extent a certain barbarity and coarseness not possessed by more progressive peoples and different tastes.

VICTIMS OF PREJUDICE.

She says: "We Boers are plain folk, with few caste and class lines, having a strong national feeling, and desiring to be left alone to govern ourselves as best we see fit. The impression that prevails that we are coarse, uneducated and brutal is due to the prejudices scattered broadcast against us by the Outlanders, who are desirous of taking by hook or crook our lands and property which have, contrary to first impression, proved very valuable, not alone in mineral wealth, but as an agricultural community.

"It is true that 'the doppers,' as we call them, the plain farmers, who live on isolated farms and rarely if ever mingle with the life of our cities or towns, are more or less uneducated and plain in their tastes; but in the United States on the Western farms and in fact scattered all over the country you have settlers who are cruder and more primitive in their way of living than our 'hay-seeds' are. A 'dopper' girl dresses and looks as different from a town-bred girl as your country lass does from your city-bred maiden. Your farmers' daughters are not duplicates of your daughters of wealth and fashion, are they? No more are we like the 'dopper' women.

"The 'doppers' all dress in gowns cut after the same pattern, a cheap print of bright color made into a short skirt for convenience sake, gathered full around the waist, a blouse simply made with a low band for a collar, topped off by a sunbonnet. On Sundays and

holidays they appear resplendent in their gaudiest, brightest and best gowns, with a narrow ribbon of gay color, tied in a 'Dutchy' bow—short, stiff loops and long ends somewhat like the fashion in vogue in this country several years ago.

"We girls of the cities and towns, however, dress as fancy dictates, and it is no unusual thing to see copies of *La Mode*, Harper's *Bazaar* and the latest London fashion plates adorning the dressing tables of these city belles. As a rule, however, on ordinary occasions we dress very simply owing to the fact that we ride a great deal; and as we ride astride like the men, we cling to short skirts rather than trailing gowns. To tell you the truth I do not see how American girls accustom themselves to ride in the awkward manner they do, and I am glad to see the progressive young ladies in the West have adopted our mode of riding.

READY TO ADOPT FASHIONABLE DRESS.

"The general impression that Boer wives wear a Mother Hubbard and never appear in anything else is a base libel on the race. Perhaps in some of the outlying farms this may be true, but our mothers as a rule wear a two-piece garment, the skirt and waist being simply made, while their children, as I have before stated, lean very strongly toward foreign fashions, and adopt them on all possible occasions.

"It is also generally asserted that a great deal of Zulu blood is intermingled with our race. This is another English absurdity. We pride ourselves upon our hereditary clannishness, and we treat the Zulus and Basutos and Mashoanos simply as servants to do the drudgery and other labor which they are willing to perform to participate to a slight degree in the influences of our civilization. We carry our relationships almost to an absurdity, for a Boer, even if he is only a fiftieth cousin, is a relative, but from our custom of intermarrying all Boer families are more or less closely related.

"Like all Boer girls I am an excellent shot and I fervently wish I were back in the Transvaal that I might if need be defend our land from the relentless attacks of the English invader. From sheer necessity we have all been obliged to learn how to shoot, and

one of the first prerequisites of our education is to hit a bull's eye at long range.

"Our cunning with the gun has been handed down to us through the generations. When trekking on the veldt it often fell to the women to keep the prowling lions away from the wagons, and in time of war our women stand behind the laager or barricades, as the case may be, load the guns, tend the wounded and if needed take a hand in the shooting also.

"We will be defeated in the long run by the English, but we will show that we know how to fight.

"Here I am continually harassed by the thought that I am needed by my country, and at times so strong is the inclination to return that I am almost persuaded to commence the long voyage to the land of my nativity so that I may be able to help, if it is possible, repeat to the British the terrible lessons we taught them at Rorke's Drift and Majuba Hill."

PRESIDENT OF ORANGE FREE STATE.

Another celebrity in South Africa is President Steyn, chief executive of the Orange Free State. He spent his earlier years with his maternal grandmother at Bloemfontein. This good lady was the wife of the famous Boer leader and pioneer, Wessels—a man with some sterling qualities, whose memory the Boers hold in the highest reverence. Mrs. Wessels was a fit wife for such a husband—brave, determined, patriotic, gentle and loving.

The natives disputed every step the "trekking" Boers took in their country, but they were hardly more dangerous than the lions which prowled about in large numbers. Many a time in the dead of night Steyn's grandmother, when a young married woman, had to fly from impending death in one form or another, one child in her arms, another running by her side clinging to her skirts. In later years, when the Boers had settled down to cultivate their farms and the Wessels were able to look back on the stormy days that had passed, a phrase that Steyn and his brothers heard often from their grandmother's lips was: "You are free men. See to it that you remain free."

The marriage of the president of the Free State is quite a little romance in itself. He was intended for a legal career, and when nineteen years of age left South Africa to pursue his studies in Europe. On the same ship was a sweet, winsome lassie of twelve, and the boy and girl became boon companions to the end of the voyage. Steyn studied with diligence and success. Sometimes he thought of his little traveling companion, and wondered if he should ever see her again.

Six years passed, and Steyn returned to Bloemfontein a full-fledged barrister. He had only been home a few days when he attended a school function, and one of the first guests he was introduced to was a beautiful young woman of eighteen, in whom he quickly recognized his ship companion of six years before. Under similar circumstances young people are apt to call such a coincidence "destiny," and Steyn and his sweetheart were no exception to the rule. His offer of marriage was accepted, but Steyn's financial position did not warrant him in setting up house-keeping just then. He had plenty of brains, but few briefs to exercise them on. There was nothing for it but to wait and work.

THOUGHT TO BE STEALING A SWEETHEART.

Steyn traveled a great deal in circuit, and the letters for his sweetheart he addressed secretly to a mutual friend, upon whom Miss Fraser—for such was the young woman's name—called every day for her billets-doux. Bloemfontein even now is no larger than a decent-sized English village; in those days it was so small that everybody made a point of knowing everybody else's business.

Consequently, people were quick to notice the friendship that had sprung up between Miss Fraser and Steyn's friend in the barrister's absence, and the general impression was that this friend was trying to steal Steyn's sweetheart from him, thus proving himself a traitor to Steyn and unworthy of recognition by any honest, fair dealing resident of Bloemfontein! Friends deserted the unhappy man; where once he was met with smiles he saw nothing but frowns, but he stuck loyally to his trust despite it all.

When Steyn returned to Bloemfontein, people received him with

veiled expressions of commiseration. Steyn could not understand it. He hastened to the residence of the man who had been acting as his "postman," and inquired the meaning of it all. He roared with laughter when he heard of the conclusion his fellow townsmen had jumped to, and how surprised those good but misguided folk were when they saw the rising young barrister and "the base deceiver" walking arm in arm through the streets may be readily imagined.

At last Bloemfontein learned the truth. They had much to ask forgiveness for from the man upon whom they had too quickly passed judgment, and he was feted and banqueted for many days thereafter. The marriage of Advocate Steyn and Miss Fraser rounded off a pretty little romance, but whether the "postman" acted as "best man"—if there is such an office at a Boer wedding—deponent sayeth not.

In this wise did the man who is figuring so prominently in the Transvaal war meet, woo and win a charming bride.

OTHER CELEBRITIES.

Doubtless the action of the Orange Free State people in aiding the Boers against the British was started by Dr. Frank W. Reitz, Premier of the Transvaal, who was formerly President of the Orange Free State. He resigned in 1895, because of ill health, and visited England, and was cordially received by King Leopold, of Belgium, and by the President of France.

Dr. Reitz comes of German stock, his ancestors having settled in Holland two centuries ago. His grandfather went to Africa, where Dr. Reitz was born, in 1844. He was graduated from the South African College, studied law in England, and was called to the bar in 1868. He practiced successfully in Cape Town for six years, and was then appointed Chief Justice of the Orange Free State. In 1889 he was elected President, and his official service was entirely satisfactory.

The great general and commander-in-chief of the Boer army is Pietrus Jacobus Joubert. When the British General Symons was killed in one of the first engagements of the war, it was just like

Joubert to telegraph condolences to Lady Symons. He is frankness and honesty personified. He is a man and a soldier of the type Englishmen and Americans like. Nothing could be more courteous than his treatment of his English prisoners from Ladysmith. Nothing could be kinder than his care for the wounded enemy.

Here is what a correspondent of a London journal said of him, writing from Ladysmith:

"At daybreak I got back to the station just as Joubert's train was steaming away to Sandsspruit. By dint of audacity the station master was persuaded to stop it. I boarded the General's own special saloon carriage. Evidently the sheer impudence of the thing must have staggered him, for he forgave me and came into my compartment. We chatted for hours on the journey to the big Boer camps at Sands River, or spruit.

COMMANDER OF THE BOER ARMY.

"I noted that the General was generally popular, the Boers clustering about the stations to shake hands with him. He would descend, when the train stopped long enough, to say a few words by way of encouragement. There were some feeble attempts at cheering, but your Transvaal burgher has no lungs for that form of popular approval.

"I asked and received permission to snapshot Joubert and his more immediate friends. He stepped out of the train and took up a position for that purpose. In appearance he bears strong traces of his French origin. His quick, dark eyes beam with shrewdness and kindness. He has a belief that the future and the present are for the Boer, and declares he would cut his throat sooner than give way on the points of Transvaal's claims or doubt God's personal support of its cause."

Joubert, with the addition of some polish, is a typical Boer. He comes of an old French Huguenot family, long settled in South Africa, with a strong infusion of Dutch blood. Like President Kruger, he was born of good family. He was a worker and at one time was a farmer. But his innate ability soon lifted him into

public life. He became State Attorney to the South African Republic, and afterward Vice-President. He has long been ambitious to be President, and in 1893 came within 881 votes of winning this honor from the great Kruger himself. Joubert is very popular.

In the late seventies, during the troubles with England that culminated in the war, under the memory of which England has smarted ever since, Joubert became a very prominent figure in Transvaal affairs. He accompanied Kruger on his memorable visit to England, when the demand for the independence of the Republic was formulated. This demand was finally refused, and on December 30, 1880, Kruger, Joubert and Pretorius formed themselves into the triumvirate that declared the Republic independent.

Then came the memorable war, with Laing's Nek, Ingoga Rion and Majuba Hill following in rapid and fatal sequence. Joubert was the hero of Majuba Hill. He personally led the force that dealt England the blow she has neither forgotten nor forgiven. Joubert remarked the next day that he always had supposed the English flag was red, but now he knew it was white; he had seen it at Majuba Hill. That remark completed his conquest of the Boers.

REPUTATION FOR FAIRNESS.

Nothing is written about Joubert that does not comment on his fairness. The Boers, in their insatiable ambition to possess outlying lands that England seized before them, raided Bechuanaland in 1884. The movement was a popular one. The Boers were flushed with victory. They believed the land was more theirs than England's, for they had broken the ground before England possessed it. But Joubert stopped it.

"I positively refuse," he declared, "to hold office under a government that deliberately breaks its covenants, and we have made covenants with England." He meant it. He would have resigned and gone back to his farm, and the Boers knew it.

Joubert organized the army of the Transvaal. He divided the country into seventeen military departments, and each department again and again into smaller divisions, with commanders, field cornets and lieutenants of various ranks in charge. Every man in

the Transvaal became a trained soldier without leaving his farm. Every man had his complete equipment ready at home. Every man was pledged to appear at an appointed spot at the summons.

To mobilize the entire force of the Republic Joubert had to send only seventeen telegrams. The word passed down the line, and in an incredibly short time hundreds of post riders carried the summons from farm to farm. Within forty-eight hours the entire nation would be in arms, fully equipped and provisioned for a month, awaiting only the command to assemble. In the old days of Majuba Hill the army thus assembled was an army of sharpshooters. Then Joubert's proud boast was true—"Forty bullets per soldier, and a man per bullet." But game is almost as scarce in the Transvaal now as in New Jersey, and with practice lacking the Boers are not the marksmen they were many years ago.

ANECDOTE OF KRUGER AND JOUBERT.

This story is told of Joubert and Kruger in Paris: The General was asked how he trained the Boers to such splendid marksmanship. "We are hereditary marksmen," he said. "We had to send our children to school, and the country was full of wild beasts and Kaffirs. So every boy had to carry a rifle and know how to defend himself and his sisters. He was expected to prove his skill by bringing home bags of game. That's how we teach our boys. Isn't that so, Kruger?"

The burly President, thus appealed to, puffed his pipe contentedly for a few moments and then said: "Yes, we make our boys understand that the meek inherit the earth."

Joubert and Kruger, it is well known, are not the warm personal friends they once were. Not that there is enmity, or even coldness between them, but they have drifted apart. This was unavoidable between two such men, when Joubert grew big enough to become a serious rival to the great Boer President. Twice they have run against each other for the presidency, but in the last election Kruger, because of his fiercer anti-British attitude, far outstripped his rival.

Like Kruger, General Joubert has a popular nickname in the

Transvaal, but not one nearly so affectionate as "Oom Paul," though a compliment to his abilities. He is known far and wide as "Slim Piet." But "slim" has no reference to his physical being. It is Boer for shrewd, or crafty, and how "slim" Joubert really is the British discovered at Ladysmith.

Philadelphia is the birthplace of General Piet Joubert, the commander-in-chief of the Boer forces. In the narrow three-storied brick building at 1105 Arch street the man who commands the Boer army first saw the light. The building has been altered somewhat since it was occupied by the Joubert family, but it remains practically as it was at the time of Joubert's birth.

MARRIED AND CAME TO AMERICA.

Very little is known in Philadelphia of the Joubert family. A special deputy of the Custom House and Surveyor of the Port accidentally learned that the Jouberts were at one time residents of the Quaker City. A little search revealed their place of residence, and that it was here that Piet Joubert was born. The family was in moderate circumstances, and soon after the birth of the boy, who has since earned world-wide fame, they removed to some little town in the central part of Pennsylvania. Before coming to Philadelphia the Jouberts had lived a short time in Holland. The elder Joubert was a Frenchman, but he fell in love with a girl in the south of Holland, and soon after their marriage they emigrated to America.

When the great stories of South African wealth reached America, Joubert decided to take his family there. He joined a colony from Holland, and settled at Fransch Hoek, near Stellenbosch, where other members of his family were living. The Joubert name has been prominent in Transvaal affairs for many years, and it was but natural that the American-born Joubert would especially distinguish himself. He has been a leader in South Africa many years.

General Joubert has visited the land of his birth twice. First in 1883, when an agent for a large financial company, and again ten years later, when he was the official representative of his

country to the World's Fair at Chicago. It is not generally known that Piet Joubert and Paul Kruger are not friends, but enemies, and that the war in the Transvaal has largely been urged on by both because each was afraid that any lack of zeal he displayed would cause his undoing and the political elevation of the other. In fact they are rivals in every field of activity, have little in common and much in difference. They are both men of strong personality, and bring to bear shrewdness and knowledge quite unusual in their fight against each other. Kruger has thus far had the advantage of money and position to aid him. This is the explanation of the success of his political aspirations.

Though Kruger is President of the republic, Joubert's political position is hardly less notable. He is Vice-President, commander-in-chief of the army, a member of the Executive Council, the Cabinet of the republic, and holds a dozen other offices. He fails only of the Presidency, though he has made two attempts to wrest this from Kruger. The first time there were those who said that he had polled more votes and was defeated by wholesale swindling. The second time he was undoubtedly beaten by the presence of a third candidate in the field, who divided the vote.

CAN GET THE BEST OF A BARGAIN.

Joubert is an honest man according to his lights, but they are dim. He never has deliberately swindled any one; but, being a man of business first and a farmer or a generalissimo afterwards, he takes the keenest delight in getting the best of a deal, whether it be in mining shares, gold claims, water rights or oxen. It is this pride in the conscious sentiment of "smartness" that is such a prominent feature throughout the Boer character.

One of Joubert's foibles is being photographed. Probably he is the most photographed man in the Transvaal. Owing to this harmless little peculiarity his features are thoroughly well known. A broad, straight furrowed brow, from which the whitening hair is carefully brushed back, overhangs a pair of powerful, clear and honest grey eyes, which look the stranger straight in the face, and are not shifty and furtive as are those in the head of the average

Boer. The mouth is cold and hard, with no trace of a smile; the corners droop slightly, and the general expression is not amiable. The nose is the striking feature; it inspires respect, for it is built on strong, commanding lines, and broadens out at the base into powerful but sensitive nostrils. The face as a whole has dignity, repose, almost a certain nobility of its own.

A renowned commander was sent to South Africa from England to direct the movements and be responsible for the fortunes of the British army. This is General Sir Redvers Buller, who wears the Victoria Cross, a badge of valor won on the battlefield.

A BRILLIANT OFFICER.

In May, 1858, a young man of whom nothing of any great importance was known at the time joined the Sixtieth Rifles as ensign, yet there are few Englishmen to whom his name and exploits are not familiar. This is because the Rifleman of 1858 is now the man in whom the thoughts of every soldier of the empire are centered. Sir Redvers' life has been crowded with incidents. The first twelve years of his service were spent as a subaltern. He saw plenty of fighting in them, for the Chinese war of 1860 took him to the east, and he was present at the actions of Sinho, Taku Forts and the capture of Peking.

Ten years later he met Wolseley in Canada, and served under him in the Red River expedition. Evidently he impressed the commander-in-chief very strongly with his capabilities, for when the Ashanti expedition was organized Buller was selected to accompany him. When the troops returned to England, Sir Redvers (then a Major) was given a staff appointment at the War Office.

In the latter part of 1878 the situation in South Africa demanded his presence in the field, and accordingly Buller took an active part in the Kaffir and Zulu wars. For his services in the various operations that ensued he was frequently "mentioned in dispatches," granted the brevet of lieutenant colonel, thanked in general orders, and awarded the proud distinction of the Victoria Cross for personal heroism in the face of the enemy.


No precaution was omitted for the successful performance of

the threefold task devolving upon Sir Redvers Buller and his command, a larger force than was commanded by Wellington at Waterloo. Buller's task was threefold. He was instructed to disarm the Boers, to establish equal rights for white men south of the Zambesi, and to arrange for the civil administration of the conquered territory when the war was over. No man is more competent than Buller to accomplish these ends. His character is complex. Brave, determined, stern, with a biting tongue and burning zeal, he exacts from others in pithy and monosyllabic sentences instant and unquestioning obedience.

He is head of a county family, a Privy Councillor, and has been Under Secretary for Ireland, where he is supposed to have contracted sympathy for Home Rule. Although taciturn, brusque, and even brutal in speech when on service, there is another side to his character. His social characteristics are equally marked. An excellent judge of the art of dining, and a perfect host, there is an atmosphere of charm and a note of distinction that makes Buller the idol of his friends. He is human, and attracts more strongly than he repels; unlike Kitchener, whose cold, hard, calculating character left him almost friendless while carving his way to fortune, Buller's social reputation and magnetism have grown with his manhood.

CHAPTER XII.

Tragic Story of Majuba Hill and Lang's Nek.

RIGINALLY there were four republics in the Transvaal, but in 1860 they were united into one under the title of the "South African Republic," which is now its official designation. The South African Republic did not prosper. From the first it was impecunious, and within a decade after its establishment it was practically insolvent. The discovery, in 1867, of diamonds and of gold brought into the country a rush of strangers, whose energy and enterprise might have altered the condition of the Transvaal, but for the lethargy and obstinate isolation of the Boer population. Burgers, the last President before the annexation to Great Britain, was a man of vigor and talent, but the stolid Boers declined to be welded by him into a nation. In a war upon which they entered with Sekukuni, a powerful native chief, the fighting was done for them by the warlike native tribe of Amaswazis, who were so disgusted with their white allies that they left them. When the Boers had to do their own work their hearts failed them and they fled ignominiously. Burgers, with tears, strove to rally them, but in vain, and he begged them to shoot him rather than disgrace him. But they shrugged their shoulders, and more than two-thirds of them fled home, leaving him hemmed in and powerless.

The republic was encircled by native enemies all round the Transvaal borders, all waiting for the impending onslaught by Cetewayo, the Zulu king, the master of a formidable army which lay on the frontier ready to strike, and restrained from immediate hostilities against the Boers—who had provoked him by many encroachments—only by his fear of the English and the personal influence of Sir Theophilus Shepstone, the native secretary of Natal. On the northeast the Amaswazis brooded in sullen discontent; northward, within and beyond the frontier, anarchy raged; and in the west the Bechuanas were waiting for their opportunity.

Financially the republic was hopelessly insolvent. The Boers set their faces against taxation. It is a notorious fact that when Shepstone annexed the Transvaal there was found in the public treasury only twelve shillings and sixpence (about three dollars), part of which was base coin. Clearly a crisis was impending which threatened to involve South Africa in great peril. The annexation was no sudden act. The Blue-books contain remonstrance on remonstrance addressed by British officials to the Transvaal authorities. At length Lord Carnarvon's forbearance was exhausted. Shepstone was sent for to England, and received a commission of date 5th October, 1876, directing him, should the emergency render such a course necessary, to annex the Transvaal to her Majesty's dominions and put an end to the controversy.

THE BOERS REJECTED ALL REFORMS.

Shepstone, escorted by twenty-five mounted policemen and a few officials, reached Pretoria in February, 1877. It was an open secret that he was empowered to annex the country if he deemed it advisable, but he expressed his readiness to refrain from that step if certain reforms were carried out. The Boers would have no reforms, and on April 12, 1877, Shepstone issued a proclamation formally annexing the Transvaal to Great Britain. For some time the Boers remained sullenly quiet. A few of them rendered good and loyal service with Sir Evelyn Wood during the Zulu war, but the main body stood aloof. Sir Owen Lanyon succeeded Shepstone as Administrator of the Transvaal, and from the first was unpopular with the Boers.

At the close of the Zulu war Sir Garnet Wolseley, who held the position of High Commissioner for Southeastern Africa, came up into the Transvaal with a considerable strength of regular and irregular troops. During his stay no actual outbreak occurred, but there were ominous demonstrations, which would probably have come to a head but for the presence of the troops. The Boer discontent was enhanced by the positive intimation from the Colonial Secretary that "under no circumstances whatever would the Transvaal independence be restored to the Boers," and by Sir Garnet's

less prosaic, but equally resolute utterance, that "so long as the sun shone and the Vaal river flowed to the sea the Transvaal would remain British territory." He finally left the Transvaal in March, 1880, and the troops in that territory were gradually reduced until in November of the same year they consisted of but thirteen companies of infantry, two troops of mounted infantry and four guns, distributed in detachments in some half-dozen garrisons scattered over the country.

Throughout the land there was a deceptive peace, which lulled Lanyon into a sense of security, and to some extent deceived Wolseley. The Boers were playing the waiting game. Mr. Gladstone became Premier in March, 1880. Taking it for granted that he would act on the lines of his speeches when in opposition, the Boer leaders called on him to rescind the annexation. The answer of the Government came in the curt telegram: "Under no circumstances can the Queen's authority in the Transvaal be relinquished." There was consternation among the Boers; the British inhabitants, trusting implicitly in an assurance so specific, rejoiced greatly and bought land without hesitation. In the matter of taxation the Boers had always presented a passive resistance against the British rule, but Lanyon's officials considered that they might now crush this resistance by active measures. A Boer named Bezuidenhout was levied on, and in default of payment, a seizure was made. Bezuidenhout and his friends forcibly recovered the article seized, and an attempt to arrest him was thwarted by a gathering of Boers.

DETERMINED TO FIGHT FOR INDEPENDENCE.

At a mass meeting on the 13th of December, 1880, it was decided that the South African Republic should be restored; it was resolved to fight for independence, and a triumvirate consisting of Kruger, Joubert, and Pretorius was appointed to administer the government. On the 16th the republic was proclaimed at Heidelberg, which became the headquarters of the new Government. A large body of Boers took possession of that place, another went to Potchefstrom, and a third "commando" was detailed to another service presently to be described.

Lanyon was powerless to interfere, and he and the English in Pretoria had to await events, pending the expected arrival of the detachment of the 94th regiment which had been ordered up from Lydenburg, whence it was known to have moved on December 5th. This ill-fated body was destined never to reach Pretoria. On the march Colonel Anstruther had frequent warnings of danger, to which he paid insufficient heed; there prevailed in the force the rooted belief that the Boers did not intend serious mischief.

It was scarcely to be expected that the men who had pusillanimously recoiled from before Sekukuni's spear-armed natives would venture to assail a body of British regular infantry. But long before the end of this miserable war the valor and constancy of the Boers, not less than their moderation and humanity, had come to be acknowledged and admired. In this, their first conflict with the "red soldiers," their unerring marksmanship was the chief surprise.

TAKEN BY SURPRISE.

The scouting duties of Colonel Anstruther's detachment were performed with carelessness; else, whatever might have been its fate, it would not have been taken by surprise. About noon on December 20th, the little column, marching at ease, was approaching Bronkhorst Spruit. The ground traversed by the road was sparsely wooded, sloping down from either side. Military precautions were neglected, and the convoy stretched to an interminable length. The band at the head of the column abruptly stopped playing when about 150 armed mounted Boers suddenly became visible in skirmishing formation on a rise on the left of the road, at a distance of a few hundred yards. Colonel Anstruther immediately galloped back, and ordered the leading wagon to halt and the others to close up.

A Boer advanced midway with a flag of truce, and was met by Colonel Anstruther, to whom he handed a letter written in English. Its terms were at once quaint and peremptory. "We don't know," it ran, "whether we are in a state of war or not, consequently we can't allow any movements of troops from your side, and wish you to stop where you are. We not being at war with the Queen nor

with the people of England, but are only recovering the independence of our country, we do not wish to take to arms, and therefore inform you that any movements of troops from your side will be taken by us as a declaration of war."

The messenger was to take back an answer, which had to be given within five minutes. Anstruther read the letter and tersely replied: "I go to Pretoria; do as you like." The messenger departed, and the colonel, hurrying back towards his men, ordered them to skirmish. But it was too late. The Boers had closed in upon the rear and flanks of the column and opened fire at point-blank range. Their fire was deadly—every shot told; that of the troops was scattered and ineffective. In ten minutes, out of a total of 259, there had been killed or wounded 155 officers and men. Colonel Anstruther, himself riddled with bullets, then ordered the "Cease fire," and intimated the surrender of the remains of his force. The Boers then closed in, ordered all arms to be laid down, and formed a cordon round the scene of the slaughter.

FRIENDLY ACTS FOLLOW THE FIGHT.

When the fighting was over, Boers and soldiers became very friendly. The Boer commander, Joubert, came forward and shook hands with Colonel Anstruther, expressing regret that he should be among the wounded. A hospital camp was pitched close by, and leave was given for the retention of the wagons containing baggage, provisions, and hospital equipment, tents for the wounded, and some uninjured men as hospital nurses; the remaining unwounded prisoners with the rest of the wagons were removed to Heidelberg. Two men were permitted to carry the tidings of the disaster to Pretoria, whence without hindrance surgeons, hospital orderlies, and ambulances were sent out to Bronkhorst Spruit.

The Boers showed themselves most obliging, and were extremely solicitous for the comfort of the wounded in camp, bringing milk, butter, eggs, bread, and fruit gratuitously. The statements regarding the Boer losses in the short fight were curiously conflicting. The Boers affirmed that they amounted only to two killed and five wounded.

When Sir Garnet Wolseley went home he had been succeeded, in July, as High Commissioner for South-Eastern Africa, by Colonel (afterwards Major-General) Sir George Pomeroy Colley, an officer of high character. Tidings of the outbreak in the Transvaal reached him at Pieter Maritzburg on the 21st of December, and were in possession of the Colonial Office in London on the following day. Reinforcements from India were promptly ordered to Natal, and further instalments of troops were sent out from England as early as possible. Considering the weakness of the forces at Colley's immediate disposition, he would have been wise to wait until he had been reinforced; but he had a great contempt for the Boers, and was eager to distinguish himself before he should be superseded by officers of higher rank. He was warned by Colonel Bellairs (in military command of the Transvaal) that there were "from 6,000 to 7,000 rebels in the field, who, under good leadership, would exhibit courage, discipline, and organization."

INADEQUATE RELIEF COLUMN.

Colley hurried up towards the Transvaal frontier the few companies of infantry which he had in Natal. The arrival of some drafts was very opportune—a naval brigade was landed and sent up, as also a squadron of dragoons and mounted infantry under the command of Major Brownlow, and the Natal Mounted Police. Colley had early intimated his intention to enter the Transvaal about January 20th, 1881, with a column consisting of eight companies of infantry, four guns, and a mounted squadron—a miserably inadequate force. So far from accomplishing this anticipation, he was able only to quit Newcastle (a border town of Natal) on January 24th with about 60 officers and 1,200 men.

This little force was styled the "relief column," as it was intended to raise the siege of the Transvaal towns in which were scanty British garrisons beleaguered by the Boers. Apart from Pretoria, the besieged capital of the Transvaal, there were six of those places—Potchefstrom, Rustenburg, Marabastadt, Lydenburg, Standerton, and Wakkerstrom, all of which held out gallantly until the restoration of peace.

Before advancing from Newcastle, Colley sent an ultimatum to the Boers, ordering them, as insurgents, to disperse. They replied, declaring that all they wanted was the rescinding of the annexation and the restoration of the South African Republic under the Protectorate of the Queen. On the 26th the British force entrenched itself on an elevated position at Mount Prospect, about twenty miles north of Newcastle, in the mountainous region forming the northern projection of Natal. The camp was about a mile right of the road from Newcastle to Standerton, which crossed the ridge known as Lang's Nek—about three and a half miles further northward. In the vicinity of Lang's Nek a considerable number of Boers were seen. On the morning of the 28th, Colley moved out with a strength, all told, of about 1,160 men.

FORMED IN LINE OF BATTLE.

The pass over Lang's Nek crosses the ridge about the centre of a rough semi-circle, on the west of which is the Majuba mountain; on the east is a long spur surmounted by a rocky crest. In front of the proper left of this spur, several hundred yards to the front, is an isolated conical hill. The ground in the bottom of the enclosed basin is low, with a gradual rise towards the face of the spur, something in the nature of a glacis. About nine o'clock the British force, having moved up along a ridge out of shot, formed into position on a rise in the bottom, with the mounted squadron and the 58th on the right, the guns in the centre, and the 60th and naval brigade on the left, the whole facing toward the spur.

The action was begun by shelling parts of the enemy's position, and by pushing forward a company of the 60th and the Naval Brigade, with their rockets, which took some effect on the Boer reserves in rear of the Nek. At ten o'clock the 58th advanced to the attack of the spur, covered on its right by artillery fire and by Brownlow's squadron. The leading troop of mounted men swept with fine dash up the isolated hill, and then charged. The hill-top was held by a Boer piquet of considerable strength.

Brownlow shot the Boer leader with his revolver, but his horse was shot under him; Lieutenant Lermite and Sergeant-Major

Lunny were killed; the supporting troop was checked—the leading troop, fatigued and broken by the charge, and with its leaders all down, could make no head, and the whole squadron gave way. It was no proper ground for cavalry, and the horsemen should have acted as mounted infantry. Meantime, the 58th had begun climbing the steep ascent through the long entangling grass, which retarded the men's progress. The Boer piquet from the hill, having repulsed Brownlow's squadron, moved down and opened fire on the now exposed right flank and rear of the 58th, while the Boers on the spur gathered on its brow and maintained a deadly fire from behind cover.

CHARGED THROUGH A HAIL OF FIRE.

Anxious to get to close quarters out of this purgatory, Colonel Deane gave the order to charge. The officers led nobly, and the men struggled on through the hail of fire. Colonel Deane's horse was shot, but he dashed forward on foot until riddled with bullets ten yards in front of the foremost man. Major Poole and Lieutenants Inman and Elwes were killed in supporting Colonel Deane; Major Hingeston and all the mounted officers of the 58th were shot down or dismounted. The stubborn soldiers of that gallant regiment—youngsters as they were, most of them—continued to hold their ground unflinchingly for some time, notwithstanding the bitter fire.

Lieutenant Baillie, carrying the regimental color, was mortally wounded, and when his comrade Hill went to his assistance, the brave young officer said with his last breath, "Never mind me; save the color!" Hill, who had been carrying the Queen's color, took the other also; when he went down, Sergeant Budstock took both colors, and carried them until the general retirement, which soon had to occur. "The 58th," wrote Colley, "having fallen back leisurely without haste or confusion, reformed at the foot of the slope, and marched back into position in as good order, and with as erect and soldierly a bearing, as when it marched out."

Spite of much British bravery, the combat of Lang's Nek was an unquestionable and severe defeat. But many noble deeds were

performed. Lieutenant Hill (already named) brought wounded man after man out of action, and worthily earned the Victoria Cross. Trooper Doogen saved the life of Major Brownlow; Private Godfrey and Bandboy Martin remained with Major Hingeston and Captain Lovegrove when those officers lay wounded, enduring heavy fire in doing so. The great brunt of the losses fell on the 58th. The casualties altogether amounted to 198, of which 173 belonged to that regiment, which had to bury 75 officers and men out of a total strength of 494. Lang's Nek caused the Boers exceptionally heavy loss. Their total casualties from beginning to end of the war were but 101, of which Lang's Nek accounted for 41—14 killed and 27 wounded. The Boers behaved with humanity. The moment that the "Cease fire" sounded they gave permission to the English surgeons to attend the wounded lying in front of the Boer position, fetched water to them, and assisting in binding up their wounds, rendered all possible relief.

A DISASTROUS REPULSE.

The folly of the forward position prematurely taken up by General Colley with an inadequate force was made apparent by the result of the battle of Lang's Nek. The comparative handful of men in the Mount Prospect camp could no longer be regarded by any stretch of imagination as a "relief column." That repulse taught the Boers their ability to arrest the further advance of the British force, and enabled them to turn their attention to the interception of its line of communication. The Boers, in effect, were masters of the situation. Their patrols penetrated nearly to Ladysmith, and threatened Newcastle from the Drakensberg and Utrecht districts. Convoys were cut off, captured, and destroyed; the mail service was arrested, and except for the telegraph service, which remained uninterfered with, the Mount Prospect camp was all but entirely isolated. An escort of mounted infantry sent out on February 7th to attempt to reach Newcastle with mails, was driven back to the camp by the fire of the Boers.

Colley then determined to make a more formidable effort next day to open up communications with Newcastle, and to clear the

Boers from the road. On the morning of the 8th he left camp with five companies of the 60th Rifles under Colonel Ashburnham, two field and two mountain-guns under Captain Greer, R.A., and a small detachment of mounted men under Major Brownlow. About five miles south of the Mount Prospect position the Newcastle road is crossed by the Ingogo river, which runs from west to east through a valley. The ground north of the river is broken and rugged; from the south bank there is a gentle rise to the foot of a flat-topped ridge strewn with rocks and boulders, and irregularly cut by rocky depressions.

The general, leaving the two mountain-guns and a company of infantry on a commanding crest north of the river, crossed it with the main body, which he formed on the plain beyond, and then moved it forward to the foot of the ridge bounding the valley to the southward. As the troops were ascending the rise to the ridge the Boers showed themselves in considerable strength, and they at once galloped forward to dispute the ridge, and to take advantage of the cover afforded by the intersecting valleys. Greer brought his two guns into action, but the Boers had already taken cover, from which they directed a heavy and active fire on the guns and skirmishers. Greer was killed early, and the command of the guns devolved on Lieutenant Parsons.

HOT ENGAGEMENT AND MANY CASUALTIES.

The engagement became heavy and general about noon, when the companies of the 60th were pushed forward against the enemy, whose fire from behind cover was very deadly. The guns had to be freely exposed, and were in action with case-shot at a range of less than 500 yards. The gunners suffered very heavily, and a company of the 60th, which most gallantly advanced to cover the guns, and met the Boer fire at close range, had many casualties from the steady and accurate fire of enemies enjoying almost perfect cover.

So severe was the fire of the Boers that the guns had soon to be withdrawn from their exposed position, and during the rest of the affair fired only occasionally. It was apparent that the enemy

were being gradually reinforced, and the general sent orders to camp for three companies of the 58th to move out and occupy the ridges north of the river, and for a part, if practicable, to cross the Ingogo in support of the troops already deeply engaged and reduced by severe losses.

About three o'clock there was a comparative lull, although the Boers maintained a very accurate fire, any one on the British side being almost certainly struck if at all exposing himself. Later in the afternoon the Boers received considerable reinforcements, and Lieutenant Parsons, wounded as he was, re-opened with his guns for a short time; but darkness presently set in, and the Boers gradually withdrew to their camp. It was Colley's conviction that the enemy intended renewing the engagement next morning in overwhelming strength, and he acted wisely in deciding to withdraw to camp under cover of darkness. It was a gruesome night. Torrents of rain were falling, and the darkness was intense, except when the lightning flashes broke the blackness of the cold and dismal night, thus adding to the terrors of the conflict.

FIELD STREWN WITH WOUNDED.

The ambulances sent out during the fight had not been able to reach the actual scene of action, since the Boers had threatened to fire on them if they advanced while the engagement was going on. They were not now available in the darkness; and the wounded, whom in many instances it had been impossible to remove from the advanced positions, had to be searched for. Those who were found were collected and sheltered for the night as well as possible with waterproof sheets, blankets, great-coats, etc.; but many lay as they had fallen throughout the long, inclement night. The guns were horsed, although insufficiently, by collecting all the available animals, and by withdrawing the team from the ammunition wagon, which had to be abandoned. When all arrangements had been completed, the force moved off in silence, formed in hollow square, the guns in the centre, the infantry in skirmishing order on the four sides. The river, swollen by the rain, was deep and rapid; and some of the first men trying to cross were swept down, but

found foothold on a sandbank. The main body crossed in detachments with locked arms. The camp was reached about 4 A. M. on the 9th. The soldiers had dragged the guns up the hill, the horses being unable to pull them up the steep and slippery road. The 58th companies spent the night on the northern ridges, and were not withdrawn until the following day.

The total loss of this unfortunate day amounted to 139 officers and men. According to the statement of the Boers, the Ingogo fight cost them eight killed and six wounded. The Boers returned to the scene of action on the morning of the 9th, expecting to renew the engagement. They took away two gun limbers and the ammunition wagon abandoned over night by Colley's people, and then fell back behind Newcastle to join their main force, reported as threatening to prevent the advance of the reinforcements recently arrived from India and now hurrying to the scene of action.

SEVERE AND COSTLY REVERSE.

Their disappearance gave opportunity to succor the wounded and bury the dead without molestation, and opened the road from Mount Prospect to Newcastle, to the hospital at which latter place were promptly sent the wounded from the British camp. The communications in rear of Mount Prospect remained open from this time forward.

Sir George Colley had sustained a second reverse, proportionately more bloody than had been the first. By this time, one would imagine, it might have begun to dawn on the home authorities that Colley, to say the least, was not a successful commander. His experience of actual warfare was but slender: he had served only in the China war of 1860 and in the Ashantee campaign. He was comparatively new to South Africa, and was quite unfamiliar with the Boer nature. Yet the authorities had assigned to him as second in command an officer senior to him in army rank, who had fought with distinction through the Crimean and Indian Mutiny wars, and in the Ashantee and Zululand campaigns, in high and successful commands.

Brigadier-General Sir Evelyn Wood was the only officer in

the latter campaign under whom Boers served and died—served with a loyal devotion, died gallantly under his eye. He knew the strange, simple, yet stubborn nature of the Boers; he was ready to fight with them, and equally ready to argue them out of a folly. Wood and Colley were old and fast friends; Wood was quite content to serve under his junior, and had hurried out to India with a number of “special service” officers.

He reached Durban on February 12th, four days after the In-gogo reverse, Sir G. Colley's account of which was in London on the 10th, and notwithstanding the unwarrantable optimism of its tone, must have been read between the lines in Pall Mall. Then would have been the time to avert further futile waste of brave soldiers by instructing by telegraph Colley and Wood to exchange their relative positions. The arrangement would have been perfectly regular, and Colley was the sort of man who would loyally have accepted the secondary position.

WAITING FOR REINFORCEMENTS.

Picking up on his rapid journey the Indian column from its camp on the Biggarsberg, Wood and it (consisting of the 15th Hussars, the 2d battalion 60th Rifles, and the 92d Highlanders) reached Newcastle on the 17th. Colley met him there, and it was resolved between the two officers that no further advance should be attempted until more reinforcements, now on the way up, should arrive. They parted on the 21st, Colley moving the Indian column up to Mount Prospect without molestation; Wood returning to Pieter Maritzburg to press on the advance of further reinforcements.

Sir George Colley's motive in making the fatal advance on the Majuba mountain-top, whatever it might have been, died with him. His assurance had been given to Wood that no further advance should be attempted pending the arrival of further reinforcements. He had engaged with the Boer Vice-President in negotiations which promised favorable results. A reconnoissance in force to the summit of the mountain could give no more information than a mere patrol could easily ascertain—the position of the Boer en-

campments and an approximate estimate of the force occupying them. A Boer piquet occasionally held the hill-top during the day, and Colley resolved to occupy it by making a night march.

At ten o'clock on the night of February 26th he left the Mount Prospect camp with a force of 22 officers and 627 men—a smaller force than he had employed at Lang's Nek. At the start its composition and order were as follows:—Two companies 58th, the Naval Brigade, three companies 92d, followed by some details; two companies of the 60th moved out later to the piquet post close to the foot of Inquela hill, with instructions to occupy its summit with some detachments. Further on, upon the narrow Nek between the Inquela and the Majuba, Captain Robertson's company of the 92d was dropped as a link, with orders to entrench itself.

CLIMBING THE STEEP MAJUBA.

The Nek traversed, the troops, guided by friendly Kaffirs, had now to undertake in single file the actual climb up the steep and rugged side of the Majuba, whose top is 6,200 feet above sea-level and more than 2,000 feet above the positions of the Boer laagers. From time to time during the tedious and toilsome ascent, a halt was made to enable the men—heavy laden with rations and extra cartridges—to regain their breath. As the troops neared the summit the obstacles increased. The steep grassy slopes were succeeded by great boulders and deep dongas, varied by sharp crags and treacherous loose stones, over and up which the wearied and burdened men had to drag themselves. Near the top the ascent had to be accomplished on hands and knees. Between four and five in the morning of the 27th the force, much exhausted after the heavy toil, and now only about 400 strong, gained the summit.

Like most of the mountains of South Africa, the Majuba is crowned by no peak. Its top is a plateau of saucer-like shape, dipping towards the centre, across which is a rocky reef about breast high. The circumference of the plateau is about 1,200 yards. When the summit was reached it was still dark, and the troops having got mixed during the scramble up, and being weary, lay down where they stood until dawn. With daylight they were

extended round the edge of the plateau, with a small reserve in the central hollow. No instructions were given to entrench, and indeed, the troops had no tools for such a purpose; but the men of their own accord attempted to obtain some cover by throwing up defences of turf and stones.

Here and there the soldiers showed on the sky line, and a few shots were fired, which for the moment caused great consternation in the Boer camps in the lower ground north-west of the Majuba. Seeing that the mountain was in British occupation, the expectation was natural that an attack would presently be made on their positions on the Nek, in which case they would find themselves between two fires. Their first idea, it seems, was of flight. The oxen were inspanned, and hurried preparations were made for retreat. But when it became evident that the troops on the summit were in no great strength and had neither cannon nor rockets, and that their Nek position was unmolested, the courage of the Boers revived. Smijt, the fighting general, made a short, stirring speech, and at his summons a number of the younger men began to climb the mountain side under cover of the stones and scrub.

SHARP FIRING FROM BOER SKIRMISHERS.

Joubert, the commanding general, detailed a force of the older men in support of the storming party—picked shots who remained below watching the edge of the plateau, and firing at every soldier who exposed himself. As the morning passed Boer detachments attacked and hemmed in the British position on the north, the east, and the south-west. The defenders were not in sufficient strength to hold the whole of the edge of the plateau, and detachments had to be moved hither and thither to meet and attempt to thwart the advances of the Boers. Slowly and steadily the hostile skirmishers clambered upwards from cover to cover, while the supports below protected their movement with a steady and accurate fire.

During the hours from dawn to noon our men had not suffered very heavily, notwithstanding the Boer marksmanship. The first officer to fall was Commander Romilly, of the Naval Brigade, while reconnoitring with General Colley. But the long strain of the

Boers' close shooting began to tell on the nerve of the British soldiers, and when the Boers at length reached the crest, and opened a deadly fire at short range, the officers had to exert themselves to the utmost in the effort to avert disaster.

The reserves stationed in the central dip of the plateau, out of reach until then of the enemy's fire, were ordered up in support of the fighting line. Their want of promptitude in obeying this order did not augur well, and soon after reaching the front they wavered and then gave way. The officers did temporarily succeed in rallying them, but the "bolt" had a bad effect.

It was struggled against very gallantly by the officers, who, sword and revolver in hand, encouraged the soldiers by word and by action. A number of men, unable to confront the deadly fire of the Boers, had huddled for cover behind the rocky reef crossing the plateau, and no entreaty or upbraiding on the part of their officers would induce them to face the enemy. What then happened one does not care to tell in detail. Everything connected with this disastrous enterprise went to naught, as if there had been a curse on it. Whatever may have been the object intended, the force employed was absurdly inadequate. Instead of being homogeneous, it consisted of separate detachments with no link or bond of union—a disposition which notoriously has led to more panics than any other cause that the annals of regimental history can furnish.

DRIVEN BACK IN A WILD PANIC.

Fragments of proud and distinguished regiments fresh from victory in another continent shared in the panic of the Majuba, seasoned warriors behaving no better than mere recruits. To the calm-pulsed philosopher a panic is an academic enigma. No man who has seen it—much less shared in it—can ever forget the infectious madness of panic-stricken soldiers.

In the sad ending, with a cry of fright and despair, the remnants of the hapless force turned and fled, regardless of the efforts of the officers to stem the rearward rush. Sir George Colley lay dead, shot through the head just before the final flight. A surgeon and two hospital attendants caring for the wounded at the ban-

daging place in the dip of the plateau were shot down, probably inadvertently. The elder Boers promptly stopped the firing in that direction. But there was no cessation of the fire directed on the fugitives. On them the bullets rained accurately and persistently. The Boers, now disdaining cover, stood boldly on the edge of the plateau, and, firing down upon the scared troops, picked off the men as if shooting game.

The slaughter would have been yet heavier but for the entrenchment which had been made by the company of the 92nd, left overnight on the Nek between the Inquela and the Majuba. Captain Robertson was joined at dawn from camp by a company of the 60th, under Captain Thurlow. Later there arrived at the entrenchment on the Nek a troop of the 15th Hussars, under the command of Captain Sullivan. After midday the sound of the firing on the Majuba rapidly increased, and men were seen running down the hill toward the entrenchment, one of whom brought in the tidings that the Boers had captured the position, that most of the troops were killed or prisoners, and that the general was dead with a bullet through his head, and the rout was complete.

A MURDEROUS FIRE FROM THE BOERS.

Wounded men came presently pouring in, and were attended by Surgeon-Major Cornish. The entrenchment was manned by the two companies, and outposts were thrown out, which were soon driven in by large bodies of mounted Boers, under whose fire men fell fast. Robertson despatched the rifle company down the ravine towards the camp, and a little later followed with the company of the 92nd under a murderous fire from the Boers, who had reached and occupied the entrenchment. The Highlanders lost heavily in the retreat, and Surgeon-Major Cornish was killed.

The surviving fugitives from Majuba and from the entrenchment finally reached camp under cover of the artillery fire from it, which ultimately stopped the pursuit. With the consent of the Boer leaders, a temporary hospital was established at a farm-house near the foot of the mountain, and throughout the cold and wet night the medical staff never ceased to search for and bring in the

wounded. Sir George Colley's body was brought into camp on March 1st, and buried there with full military honors. The other dead of the Majuba fight rest in a cemetery on the plateau of the mountain summit—victims of a strange and almost incredible folly.

Of the 650 officers and men who were in action on this disastrous day 90 were killed, 133 were wounded, 58 were prisoners, and two were missing, the total casualties being 283, the great majority of which occurred in the 92nd, whose losses were 125; in the 58th, with a loss of 93; and in the Naval Brigade, which lost 36—more than half of its strength.

SIGNING TERMS OF PEACE.

Sir Evelyn Wood reached Newcastle on March 4th, and assumed command. On the 6th he met the Boer leaders, when an armistice to last for eight days was agreed upon. The British garrisons in the Transvaal were revictualled for twelve days, pending the raising of their siege on the consummation of peace; and Sir Evelyn Wood acknowledged the right of the Transvaal people to complete self-government, subject to the suzerainty of the Queen. Terms of peace were signed on March 23d; and next day General Sir Frederick Roberts, who had been sent out with large reinforcements to succeed Sir George Colley, reached Cape Town, but learning of peace being signed, immediately sailed home.

The total number of Transvaal Boers capable of carrying arms was under 8000 at the beginning of hostilities. The total British force in South Africa, or on the way thither, at the close of hostilities consisted of thirteen infantry regiments, five cavalry regiments, twenty-two guns, three naval brigades—in all, not far short of 20,000 men. This total was exclusive of the British garrisons besieged in the Transvaal during the war. The Boer casualties throughout the war, as already mentioned, amounted to 43 killed and 58 wounded. The British casualties were over 800 killed and wounded. At Majuba the Boers had one man killed and five men wounded.

CHAPTER XIII.

Dr. Jameson's Famous Raid in the Transvaal.

AMONG the stirring incidents that have marked the progress of events in South Africa was the bold attempt of Dr. Jameson and others to overturn the government of the Transvaal. Jameson, having received an appeal for help from the Outlanders, or foreigners, in Johannesburg, the chief town in the Transvaal, crossed the frontier with a force from Pitsani Pitlogo, December 29, 1895. Colonel Grey and others started from Mafeking with about four hundred men (volunteers) of the British South Africa's troops.

In its issue of the 1st of January, 1896, the *London Times* printed a telegram from Cape Town the text of an appeal for help addressed to the Administrator of Rhodesia by the Outlanders of Johannesburg in the Transvaal, who had been long and fruitlessly agitating for equal rights with the Boer inhabitants of that country. Appended to the message was a laconic announcement that Dr. Jameson, at the head of an armed force and accompanied by artillery, had crossed the frontier on the 29th of December and was hurrying on by forced marches to the "gold reef city." The news fell like a bombshell on the dawning New Year.

The position of affairs in the Transvaal which had given rise to this sensational *coup* had been long discussed in South Africa, but although strong language had been used, the probability of a recourse to armed force had not been anticipated by the general public. It was known, however, that for some years the intolerable grievances of the Outlanders had raised apprehensions in official quarters, and Lord Loch stated that, during his tenure of the High Commissionership, he found it necessary to make military preparations in view of a conflict which then seemed probable. It appears also that the Boer Government itself was quite alive to the dangers of the situation, and it was this fact, coupled with the conviction

that a prolongation of the *status quo* was impossible, which gave rise to the invitation addressed to Dr. Jameson. The situation is, indeed, best described in the language of that document. The chiefs of the Johannesburg Reform Committee wrote:—

“The position of matters in this State has become so critical that we are assured that, at no distant period, there will be a conflict between the Government and the Outlander population. It is scarcely necessary for us to recapitulate what is now matter of history; suffice it to say that the position of thousands of Englishmen and others is rapidly becoming intolerable. Not satisfied with making the Outlander population pay virtually the whole of the revenue of the country, while denying them representation, the policy of the Government has been to encroach upon the liberty of the subject, and to undermine the security for property to such an extent as to cause a very deep-seated sense of discontent.

STRONG INDICTMENT AGAINST THE BOERS.

“A foreign corporation of Hollanders is to a considerable extent controlling our destinies, and, in conjunction with the Boer leaders, endeavoring to cast them in a mould which is wholly foreign to the genius of the people. Every public act betrays the most positive hostility, not only to everything English, but to the neighboring States. What we have to consider is, what will be the condition of things here in the event of conflict? Thousands of unarmed men, women and children of our race will be at the mercy of well-armed Boers, while property of enormous value will be in the greatest peril.

“We cannot contemplate the future without the gravest apprehensions. All feel that we are justified in taking any steps to prevent the shedding of blood, and to insure the protection of our rights. It is under these circumstances that we feel constrained to call upon you to come to our aid should a disturbance arise here. The circumstances are so extreme that we cannot but believe that you, and the men under you, will not fail to come to the rescue of people who will be so situated. We guarantee any expense that may reasonably be incurred by you in helping us, and ask you to believe that nothing but the sternest necessity has prompted this appeal.”

Some mystery still attaches to the date of this letter, and the circumstances under which the invitation it contained was to become operative. From the correspondence which has been published, it seems, however, that the reason it was acted upon towards the end of December, 1895, was not that the contemplated crisis had arisen in Johannesburg, but that the preparations for the invasion were complete, and it was impossible to delay action any longer without provoking suspicion. It is, indeed, questionable whether suspicion had not already been excited.

On the side of Dr. Jameson, troops had been concentrated on the frontier at Mafeking; while, on the side of the Rand Reform Committee, arms had been secretly imported into Johannesburg, and stores had been established and stocked at various points along the route which the invading force was likely to take. The Transvaal Government were probably not unaware of the steps which had been taken. Subsequent events, indeed, tend to show that they were both aware of them, and prepared to counteract them.

GOOD REASON FOR ASSEMBLING TROOPS.

So far, however, as the assembly of Jameson's force on the frontier was concerned there was apparently no reason for apprehension. As it afterwards transpired this concentration was perfectly legitimate, and neither the Home Government nor the Junta at Pretoria had any reason to question the ostensible legitimacy of its designs. The object was to superintend the extension of the Vryburg-Mafeking Railway along the western frontier of the Transvaal to Gaberones, a hundred miles further north. In a Blue Book published in the course of the year appears a letter on the subject from the British South Africa Company to the Colonial Office, explaining that this scheme rendered the presence of an armed force at Mafeking necessary, and asking that the High Commissioner might be authorized to concert measures with Mr. Rhodes for the supply of "adequate police protection" during the progress of the railway works.

In this way Dr. Jameson found himself at Mafeking at the head of a considerable body of Bechuanaland police towards the

end of December, 1895, awaiting the signal to ride to the rescue of the Outlanders. The signal, so far as it was other than the letter of invitation, did not come, and Dr. Jameson seems to have decided to act without it.

Four days after Christmas the men were ordered to muster in marching order, and in the afternoon were formed into hollow squares and addressed by Dr. Jameson, who also read out the letter received from the Johannesburgers. Before Dr. Jameson could ask if they were willing to go, the entire force spontaneously sang "God Save the Queen" and "Rule Britannia." Jameson then, according to one account, added words to the following effect: "When you get into Johannesburg, should you wish for more help no doubt there are other English hearts such as the Cape Mounted Rifles and the Natal Mounted Police, who would only be too pleased to help you in such a cause." This closed Jameson's appeal.

INVADING FORCE ON THE MARCH.

Sir John Willoughby stepped forward and said that he was pleased to be in command of such a trustworthy and willing force, especially in such a matter. A little before sundown on the same day the force started for the border. It consisted of Sir John Willoughby (in command), Colonel White, thirty officers, and 380 rank and file, divided into four troops, numbered from A to D, each with an inspector and two sub-inspectors, and an artillery troop with one inspector and one sub-inspector, all in light marching order, carrying only a cavalry cloak or mackintosh strapped to the saddle and a towel and small hold-all in the wallets. They rode all night, halting only for an interval of an hour about 10 P. M. to fodder horses and for about ten minutes every two hours till they arrived at Malmani, a small village about forty miles from the border.

Here they were met by "G" and "K" troops, lately transferred from the Bechuanaland Border Police, who started from Mafeking 120 strong, including officers. The men of these troops did not know where they were going till after they had crossed the border, when a copy of the Johannesburgers' letter was read to them. The telegraph wires were cut at Malmani, and the force

halted about seven miles beyond that place for breakfast on Monday morning, the 30th.

The news of the invasion caused the profoundest sensation in England, while all over the Continent of Europe, which for months past had been given up to a gamble in Transvaal gold mines, the raid was denounced as an attempt by Great Britain to grab the new El Dorado. The British Colonial Office seems to have been taken completely by surprise. Mr. Chamberlain, Foreign Secretary, was at Birmingham when the news arrived, but he at once took steps to endeavor to stop the expedition. Returning instantly to London, he put himself into telegraphic communication with Sir Hercules Robinson, the High Commissioner at the Cape, and messengers were sent to overtake and recall Jameson.

REPUDIATED BY THE HOME GOVERNMENT.

These efforts were unavailing. A proclamation was then issued repudiating Dr. Jameson's act, and calling on all British subjects to hold aloof from it. On January 2d Mr. Chamberlain received the following telegram from Sir Hercules Robinson:

"Newton telegraphed that his messengers overtook Jameson ten miles beyond the other side of the Eland River. Brought back verbal messages that despatches had been received and would be attended to. Force was saddling up when messengers arrived, and at once proceeded eastwards. Jameson has thus received both my messages, and has disregarded them. De Wit telegraphs this morning that it would have been impossible for him to have gone to Jameson, and if it had been possible his mission would have proved futile, as fighting commenced at four o'clock yesterday. He had been unable to obtain particulars from Joubert (commander of the Boers) last night, and he has heard nothing beyond rumor this morning."

Similar efforts to stop the invasion seem to have been made by the Chartered Company, by Mr. Rhodes, and by the Reform Committee at Johannesburg. Owing, however, to the scantiness of the supplies carried by the force and available on its route a return seems to have been impossible. Meanwhile the Boers were sum-

moned to arms by General Joubert, and preparations were made to give the invaders a warm reception. In Johannesburg everybody seems to have been taken by surprise. The Reform Committee were unprepared for a rising. The arms at their disposal were comparatively few, and the population generally had not been taken into their confidence.

None the less it became necessary to act. Accordingly the Boer authorities were expelled from the town. A provisional government was formed under the Transvaal flag, and companies of insurgents were organized and armed. At this juncture President Kruger astutely employed his diplomacy to prevent the invaders and the rebels from acting in unison. Sending for the leaders, of the Reform Committee, he promised to consider their grievances, and arranged an armistice with them. Not knowing where Jameson was, and being further exercised in their minds by the Proclamation of the High Commissioner, the Outlanders remained quiescent, and consequently all the military resources of the Republic became available for the resistance of the invading force.

REPULSED BY THE STURDY BOERS.

On the morning of the New Year Dr. Jameson came in touch with the Boers in the neighborhood of Krugersdorp, a mining village within a short ride of Johannesburg, and connected with the town by railway. The fighting which followed is thus described by a member of the force:

"We mounted a very steep rocky hill in skirmishing order in a terrible thunderstorm, the Boers having entrenched themselves on an opposite and strongly fortified hill. We put several shells into their fortifications, but were unable to dislodge the Boers. The order was then given for the skirmishers to charge, but there seems to have been some misunderstanding, as only twenty-five men charged, about fifty going round to the left and trying to take the Boers in the flank. It was during this movement that we saw how strong the Boer position was, for a very heavy fire was immediately poured on both parties. The attack proving fruitless, the column was ordered to make a detour to the right, which we suc-

ceeded in doing, but we were so hemmed in by the Boers that it was decided to rest for the night, hoping for assistance from Johannesburg in the morning.

"The camp was formed in a rough hexagonal square, horses and ammunition wagons inside, the men lying outside shoulder to shoulder, with a Maxim pointing out from each corner. We were twice attacked before this was completed, and again at about 9 P.M., but repulsed the enemy each time without loss on our side. During the night we were told we were to make a rush for Johannesburg in the early morning, but we were attacked just before dawn, and again on our attempting to form in battle line, losing three men killed and four or five wounded. We managed to get away at about 5 A.M., and, making a long detour to the right, rode at a fast canter towards Johannesburg, followed by the Boers, who continually harassed our rear, inflicting all the injury they could.

THE WHITE FLAG WAS HOISTED.

"After three hours of this running fighting we were brought to a halt at Doornkop, where we perceived a strong force opposed to us. We succeeded in taking one bluff, but the second was too strongly held, and had, moreover, a splendid natural fortification of rocks. We fought on, however, till ten o'clock, when, on receipt of a command from the English Government to return to the border, Dr. Jameson ordered the white flag to be hoisted. The horses were all dead beat and our 7-pounder ammunition had given out, but I think we could have gone on fighting for some time if necessary.

"At first when the flag was hoisted we could not believe that it meant our surrender, and thought that it must be only temporary for the purpose of recovering our wounded; but after it was known, and we were collected by the farmhouse, I constantly heard men say that they had not the faintest notion that we were getting the worst of it."

It would be idle to deny that the news of this disaster was received with the deepest regret throughout England. The illegality and rashness of the raid were generally admitted, but the oppressive treatment of the Outlanders had won much sympathy

for their cause. This sympathy became concentrated on Dr. Jameson and his followers when it became evident that his defeat was largely due to the failure of the Johannesburgers to fly to his aid. The British Government, however, pursued a strictly correct attitude. Mr. Chamberlain acted with energy, and, while repudiating the proceedings of Dr. Jameson, exerted himself, in consonance with the sentiment of the country, to procure a merciful treatment for the prisoners. If any disingenuousness was shown in the subsequent negotiations with President Kruger it was not on the side of the British Government.

The High Commissioner for South Africa, Sir Hercules Robinson, was sent to Pretoria to discuss the crisis with the Transvaal Government and to obtain a solution which should be satisfactory to all parties. President Kruger declined to negotiate until Johannesburg had surrendered, and proceeded to take steps for an assault on the town. Sir Hercules Robinson having represented to the insurgents that their action was jeopardizing the lives of Dr. Jameson and his followers, they consented to lay down their arms and the leading members of the National Reform Committee were arrested. The High Commissioner then opened up negotiations for the transfer of Dr. Jameson and his force to the British authorities, and for securing a measure of redress of the legitimate grievances of the Outlanders. On the latter subject he failed to obtain any concession from President Kruger, but the transfer of the raiders was granted on condition that they should be tried in England for their offence, and brought to speedy justice.

KRUGER SHOWS A MAGNANIMOUS SPIRIT.

President Kruger's magnanimity in thus sparing the lives of the "filibusters," as he called them, was highly extolled both in England and South Africa, and the Queen addressed a message to him expressing her satisfaction at his decision. It afterwards transpired, however, that the praises lavished on the Transvaal President were not altogether deserved, since Dr. Jameson had not surrendered unconditionally at Doornkop, but in pursuance of a written undertaking given by the Boer commandant to spare the lives of himself

and his followers. This fact had been kept secret from the British authorities.

After the release of Dr. Jameson, Mr. Chamberlain made an effort to secure concessions for the Outlanders, and addressed an elaborate memorandum to the Boer Government inviting Mr. Kruger to England and suggesting a scheme of Home Rule for the Rand. At first Mr. Kruger was disposed to accept the invitation, but when he found that the British Government declined to discuss a revision of the clause of the London Convention by which the Transvaal was prevented from making treaties with foreign governments, he refused the invitation and the negotiations were suspended.

BROUGHT TO TRIAL IN ENGLAND.

Dr. Jameson and his followers were brought to England, and the chief members of the force were tried in London, almost concurrently with the trial of the Reform leaders at Pretoria. After a preliminary examination at Bow street, they were committed to take their trial for various infractions of the Foreign Enlistment Act. The trial was at Bar in the Queen's Bench Division, before the Lord Chief Justice, Mr. Baron Pollock and Mr. Justice Hawkins. For the defence, various objections were taken to the indictment on technical grounds, but these were overruled, and ultimately the prisoners were all found guilty, Dr. Jameson was sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment, Sir John Willoughby to ten months, Major Robert White to seven months, and Colonel Grey, Colonel Henry White, and Major Coventry to five months. In each case the imprisonment was without hard labor, and the Home Secretary directed that the prisoners should be treated as first-class misdemeanants. Dr. Jameson and Major Coventry were afterward released on the ground of ill-health.

The Rand reformers had a rather more exciting experience. After a lengthy preliminary investigation they were all committed for trial, and a special tribunal, presided over by a judge imported from the Orange Free State, was constituted to try them. The proceedings, however, were cut short by a plea of guilty entered by all the prisoners, the chiefs, Messrs. Phillips, Farrar, and Ham-

mond, and Colonel Rhodes admitting the charge of high treason, and the others the minor offence of *lese majeste*. The ringleaders were then sentenced to death, and the remaining sixty prisoners to two years' imprisonment, a fine of \$10,000 each, and banishment for three years.

The severity of these sentences caused great indignation in England and the colony, and even the Boers themselves petitioned for their mitigation. The Transvaal Executive, however, took time to reconsider them, and meanwhile the prisoners were huddled together in an insanitary prison totally unfitted for their accommodation. One of them, Mr. Grey, committed suicide during this period of suspense. Towards the end of May the decision of the Government was made known. All the sentences were commuted to a fine, the four leading prisoners being mulcted in \$100,000 each and the rank and file in \$10,000. A promise to abstain from participation in politics was exacted from all of them. Colonel Rhodes alone refused to give the promise, and was consequently banished.

CHIEF CONSPIRATORS ESCAPED.

By this time the strong feelings which had been evoked by the raid, both on the part of those who were inclined to defend it and those who most violently denounced it, had subsided, and the conviction became prevalent that, while much necessary justice had been dispensed, the prime movers in the conspiracy had so far escaped. From the beginning considerable suspicion had attached to Mr. Rhodes, the Premier of Cape Colony and chairman of the Chartered Company. The Chartered Company itself was also thought to have been implicated. On the first news of the failure of Dr. Jameson's invasion, Mr. Rhodes had tendered his resignation of the Colonial Premiership to the High Commissioner, and on the return of that official from his mission to Pretoria it was accepted.

Throughout the crisis Mr. Rhodes had preserved a singular reticence. When asked what he knew about the invasion, he contented himself with saying that "Jameson had taken the bit between his teeth and bolted." After his resignation he came to

England, and had an interview with Mr. Chamberlain, but what occurred between the two statesmen has not transpired. Almost immediately afterwards he left again for South Africa, landing at Beira, and proceeding by the eastern route to Matabeleland, where a native insurrection had broken out. The curiosity of the public to know more about the secret springs of the raid was intensified by the publication by the Transvaal Government of a number of documents and deciphered telegrams by which Mr. Rhodes and his colleagues seemed to be compromised.

Demands for an inquiry were made in both the Home and Colonial Parliaments, and the latter appointed a Select Committee. This committee published further documents and telegrams, and found that Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Beit, another director of the Chartered Company, were privy to Dr. Jameson's proceedings, and that the chief officers of the company in Cape Town were active promoters of the raid. The London Board, however, were not implicated, and Mr. Rhodes paid all the expenses incurred by the Cape officials in connection with Dr. Jameson's invasion. Subsequently the British House of Commons resolved on a further inquiry, and in August a Select Committee was appointed, not only to investigate the circumstances of the Jameson raid, but also to inquire into the administration of the Chartered Company.

MANY DISASTERS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The invasion of the Transvaal was but the beginning of a whole series of disasters in South Africa. A few days after the battle of Doornkop, while the attitude of the Outlanders was still in doubt, a mail train laden with refugees from the insurgent city, and bound for Natal, was wrecked *en route*, and over thirty of the passengers killed. A few weeks later a terrible catastrophe took place at Johannesburg itself. Some fifteen tons of dynamite exploded in the suburb of Vredendorp, laying waste the whole district and involving the loss of many lives.

The public had scarcely recovered from these shocks when bad news was received from Matabeleland. Taking advantage of the absence of Dr. Jameson and the Charter Company's police, and

encouraged by the news of the disaster which had befallen them, a portion of the Matabele native police had broken out into revolt, and had massacred a number of whites, including Mr. Bently, the Native Commissioner. Favored by the discontent which had been caused by an outbreak of rinderpest—itsself a serious visitation—the rebellion rapidly spread, and even the usually timid Mashonas took to the war path. Energetic measures were resolved upon by the authorities, but owing to the great distance of the chief centres of the revolt from the termini of the railways the rapid dispatch of assistance to the colonists was difficult.

Mr. Rhodes, arriving in Mashonaland from Beira, organized a force, with which he marched to the relief of Bulawayo and Gwelo, then completely invested by the insurgents. He had to fight his way through the ill-omened Shangani district, and his progress was consequently slow. Meanwhile troops were hurried up from the south, and Sir Frederick Carrington was appointed to command the forces. At the same time Earl Grey succeeded Dr. Jameson as Administrator at Bulawayo, and the military forces of the Chartered Company were transferred to the control of Sir Richard Martin, who was appointed Deputy High Commissioner in Rhodesia.

STRONG NATURAL DEFENSES.

In the middle of May Mr. Rhodes succeeded in relieving Gwelo, and in effecting a juncture with a column sent out to meet him from Bulawayo. A few days later Bulawayo was also relieved, and the rebels, who had meanwhile proclaimed Nyamanda, a son of Lobengula, King of the Matabele, concentrated their forces on the Matoppo Hills. In these fastnesses they proved safe from all but the most reckless attacks, and after several attempts to storm their kopjes and caves, in which many lives were lost, General Carrington resolved to invest the hills with a chain of forts. In August Colonel Plumer fought a decisive engagement with the combined forces of the chiefs Secombo and Umlugula. This broke the back of the rebellion, and overtures for peace were made by the rebel commanders.

It was still, however, very unsafe to enter the Matoppo Hills,

where the negotiations were to take place, and the British commander hesitated to accept the invitation of the Matabele. Ultimately Mr. Rhodes volunteered to open negotiations himself, and, with three attendants, all unarmed, he gallantly proceeded to the meeting-place. Throughout the campaign Mr. Rhodes had distinguished himself by his coolness and activity. Although forced by the clamor at home to resign his position as chairman of the Chartered Company, he continued to exercise a predominant influence in the colony. His personal *prestige* and his assurance that whatever occurred he would remain in Rhodesia, and watch the development of the country, alone prevented the settlers from leaving the country under the storm of disasters by which they were beset.

GERMANY LOOKING WITH EAGER EYES.

Among the natives, too, his name and personality proved more powerful than that of any other Englishman. His valuable services were fitly crowned by the courage with which he entered the rebel stronghold in order to negotiate the terms of peace. Met by a large force of rebels in arms, he dictated to them the terms of surrender. The chiefs at once made their submission, and a few days later their arms were laid down, and peace was proclaimed. A scheme of administration by which the natives were to be retained was drafted. Having successfully grappled with these serious questions, Mr. Rhodes left Bulawayo for a time, to meet in London the charges made against him in connection with the Jameson raid. He traveled *via* Cape Town, where he was received with immense enthusiasm.

Ever since the London Convention gave back its independence to the Transvaal, the Germans have cast longing eyes in the direction of that country. Berlin paid effusive court to Pretoria, and one of the chief objects of the establishment of a German colony in South-west Africa was to creep towards the western frontier of the Transvaal, and thus shut out British expansion northwards. This scheme was defeated by the vigilance and public spirit of Mr. Rhodes, who, in the nick of time, despatched his pioneers to Mashonaland, painted the map red as far as the Zambesi, and estab-

lished communications with Nyassaland, to the north of that river. It seems that when first President Kruger suspected the real nature of the Outlander agitation he turned for assistance to Berlin.

England's relations with the Transvaal, which were so seriously disturbed by the Jameson Raid, remained more or less strained throughout the year 1897. In March, the Transvaal entered into a defensive alliance with the Orange Free State, the object being to oppose a strong Dutch front to possible British encroachments. A long correspondence took place between the Colonial Office and the Transvaal Government in reference to certain legislation directed against aliens, and other acts of the South African Republic, which were alleged to be contrary to the spirit and letter of the London Convention.

THE SITUATION GROWING WORSE.

The great expenditure on armaments incurred by the Transvaal, the complaints of two of the Reform leaders still remaining in prison at Pretoria, the publication of the official correspondence relating to the Vaal Drifts affair of 1895, when war with the South African Republic was threatened, the insulting references to the Queen made by a nephew of President Kruger at a public meeting, the President's persistent refusal to admit that a British suzerainty was implied by the London Convention, and the exorbitant claim put forward by the Republic for compensation for the Jameson Raid, all helped to aggravate the situation. Towards the middle of the year, however, a better spirit began to prevail. The obnoxious legislation in the Transvaal was withdrawn, and President Kruger contributed still further to allay the prevailing irritation by his graceful conduct in liberating the remaining Reform prisoners on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee.

It is impossible, however, to pretend that relations of perfect amity and mutual confidence were restored. Apart from minor sources of irritation, the Transvaal Government was far from satisfied with the result of the Select Committee appointed by the House of Commons to inquire into the origin and circumstances of

the Jameson Raid, and the administration of the British South Africa Company. It had hoped that the work of this Committee would have led the Imperial Government to prosecute Mr. Cecil Rhodes for his share in the organization of the Raid, and to withdraw the charter of the British South Africa Company. Neither of these steps was taken.

The Committee, which was an exceptionally strong one, and was presided over by Mr. Jackson, held thirty-one sittings between February 16th and July 6th. It examined many witnesses, but elicited few new facts. Mr. Rhodes, who, on his way from Rhodesia to London, was the object of many remarkable demonstrations of confidence on the part of British Afrikanders, both Dutch and English, was examined and cross-examined at length by the Committee, and frankly avowed that he had supported and financed the Raid. He strongly defended his conduct; and his exposition of the difficulties under which the Outlander in the Transvaal labored, the maladministration of the Pretoria Junta, and the enmity of the Republic towards England excited considerable sympathy on his behalf, and served to explain the situation.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN STRONGLY SUSPECTED.

Much of the evidence adduced before the Committee turned upon certain suggestions, by no means obscure, to the effect that Mr. Chamberlain had some foreknowledge of the Raid, if he was not actually an accessory to it. The non-production of a batch of telegrams believed to refer to this matter and for which the Committee did not press, gave rise to some adverse comment. The whole Committee, however, were unanimous in characterizing the suggestions as absolutely unfounded.

For the rest the Committee in their report severely censured Mr. Rhodes for the part he had played in connection with the Raid, and placed on record "an absolute and unqualified condemnation of the Raid and of the plans which made it possible." With regard to the alleged maladministration of the Chartered Company the Committee confined itself to publishing a report received from Sir Richard Martin, Deputy Commissioner for Rhodesia, in which

various charges were made against the Company. These charges were subsequently rebutted by the directors in an elaborate defence. Towards the end of July, Lord Salisbury announced in the House of Lords that it was not intended to withdraw the Company's Charter.

Immediately after his examination by the Select Committee, Mr. Rhodes left London to return to Rhodesia, where he had resolved to devote himself to watching over the progress and development of the colony. Arriving in South Africa he was again received with demonstrations of welcome, and it was clear that he still had a large following in the country. He proceeded to Bulawayo, and thence to his residence near Umtali. Although from this moment little was seen or heard of him, his restless energy was made manifest by the spirit and rapidity with which the railway to Bulawayo was pushed forward. This great work, which is almost entirely due to him, was happily completed towards the end of the year, and was formally opened by the High Commissioner amid great rejoicings throughout South Africa on November 5th.

PROJECT FOR GREAT AFRICAN RAILWAY.

Mr. Rhodes, who was recovering from an attack of fever, was not present at the festivities, but the most enthusiastic appreciation of his labors was testified by all the speakers, not excluding the official representatives of the Imperial Government. In reply to a telegram of congratulation from the residents of Bulawayo he declared that he should not rest satisfied until the railway had been further extended to the Zambesi. A further illustration of his inexhaustible energy was afforded during the year by the progress made by his trans-continental telegraph scheme, the wires having already been carried beyond the Zambesi.

Following the surrender of Dr. Jameson and his party who had invaded the Transvaal, they were handed over to the British Government for trial of offenses under the foreign enlistment act, and arrived in London in February, 1896. After a preliminary examination the officers were put on trial before Lord Chief Justice Russell. Eminent counsel appeared in their behalf, but they were

found guilty. Public opinion was to some extent divided, just as it was when war actually broke out between the English and the Boers, after all attempts to settle the contention by diplomacy had failed. Much excitement was caused throughout Great Britain by this trial; for the time being the public mind was fully occupied with it, and doubtless more so from the fact that the wisest statesmen looked upon it as only the beginning of troubles in the Transvaal that would result finally in war.

THE GUILTY RECEIVE SENTENCE.

An appeal for a new trial was declined by the defendants, and sentences were pronounced of imprisonment without hard labor. Dr. Jameson, who was the chief conspirator in the attempt to overthrow the Transvaal Government, was sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment, but on account of illness was released in the following December. Other officers received various sentences, and some of these were cut short by pardons secured under various pretences.

Meanwhile the Reform Committee of Johannesburg, who were in league with Dr. Jameson and his party, were tried and convicted. Some of them were sentenced to death and others to imprisonment and heavy fines. The Transvaal Government, however, dealt leniently with the offenders upon representations from the British Government, and on the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee in June, 1897, the chief conspirators were liberated.

CHAPTER XIV.

Cause for War Many Years Old.

THE dispute between Great Britain and the Transvaal, or, to use its correct legal designation, the South African Republic, is most unfortunate, especially for the latter country. It has the area of New York and Pennsylvania put together. It has a colored population, still in a state of barbarism, equal to that of Alabama. It has a white population of only a little over a quarter of a million, and to one-half of this white population, which is English, all political rights are denied by the Dutch colonists.

To put it differently, if we imagine the white population of Rhode Island and the negro population of Alabama, spread out over an area about equal to that of Colorado, and the entire political power vested in one-half of the white population, the political situation out of which come the causes of the war of the Transvaal, will be clearly grasped.

The removal of their political disabilities was the first ostensible cause of Great Britain's action. The real underlying cause of dispute, however, is the supremacy of the English-speaking race in the colonial conquest of the world. The English Government found in the political and civil disabilities of English-speaking men the occasion for dissatisfaction. The cause lay in the final fact that as long as Boers in the Orange Free State and the South African Republic treated white men of English birth as they did, the paramount supremacy of Great Britain in South Africa was in peril. An irrepressible conflict inevitably existed between the master claim of Great Britain and the actual condition of British subjects in the Transvaal. After fifty years of ebb and flow war has come to settle the fate of South Africa, and with it of the continent itself.

It was not to be expected that the thousands of foreigners who had been drawn to the Transvaal would rest satisfied under a system whereby they were heavily taxed without any representation.

For this anomalous condition of affairs no one can be held directly responsible. It is the result of the history of the nineteenth century. The beginning of the century found what is now Cape Colony inhabited by a population of mixed Dutch and Huguenot ancestry, drawn from the best and most adventurous blood of both stocks, who had reduced the docile black population to slavery, and were leading a simple agricultural and deeply religious life with the virtues and the limitations of the patriarchal era. This population, by treaty with Holland at Vienna in 1815, was transferred to the sovereignty of Great Britain. It found itself governed by an alien administration, its law enacted and administered in English, and its property rights over its negro labor suddenly altered.

Under these two grievances, a foreign rule and interference with slavery, a large body of Dutch farmers in 1836 crossed the Orange River and organized the Orange Free State. In 1854 the absolute independence of this State was recognized by Great Britain, and there has since been no serious conflict between the two powers. In the negotiations which preceded this recognition the position of Great Britain was that the Dutch emigrants were subjects of Great Britain when they started, that they remained so after reaching their own home, and that their independence was not completed until it had been recognized and ratified by Great Britain.

CLAIMED INDEPENDENCE.

The Dutch farmers themselves claimed that when they crossed the Orange River it was the recognized boundary of English administration; that they entered on territory which owed no European allegiance, and in which they had the same right which any independent body of men would have to organize their own government and create their own institutions. They held that when the British Orders in Council of January 30, 1854, "declared the abandonment and renunciation of the dominion and sovereignty of Great Britain over the Orange River territory on and after August 1," it was only the recognition of a condition of affairs which had been reached independent of Great Britain.

This principle and precedent has its importance in the present case because the entire position in the Transvaal from the standpoint of international law hinges upon the issue whether when Great Britain made the Orange River the boundary of its administration, it left this territory free for any colonization or subject to its own sovereignty, whenever it chose to again exercise it.

If the English contention is true, the Dutch trekkers remained subjects of Great Britain and found themselves on the soil of Great Britain. On the Boer contention, they passed out of the jurisdiction of Great Britain, renouncing its sovereignty and gained a new allegiance. This is an act which could not be taken by an English citizen under English law, and the step as taken by a body of men organized for a given purpose, raises exactly the same type of issue as was debated in this country at the opening of the Revolution, as to the precise character of allegiance which had been transferred by Great Britain's colonists in seeking this country.

CANNOT RENOUNCE ONE'S COUNTRY.

The general precedents of the international law are that no body of men under a civilized sovereignty can divest themselves of the sovereignty to which they owe allegiance by occupying new territory, because new territory can be taken up only by an existing sovereignty, not by a body of men endeavoring to create a new sovereignty for this purpose. Such an act by public law is filibustering. The general current of law is, therefore, against the Boer contention, though their case offers differences from all other modern colonization, because most colonies have wished to preserve and gain the protection of the old sovereignty, while the purpose of the Boer emigration was to escape it.

The first Boer trek which formed the Orange Free State succeeded without serious difficulty in establishing itself in the territory which they had sought. The next emigration, of which President Kruger is one of the last surviving members, passed into a territory more thickly settled and better organized under Zulu chiefs. The fight was, therefore, bitter, long continued and nearly ended in the destruction of the colony. Of the twenty-four members of the

Transvaal Raad, in 1897, seventeen men carried bullet wounds won in savage warfare, while wresting the Transvaal from its negro owners and cultivators.

In 1852 this same issue occurred with the Transvaal which had previously occurred with the Orange Free State. Unlike the latter this second body of colonists had not as yet succeeded in subduing the native tribes by which it was surrounded, and it still led a precarious existence. It was, however, at a long distance from Cape Colony. The British Government had no desire to assume responsibilities which would involve the military defense of the territory. Instead, therefore, as with the Orange Free State, of first claiming sovereignty and later renouncing it, the first action taken with the Transvaal was without any special assertion on either side in regard to the matter.

REGARDED AS BRITISH SUBJECTS.

The Boer farmers undoubtedly looked upon the Transvaal as already an independent power. The British ministers as undoubtedly considered its white inhabitants British subjects, who had not lost this character by transfer to new territory. The following convention, known as the Sand River convention, January 17, 1852, gave the Transvaal its first status.

The assistant commissioners guarantee in the fullest manner, on the part of the British Government, to the emigrant farmers beyond the Vaal River, the right to manage their own affairs, and to govern themselves, without any interference on the part of her Majesty the Queen's Government, and that no encroachment shall be made by the said Government on the territory beyond the north of the Vaal River, with the further assurance that the warmest wish of the British Government is to promote peace, free trade and friendly intercourse with the emigrant farmers now inhabiting, or who hereafter may inhabit that country, it being understood this system of non-interference is binding upon both parties. Her Majesty's assistant commissioners hereby disclaim all alliances whatever, and with whomsoever of the colored nations north of the Vaal River.

Under this agreement the Dutch farmers of the Transvaal continued to carry on their own government. 1858 their government assumed the style and title of the South African Republic. Two treaties were made with Portugal in 1869 and 1875, delimiting their boundary, in which Great Britain was formally termed suzerain of the Transvaal State, but in this delimitation Great Britain took no share in the organization in regard to a boundary which was treated in this organization, not as a boundary of Great Britain, but of a State under suzerainty, and in other respects independent.

This definite position might have remained unchanged but for the two successive circumstances which modified the internal condition of the Boers, surrounded by native tribes, maintaining their supremacy with difficulty over a native population, cut off from civilization, without education, and without an outlet for their products during twenty years. From 1858 to 1877 the condition of the Boers by no means improved.

PERPETUAL WARS WITH NATIVES.

There were at one time four separate republics claiming rule over the region; perpetual native wars rendered life and travel unsafe, and such English settlers as came in found themselves without protection. Without these latter the Boers would probably in the end, as their numbers increased, have maintained their supremacy, but the presence and desire of the English settlers added to the imperial political policy of Disraeli's administration, together with the internal weakness of the Boers and the failure to preserve internal peace, order and protection on an efficient level, led, in 1877, to a declaration by British commissioners that "the South African Republic was from that date British territory," and in 1879 orders patent were issued organizing the region as a territory.

A Boer rising followed, and the next step deciding the status of the Transvaal was taken after successive English defeats ending at Majuba Hill, in the convention of 1881, in which Kruger and the other representatives of the Transvaal burghers declared "that they do hereby agree to all the above conditions, reservations and

limitations under which self-government has been restored to the inhabitants of the Transvaal territory, subject to the suzerainty of Her Majesty, her heirs and her successors."

While the original extension of imperial authority over the Transvaal had taken place under Lord Beaconsfield's government, this convention was negotiated by Mr. Gladstone's government, in which Great Britain reserved the right to move troops through the Transvaal to have a resident, to guarantee native liberty and freedom from slavery, and the Transvaal Government agreed to give "all persons, other than natives, the usual liberties given to aliens." Owing to the different ministries under which these successive steps were taken, when this and the following convention came up for debate, the members of the Liberal ministry were interested in asserting that the retention of suzerainty under one, and the veto treaties in the other, gave Great Britain supremacy in South Africa.

THE POINT OF DISAGREEMENT.

On the other hand, the Conservative ministry was interested in minimizing the control reserved by Great Britain. Lately these conditions have been reversed. The Conservative ministry in Boer negotiations has been anxious to magnify the rights retained under the conventions, and the Liberals who opposed this policy have been engaged in minimizing the rights which were reserved under their negotiations.

It is, therefore, possible to quote detached portions from the speeches of either at different times and places which will express in the most unreserved language either the assertion of the sovereignty of Great Britain over the Transvaal, or the declaration that this sovereignty was reduced to a mere shadow by the terms accepted by the Liberal ministry in 1881 and 1884.

In 1884 the entire subject of British relations was re-opened, and a new convention was negotiated by Lord Derby, in negotiations which began with the request of the Transvaal to be relieved of the suzerainty which the previous convention recognized, and under which the relations of the two countries had been continued for nearly thirty years. The conditions of the relations of the two

countries remained unchanged so far as the internal affairs of the Transvaal were concerned. With reference to the foreign relations of the South African Republic, the following article was adopted :

“ Article IV.—The South-African Republic will conclude no treaty or engagement with any State or nation other than the Orange Free State, nor with any native tribe to the eastward or westward of the republic, until the same has been approved by Her Majesty the Queen.

“ Such approval shall be considered to have been granted if Her Majesty’s Government shall not, within six months after receiving a copy of such treaty (which shall be delivered to them immediately upon its completion), have notified that the conclusion of such treaty is in conflict with the interests of Great Britain or any of Her Majesty’s possessions in South Africa.”

AUTHORITY NEVER GIVEN UP.

In adopting this article, and the convention of which it was a part, Great Britain made no formal renunciation of suzerainty, and the Transvaal no formal declaration of independence. Both were content to leave unaltered the original issue, which turns upon the conflicting interpretation of the relations of the two parties, the English Government claiming that all the rights of the Transvaal were the grants of the Crown to its subject, and the Transvaal Government that it had possessed independence from the start, but had submitted to a limitation upon its free rights with reference to treaties, though not with reference to negotiations or agreements which did not take the form of formal treaties.

These opposing views might have gone without question on either side, if it had not been for the discovery of gold mines in the Transvaal, and the gathering of a large alien population. This population was, at the start, of the usual character of mining populations. Alarmed at its rapid increase, and undoubtedly justly apprehensive that a small permanent population would be overridden by a large temporary population, the Legislature of the Republic lengthened the period for acquiring citizenship from two years to twelve, and imposed limitations which practically made

impossible the acquisition of political rights by those who were not natives of the colony and speaking the Dutch language.

At no time has there been any suggestion from either party to the controversy that the negro population should be given even civil rights. They remain, to all intents and purposes, serfs, and in the Dutch settlements they are not permitted even liberty on the sidewalks. Their standing in court is about that of a free negro in a Southern court before the war. Within the past ten years, however, the character of the population at Johannesburg and even in the gold mining region, has wholly changed.

HOW GOLD MINES ARE WORKED.

The gold mines are worked by elaborate mechanical processes, the mining is on deep levels, the work is rather akin to that of a highly skilled and scientific manufacture than the rough labor and hazardous adventure of surface gold mining. A population of engineers, highly skilled mechanics, surveyors and professional men gathered at Johannesburg, grew in number to over 50,000, though the right of suffrage in this city, the decision as to all sanitary steps, the conduct of education, the adjustment of taxes and the discharge of police duty—all rested in about 500 policemen, brickmakers and other persons holding similar positions, who were Dutch burghers.

This situation created the ground upon which Mr. Chamberlain began his remonstrances with the Dutch Government in 1897. The Jameson raid led to an important English legal decision, declaring the Transvaal in British law to be a "friendly State." Mr. Chamberlain began his negotiations with the assertion on October 16, 1897, that Great Britain was the suzerain of the South African Republic. This was the first direct assertion of this power since the signature of the convention in 1884, and in denying right under this basis to interfere the South African Republic made a demand for arbitration in order to determine the precise relations between the two countries.

The numerous arguments between the two powers on this issue summed themselves up in the declaration by the Transvaal that

the object of the convention of 1884 was to remove suzerainty, and the declaration of Great Britain that, as its renunciation was not asserted in terms, it must be assumed that the original sovereignty which Great Britain possessed remained, was unfounded. The issue thus presented, which involves a long series of negotiations, of despatches, of public utterances and of signed instruments, is one of those controverted questions upon which no one would willingly predict the decision of an impartial court, and on which Great Britain has refused arbitration and the Transvaal has sought war.

AGREED IN ONLY ONE THING.

All to which both contestants would agree was that the Transvaal enjoyed independence as to internal relations, and that Great Britain possessed powers in regard to the Transvaal by its right of veto upon the treaties of this republic, which removed the South African Republic from the category of the independent sovereignties. Beginning with the several States of the American Union, which are for foreign purposes completely incorporated in the government of which they are part, and as to internal affairs "sovereign States" of limited powers, passing on to the States of the Germanic Confederation, which retain the privilege of foreign relation without the privilege of foreign action, reaching protected States, whose negotiations are from the start in the hands of a suzerain power, the Transvaal evidently stands in a position freer than such a State, as it has for many years, though under the protest of the English Colonial Office, carried on negotiations at will, but has been unable to embody these in treaties without the consent of Great Britain.

Shifting the position which he had originally taken, Mr. Chamberlain began to base English demands upon the assertion: First, that the provision of the convention of 1884 guaranteed equal civil rights to aliens resident in the Transvaal, and that these rights were systematically withheld by the municipal Legislature of the Republic; and, second, that this reduced British subjects within the Transvaal to a condition in which the British Government would have a right to interfere, even if the position of the Transvaal were

that of a sovereign independent State, uncontrolled by Great Britain.

The legal position of the Transvaal in claiming the right to govern its own affairs without English interference is regarded by many as a strong one. Its position in equity is less defensible. Somewhat less than one-third of the population of the Transvaal denied to a much larger white population permanently resident, owning property and paying taxes upon it, any vote in the levying of taxes and all share in municipal government.

A rigid press law was in force, public meetings were prohibited, white men not Boers were denied the privilege of serving on juries; no Roman Catholic or Jew was allowed to hold any office whatever, or to be enfranchised; they might be expelled at any time from the Republic without a trial, on the mere order of the President, the use of English was prohibited in the only schools which their children could attend, paid for by their own taxes; any representation in one branch of the Legislature was denied and the courts were made, by special legislation of a dubious constitutional validity, subject to the direct order of the Executive.

ROBBED OF THEIR RIGHTS.

No English-speaking white population in any part of the world, and that in the Transvaal numbers now nearly 80,000, would submit to such rule, and it was maintained at Johannesburg only by depriving all but Dutch burghers of arms and commanding the town with fortifications, whose guns are trained upon its dwellings. No such step has been taken in a civilized State since there was a Bourbon King at Naples.

In demanding a revision of this injustice the British Government was undoubtedly within its rights. If a similar American State had grown up in Mexico and was similarly treated, the United States would undoubtedly act, first by remonstrance, and later by direct interference.

This interference was also certain to lead to the subjugation of the Transvaal to the English vote. War came, therefore, because the Boers preferred war to the law of political supremacy. Political

and civil rights they would have retained with a majority British vote in the Transvaal. They have preferred war.

One of our very prominent and influential journals makes the following statement concerning the merits of the controversy between the English and Boers :

“The outbreak of the war in South Africa is from many points of view greatly to be deplored. Such a conflict at some time, however, between the progressive Anglo-Saxon and the reactionary Dutch elements could not be averted. It is only a matter of surprise to men acquainted with the history of South Africa and with the history of colonial movements in other parts of the world that this encounter between the races has been so long delayed.

SETTLED ONLY BY THE SWORD.

“It was in the nature of an irrepressible conflict between progressive and unprogressive peoples, and, although the barbarity of a war has been postponed for a longer time than it could have been a hundred years ago, through the advance of civilization and the spread of humane sentiments, it seemed impossible in the end to suggest any method by which an amicable settlement could be arrived at. It is true that England may have displayed a rather unyielding spirit during the negotiations which preceded the present war. But it must be remembered that the Boers have been most obstinate on their side, giving nothing in the controversy, while the trouble is one of very long standing and diplomacy has failed to score anything throughout many years.

“At the last moment, without any special provocation for the act, the Transvaal government issued an ultimatum to England making most extraordinary demands and giving her only a few hours in which to comply with them. Such a course, by such a people, at such a time, as against a power which claimed suzerainty over them is almost unheard of in the annals of ultimatums, especially when the nature of the demands are taken into consideration.

“President Kruger, for instance, insisted that Great Britain should not land the troops which she then had on the high seas

anywhere in South Africa. No more absurd proposition ever was made to any power, large or small, that it should not disembark troops if it chose at its own ports. A porcupine that comes at you with its quills out in that fashion invites the overwhelming annihilation it will receive in due season.

“We are told, of course, that there ought to be some place in the world for these Dutch peasants, who settled first in the Cape and were pushed farther and farther back by English colonists until they at last began the ‘great trek’ up to the Orange Valley and the Transvaal. That is very likely true. No one wishes to deprive them of the place in the world to which their talents and capacities entitle them. They are a more or less good type of farmer of peasant antecedents. They are, however, simply unable or indisposed to keep up with the pace which has been set in South Africa. The English colonists have swept up around and into these Boer States. Instead of trying to mend their ways and admit the English and the Americans—for there are more than a few of our own country-people in the Transvaal—to an equality of rights and privileges, the Boers have stood out and resisted every movement in that direction.

GREAT SUMS OF MONEY INVESTED.

“Thousands of Outlanders, who have invested enormous sums of money there and made the country what it is, largely contributing to the Boer Treasuries in taxes, have been treated with the most scant consideration, if not with insult, throughout a long period of years. The Dutchmen have maintained a virtual oligarchy, and whenever they are invited to reform their policy they resent the request as an unwarranted interference with their liberties, and have now declared a war on Great Britain because of her insistence that they should do so.

“This is not a war of conquest which England is waging against a weak and oppressed people, so far as we can see. It must be remembered that South Africa is British to the core, and is inhabited almost altogether by people of Anglo-Saxon blood. Natal, which sticks its prong into the Boer country, and Rhodesia,

which runs up behind it, are both British, not to speak of the millions of dollars' worth of good foreign money and British bone and sinew to look after it, that are actually inside the Transvaal. In Africa it is the story of the colonization of the North American continent over again.

"Anglo-Saxon ascendancy was a result in the natural course of things. It was a movement that nobody could resist. There is no man in whom Anglo-Saxon blood flows who could be expected to live happily under such a political dispensation as President Kruger's. It is unfortunate, of course, that some result agreeable to all the interests involved could not have been arrived at by arbitration. But when neither or only one party desires to arbitrate that system fails. England being now in the war, will give an account of herself that will bring hostilities to an early close. The result will be what the Boers might have better conceded long ago, and South Africa will be more than ever British, with an 'open door' to the traders of all countries."

CHAPTER XV.

The Struggle for Equal Rights in the Transvaal.

[The following chapter, containing a masterly statement of the controversy between the English and the Boers in South Africa, is from the gifted pen of Rev. Dr. Robert Wilson, the well-known and eloquent divine of St. John, New Brunswick. In thus becoming one of the contributors to this volume, Dr. Wilson handles the whole subject of the war in a very clear and convincing manner, and what is here presented from his trenchant pen will be read with eager interest.]

WHEN a country has become, or is likely to become, the theatre of important changes, a very natural desire is awakened in the public mind to obtain reliable information concerning its history, position, resources and institutions, and the manners, customs and characteristics of its people. Of this there have been some striking illustrations, for the country has been flooded with books and magazine articles on Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands.

South Africa is at present "the observed of all observers," on account of the war between the British and the Boers, and many are inquiring into the causes of the quarrel. To furnish the required information is the purpose of the following pages, but to do this intelligently it is necessary to know something of the early history of the country.

During the wars of Napoleon the First the Government of Holland, finding itself unable to prevent its falling into the hands of the French, transferred all its rights, title and interest in and to its South African possessions to Great Britain, and the cession was confirmed by the Treaty of Vienna. Although the flag of Holland floated over these regions for about a century and a half, not more than ten thousand Europeans, chiefly Dutch, had been induced to settle there. Under the new order of things a brighter era was inaugurated, representative institutions were introduced, the people were accorded larger liberties than had been previously enjoyed, and in process of time Cape Colony became self-governing.

The British Government was specially considerate to the Dutch, permitted the use of their language in the legislature, in the courts and in the public schools, and between Dutch and British no distinctions were allowed. And as new colonies were established the same liberal course was pursued, and the same rights and privileges granted alike to all. The first real difficulty between the races grew out of the abolition of slavery.

A number of Boers, unwilling to give up their slaves and dissatisfied with the compensation offered, retired from Cape Colony, taking with them their various belongings, and settled in an unoccupied region in what is now known as the province of Natal. Like the Mormons who settled at Salt Lake, they sought to place themselves beyond the reach of modern civilization, and carry out their obsolete ideas without let or hindrance.

THE BOERS MOVE AGAIN.

But their cruelty to the natives was such that, in the interests of humanity, the British authorities had to interfere. A province was organized, law courts were established, and the necessary measures were adopted for the protection of life and property. This was just what the Boers did not desire, and again they decided to seek fresh pastures and new fields in which to work out their peculiar social and political views. The region chosen lay beyond the Vaal and Orange rivers, and the exodus is usually referred to as the great trek.

Whether the territory in question did or did not belong to Great Britain by the terms of the treaty already spoken of, or to the native races, is a question not necessary to be discussed here; but, as the Boers did not obtain it by purchase, or by cession from one tribe for assistance rendered against another, they were simply adventurers and squatters, without the shadow of a claim to the lands of which they had thus possessed themselves.

They organized a government under the name and style of the South African Republic, which in 1852 was formally recognized by Great Britain in what is known as the Land River Convention, subject, however, to certain limitations and restrictions. For a

quarter of century it had a precarious existence, for the people were unwilling to bear the burdens inseparable from statehood. The regular laws and ordinances were disregarded, taxes were uncollected, the treasury was exhausted, the public credit was gone, and their cruelty to the natives had arrayed against them the Kaffirs and Zulus. Humanly speaking, their extermination seemed to be inevitable.

In their day of danger they sought and secured British protection, and by their own act and deed became the subjects of the British Queen. They were thus saved from destruction, the enraged native forces were driven back, peace was established, a few British troops were stationed in the country for police purposes, and the outlook was quite encouraging.

BRITISH BADLY DEFEATED.

But Paul Kruger and a few others who had opposed the annexation began immediately to agitate for repeal. In this he succeeded all too well. A provisional government was formed, and in December, 1880, the independence of the South African Republic was again proclaimed. The Boers rose *en masse*, the British troops, few and far between, were utterly unprepared to meet the emergency, and were compelled to succumb to overwhelming numbers. Several fierce engagements took place in which they were badly beaten.

The most disastrous of these was one led by Sir George Colley at Majuba Hill, ninety-seven officers and men being killed, and two hundred wounded or taken prisoners. That humiliating defeat has rankled in the hearts of Britons during all the intervening years, and the desire of many a soldier has been the opportunity to retrieve the loss and to wipe out the disgrace. Certain events can never be recalled without arousing in the patriotic heart the determination to die if need be to vindicate the national honor, and among these may be fairly classed the destruction of the Maine and the battle of Majuba Hill.

Contrary to the advice of the British leaders in South Africa, who feared the effect upon the Boer and native mind of a peace

concluded in the face of defeat, Mr. Gladstone, who was then the British premier, entered into negotiation with the exultant victors, the issue of which was the recognition of the South African Republic as at least a semi-independent power.

Experience has shown that however good were his intentions Mr. Gladstone made a great mistake, for out of this have grown all the troubles of the present. This is not the view taken merely by his political opponents, but also by many who were his warmest supporters. Lord Roseberry, who succeeded Mr. Gladstone in the leadership of the Liberal Party, thus expresses himself:

POWER OF GREAT BRITAIN.

"Mr. Gladstone had an overpowering conviction of the might and power of England. He thought that Great Britain could afford to do things, owing to that overpowering might and dominion, which other nations could not afford to do without a risk of misunderstanding. And for that reason he endeavored, after what was undoubtedly a reverse, to treat with the Boers as if no such reverse had taken place.

"I cannot help looking back to it now and remembering how completely the fears I felt at that time have been realized in the result. So far from the Boers taking the magnanimity as it was intended, they regarded it as a proof of weakness on which they could encroach. And it was with a deliberate and constant encroachment on the terms of the settlement that the Boers rewarded the sublime magnanimity of Mr. Gladstone."

But even Mr. Gladstone did not grant the Boers the full status of a nation, for the convention between Great Britain and the Transvaal in 1881, states in the preamble that "complete self-government, subject to the suzerainty of Her Majesty, her heirs, and successors, will be accorded to the inhabitants of the Transvaal territory."

This treaty was revised in 1884, and in the revised document there is no mention of the phrase, "the suzerainty of Her Majesty," but that "suzerainty" was not relinquished is clearly stated in Article IV of the Treaty in the words: "The South African Re-

public will conclude no treaty or engagement with any state or nation, other than the Orange Free State, nor with any native tribe to the eastward or westward of the Republic, until the same has been approved by Her Majesty the Queen."

By Article II of the said treaty the Boers were strictly confined to their own territory, the precise words being: "The government of the South African Republic will strictly adhere to the boundaries defined in the first article of this convention, and will do its utmost to prevent any of its inhabitants from making any encroachments upon lands beyond the said boundaries. The government of the South African Republic will appoint commissioners, whose duty will be strictly to guard against irregularities and all trespassing beyond the boundaries. And Her Majesty's Government will, if necessary, appoint commissioners in the native territories outside the eastern and western borders of the South African Republic to maintain order and prevent encroachments."

EQUAL RIGHTS FOR ALL.

But other things were agreed upon between the governments concerned, which may be classed under the general head of equal rights to all the white inhabitants of the country, irrespective of race or creed, together with the protection of, and justice to, the native tribes. Hon. David Mills, the Canadian Minister of Justice, in a speech delivered in the Senate during the last session, thus summarizes the manner in which the terms of the treaty have been disregarded by the Boers: "As long," says Mr. Mills, "as the Transvaal Government felt that they were not secure against the native population they did not wish to quarrel with the British, but when they felt that all danger from the natives was a thing of the past they began to impose disabilities upon the Outlanders.

"They disregarded the state boundaries, drove back the natives on the west, made war on those tribes, and undertook to extend their authority beyond the boundaries stipulated for in the convention. Taxation became oppressive, for every man, woman, and child of the Outlander population had to pay an average tax of some eighty dollars.

"Their government has been characterized by personal outrages, by pecuniary wrongs, by political disabilities, and by insecurity for life, reputation, and property. While the Outlanders constitute the majority of the white population and pay nineteen-twentieths of the taxes, not one dollar of that money goes towards the education of their own children in their own language."

The disabilities to which the Outlanders have been subjected are thus spoken of by a New York journal :

"The constitution and laws of the Transvaal forbid any Catholic to share in the law-making for the country. England demands that this discrimination against Catholics cease.

"The Transvaal laws forbid any Jew to share the law making power. England demands that this discrimination against the Jews cease.

"There are two hundred and sixty thousand whites in the so-called Roer Republic, but only sixty thousand are Boers. The Boers declare that they are "merely asking the right to live." What they really ask is the right of six men to tyrannize over twenty, of sixty thousand to rule two hundred thousand, and rule them unjustly. The Boer attitude is not a demand for freedom ; it is strictly an attitude of denying freedom to others.

AN AUTOCRAT FOR PRESIDENT.

"Kruger has been an absolute ruler there for seventeen years. All power is in his hands, and that of a council of seven. They can and do ignore the laws and orders of even the Upper House of Representatives. The land of the Boers is no Republic. It is a mediæval Dutch settlement, as great an anachronism as any in existence. This is the question at issue in the Transvaal."

Equally strong were the words of the Rev. Dr. Edgar, in a sermon recently delivered by him in Saint Andrew's Church, Montreal : "The history of the Boer in South Africa is to be written in blood and tears. He has done nothing for the native races but heap upon them insult, cruelty and wrong.

"Forty years ago, Dr. Livingstone, who had spent many years among the Boers and native races, condemned in the very strongest

terms the treatment of the natives by their Dutch oppressors. Here are some of the charges he makes against them: 'Though they were the immigrants, who had seized the country, they treated the natives as though they were the aggressors. They compelled them to work for them without reward, in consideration of allowing them to live in their own country. To supply the lack of field and domestic labor they shot down men and women in cold blood and stole their children to make slaves of them. While claiming to be Christians they treated the colored race as black property, as creatures of less real value commercially than their own. They justified this outrageous injustice, claiming, that being the chosen people of God, the heathen were given to them for an inheritance and that they were the rod of divine vengeance on the heathen, as were the Jews of old.'

WORDS OF A TRUSTWORTHY HISTORIAN.

"These are the words of one who knew whereof he spoke, and he is a trustworthy historian. Forced labor, kidnapping children, massacre of inoffensive men and women, absolute denial of the rights of human beings—these are the crimes which an eye-witness lays at the door of the ancestors of the Boers of the Transvaal. The experience of British subjects from the descendants of Livingstone's contemporaries within the last twenty years has not been a whit less oppressive, the changed circumstances being considered. Cruelty to the native races and injustice to the whites, go naturally hand in hand. If the Boers could do it, neither would have any rights, and the future of South Africa would be in the hands of as cruel, selfish and superstitious set of despots as modern history reveals. Verily the children are filling the measure of their father's iniquities."

Such a condition of things could not possibly be continued in this enlightened age, and the problem would have been solved without the bullet if the ballot had been allowed. But that was a weapon the Boer refused the use of to the Outlander, for while every Dutch lad of sixteen years of age was a voter, all others had to wait for years before they could obtain the rights of citizenship.

Owing to the gold discoveries a new order of things had been brought about with which the Boers were unable to deal. Men of broader minds and more liberal principles would have pursued a different course, but they elected to act otherwise.

They hated the newcomers, were alarmed at their growing influence, and undertook the hopeless task of shutting out the rising tide of civilization and progress. In the words of the *London Spectator*, "their administration of the Transvaal was arbitrary, narrow-minded, corrupt, and towards the great foreign population conspicuously unfair."

APPEALS WERE DISREGARDED.

The Outlanders sought redress as redress is usually sought, but their appeals were not only unheeded, but the burdens of which they complained grew heavier and heavier as the years went by. Exasperated at the manner in which they were treated, they entered into negotiation with their sympathizers in the adjoining provinces, and out of this came the unsuccessful Jameson Raid.

All that need be said here is that it was not the cause of the Outlanders' troubles, but only an incident of it; but whatever it was the British Government repudiated all connection with it. In a lengthy despatch from Mr. Chamberlain, Secretary of State for the Colonies, under date of February 4, 1896, and addressed to the British High Commissioner for South Africa, after going over the several causes of discontent and unrest in the Transvaal, he thus sums up the situation :

"The political situation is an anomalous one. The newcomers are men who were accustomed to the fullest exercise of political rights. In other communities where immigration has played an important part in building up the population, it has been the policy of the legislature to make liberal provision for admitting all newcomers who desire naturalization, after a comparatively brief period of probation, to the rights and duties of citizenship—a policy which has been fully justified by the event, for experience shows that the naturalized alien soon vies with, if he does not outstrip, the natural-born citizen in the fervor of his patriotism.

"In the South African Republic different counsels have prevailed; for whereas in 1882 an Outlander could obtain full rights of citizenship after a residence of five years, he can never hope to obtain these rights in full, and their partial enjoyment is only conceded after a term of probation so prolonged as to amount, for most men, to a practical denial of the claim. If he omits to obtain any kind of naturalization for himself, his children, though born on the soil, remain aliens like himself.

"The South African Republic, as regards its external relations, is subject to the control of this country, in accordance with the provisions of Article IV of the Convention of 1884, and Her Majesty's Government intend to maintain them in their integrity. As regards the internal affairs of the Republic, I may observe that, independently of any rights of intervention in particular matters which may arise out of the articles of the convention, Great Britain is justified, in the interests of South Africa as a whole, as well as of the peace and stability of the South African Republic, in tendering its friendly counsels as regards the newcomers, who are mainly British subjects."

TRIED TO STOP THE RAID.

In reference to the Raid, Mr. Chamberlain says: "As soon as the Raid became known, every possible effort was made by the British authorities to stay Dr. Jameson's advance; a fast messenger was sent to warn him and his officers of the position in which they had placed themselves, and to direct their immediate return, and proclamations were issued in which Her Majesty enjoined her subjects in the South African Republic to abstain from aiding or countenancing Dr. Jameson or his force."

How long the resources of diplomacy would have been employed in the effort to secure the redress of the grievances complained of it is impossible to say, for these were brought to a sudden and unexpected termination by President Kruger's ultimatum, which made demands that no self-respecting government could even discuss.

These demands were that the questions in dispute should be

submitted to arbitration; that no more British troops be sent to South Africa; that those on the way thither should not be allowed to land; that during the period of negotiation there should be no strengthening of the frontier, and that compliance with these demands be consented to within forty-eight hours. In the face of such arrogant and unprecedented demands, however averse she was to war, Great Britain had to meet the issue.

That war was not sought by Britain cannot be doubted by any one who intelligently considers the whole situation. War deranges business, interferes with trade, increases the burdens of the people, and carries misery and woe into thousands of homes. Lord Salisbury is a man of peace, and by his firm but genial style of diplomacy has more than once averted war where a less judicious but more bellicose minister would have failed.

GREAT PATIENCE AND FORBEARANCE.

Even Mr. Chamberlain, who has been called the fighting man of the Cabinet, has shown wonderful patience and forbearance during the years in which he had to deal with the Boers. And the world has no need to be told that Queen Victoria has never consented to war until peace had been rendered impossible, and this has been strikingly shown in the present case.

In an address delivered, Lord Landsdowne, the Secretary for War, speaking in the name and on behalf of the government, thus presented the case:

“We are engaged in a serious enterprise; we are face to face with the terrible realities of war—realities which have been brought home to us by important events. The government which would face them without the support of the people of this country would be indeed an object for pity. We believe that we have that support; we have spared no pains to carry the country with us and to convince it at each step of the necessity of what we were doing.

“There have been no secrets and no reticences; we have, indeed, been reproached with not being reticent enough. I think the answer to that is—that unless we had taken the public into our confidence, our people would have failed amid the tangle of these diplomatic

controversies to detect the real issues that are at stake. They have found out what those issues are. They no longer ask what we are fighting about. They know, of course, that we are fighting, in the first place, because we have been attacked. But they know, too, that we were attacked because the Queen's Government showed its determination to protect the Queen's subjects in South Africa, and to insist that the future of South Africa should be moulded upon the British and not upon the Boer model.

NOT FIGHTING FOR MERE FORMS.

"If we keep these broad issues steadily before our minds, all disputes about the existence of the suzerainty, or the meaning of the word, all the microscopic scrutiny of the wording of documents, becomes academical. We are fighting, not about words, but about things—about the substance and not the form. It is the substance which we mean to retain. It is the substance of which the South African Republic has shown its determination to get rid, not only by the manner in which it has conducted these negotiations, but by the extravagant military preparations which it has been making during the last few years.

"When we are told that we have been wanting in patience or in consideration, I am inclined to answer that if we are open to reproach it is not for having been wanting in patience, but for having tolerated too patiently in the midst of our flourishing and contented colonies the hostile preparations of a State which, during the last four or five years, has been arming itself to the teeth with the newest and most destructive implements of war, and drilling its troops with the aid of foreign instructors for the scarcely concealed purpose of driving us out of South Africa. It is in order that we may not lose the substance that we are putting into the field in South Africa the largest force which has ever left the shores of this island."

It is because of these broad issues that the people of the United States sympathize so generally with Great Britain in the present struggle, and why so many of the leading organs of public opinion have so warmly espoused her side of the quarrel. This

kindly feeling may be attributed in part to affinities of language, race, and political institutions, and in part to Britain's firm and friendly attitude during the late war with Spain, but the great reason is that her cause is felt to be a just one, and that she stands for the defence of the oppressed, for the enfranchisement of the down-trodden, and for the advancement of liberty, progress, and civilization.

The following from *The New York Independent* very forcibly voices this feeling: "The present crisis cannot be dissociated from the whole history of Boer rule in South Africa. It commenced with a brutal treatment of the natives unequalled in the relations of civilized and uncivilized peoples. As fast as they found the freedom for such treatment abridged, they withdrew from one place to another until they established themselves in the Transvaal. Still the same spirit dominated them, and they were in perpetual strife.

"When they found that British rule was closing in around them they commenced a series of negotiations with other European powers, hoping thus to secure a counterinfluence in their behalf. Then came intrigues among their kinsmen in the Free State and Cape Colony, and the assertion that Boer funds supplied the treasury of the Africander party is generally credited.

ABSOLUTE DENIAL OF JUSTICE.

"During all this time not once has the Transvaal Government manifested any desire to do what the rest of the world has considered to be justice. It has made promise after promise, then withdrawn, then advanced counter-propositions until it seemed impossible to know just what the situation was.

"Sir Alfred Milner has shown a patience, as well as firmness, deserving of all praise. He has been well supported, too, by Mr. Chamberlain, who has kept in close line with Lord Salisbury. All have realized that such a war as would follow would be terrible, both in loss of life and in general disaster. They realize also that there are things worse than war, and that to permit the development of so reactionary a power as the Transvaal has shown itself to be,

means permanent injury to the whole of South Africa. Therefore, that country must not be a continuous festering spot to the peace of the entire continent."

The reasons which induced President Kruger to precipitate this conflict are at least suggested in the foregoing quotation. He must have known, he did know, that however brave and determined his people were, and however well prepared for war they might be, and that whatever successes they might win in the earlier stages of the contest, defeat would be inevitable. It seems incredible that he should have entered upon so unequal a struggle without assurances of outside support, for it would not only mean his own personal overthrow, but also the loss of whatever measure of independence his people had enjoyed, for war annuls all treaties and abrogates all conventions.

COUNTING ON SYMPATHY OF THE BOERS.

As there has always been a discontented class among the Dutch in South Africa, he probably counted upon their practical sympathy and co-operation in the event of trouble. That sympathy they had rather effusively exhibited on various occasions, and under circumstances which left no room to doubt as to what they would do if the opportunity were afforded. He may have expected something from the evident unwillingness of the British people to have recourse to extreme measures.

But if so, he has been disappointed, for seldom, if ever, has the nation given a government such united and hearty support as is now being given to the government. And that support is not confined to the Motherland, for from Australia, from New Zealand, from India, and from the Dominion of Canada, thousands of brave and brawny men have voluntarily enrolled themselves under the common flag, and have thus proclaimed the unity and solidarity of the Empire.

But his great hope undoubtedly was in the intervention of some of the European powers, and in view of the somewhat strained relations between them and Great Britain the hope was not an unreasonable one. Russia's advance toward the Indian frontier has

been continuous and steady, and especially since the Crimean War, when she was made to understand she could not possess herself of Constantinople. That advance has been watched with the keenest interest in Great Britain, and it is the all but universal opinion that a collision between these two powers must take place at no distant day.

Anything, therefore, that would engage her and require her forces elsewhere would afford Russia an opportunity to seize Persia, and perhaps establish herself in Afghanistan. But famine and lack of funds have rendered this an inopportune time, and help is not likely to come from that quarter.

NURSING HER WRATH.

France, checkmated in Egypt, humiliated at Fashoda, and denounced by the pulpit and press of Britain for the way in which Dreyfus was dealt with, would gladly have assailed her neighbor across the channel if she could have secured an ally; but failing in this, and concluding that prudence in such a case was the better part of valor, is contenting herself with merely "nursing her wrath to keep it warm."

The press of Holland may be ultra-Boer in feeling, and the rabble may shout, "Down with England!" but the government of that country realizes that Holland exists as an independent power because Britain has bound herself by treaty to see that that independence is maintained. Therefore the Dutch in Europe can furnish no substantial aid. The attitude of the German Emperor at the time of the Jameson Raid may have led Mr. Kruger to look for something practical from the Fatherland, but the hope has not been realized; the expectation has been but a dream, for Emperor William has suddenly developed a strong affection for his august grandmother and her people, and has warned his subjects to maintain the strictest neutrality.

Even republican America, as shown in the preceding pages, withholds her sympathy, believing him to be the champion of a cause that is bad in itself, and must end in failure. His only ally, therefore, is the Orange Free State.

Intervention, therefore, is not to be thought of, and the British and the Boer will have to fight it out themselves. This is very clearly indicated in Lord Salisbury's speech at the Guildhall Banquet on November 9th. In words of weighty import—words uttered with the calmness of conscious strength, and which suggest much more than they say—he thus defines the situation :

“I have seen it suggested, and it seems to me a wild suggestion, that the other powers will interfere with this country, and in some way or other dictate to those who are concerned in it as to what the upshot should be. Don't let any man think it is in that fashion the conflict will be concluded. We shall have to carry it through ourselves, and the interference of anybody else will have no effect upon it.

INTERVENTION NEED NOT BE FEARED.

“In the first place, because we would not accept that interference, and, in the second place, because we are convinced there is no such idea in the mind of any government in the world. Within my recollection, there have been five or six great wars, involving in their close great territorial modifications ; but, except as provided for by treaties, and except in the case of treaties, in none of these wars has a third party ventured to interfere between the combatants.”

As to what was to come after the war, Lord Salisbury would only say : “What we desire is equal rights for all men of all races, and security for our fellow-subjects and our Empire.” By what means this aim is to be worked out he left for events to determine.

“Whenever we are victorious,” said his lordship, “we shall consult the vast interests committed to our care. Vast duties lie upon us to perform ; and, taking counsel of the uniform traditions of colonial government and of the moderation and equal justice to all races of men which it has been our uniform practice to observe, I do not doubt we shall so arrange that the issue of this conflict will confer good government on the area where it rages, and give the security, sorely needed, against the recurrence of any such dangers and the necessity of any such future exertion for the restoration of peace and civilization to that portion of the world.”

CHAPTER XVI.

Gallant Canadian Troops Off for the War.

ON October 25, 1899, the Governor-General of Canada received at Ottawa this cablegram from the Sovereign of England: "Her Majesty the Queen desires to thank the people of her Dominion of Canada for their striking manifestation of loyalty and patriotism in their voluntary offer to send troops to co-operate with Her Majesty's imperial forces in maintaining her position and the rights of British subjects in South Africa. She wishes the troops Godspeed and a safe return."

This city's contingent for the Transvaal left the same evening for Quebec. Ten thousand people assembled at the armory to bid them farewell, and escorted them to the station. Dispatches from Montreal and Toronto stated that the departure of the local contingents for Quebec evoked great enthusiasm. Thus Canada promptly took up the cause of the mother country. Throughout the Dominion there were rousing demonstrations of loyalty, and the call for troops to join the imperial army in South Africa met with a quick and hearty response.

An unparalleled scene of enthusiasm attended the departure of the Canadian contingent from London for the seat of war. In the march from Victoria Park to the Grand Trunk station, the departing troops had the appearance of a thin red line, piercing a black mass of people, who surged from curb to curb, cheering and waving hats and handkerchiefs. It was a roaring, cheering, tumultuous crowd, with here and there touches of sadness in the faces of those who were bidding good-bye to near and dear ones. There were even some bonnets among the helmets; mothers and sisters, who walked in the ranks, so as to be with their boys and their brothers every precious moment of the time. Over all shone a brilliant sun, as if shedding a benediction on the departing heroes.

At the barracks before the contingent took up the line of march

for the station a sword was presented to Major Duncan Stuart. In handing the gift to the Major, Alderman Graham said: "On behalf of the citizens of London, I take great pleasure in presenting you with this sword. May you wear it to the glory of your country and your Queen in the cause you are going to defend." Loud applause followed.

Major Stuart made a graceful reply. He was grateful for the honor done him. He would do the best he could to deserve it. "The men of B Company will do their part," he said. "Of that I am convinced. It only remains with me to do mine, which I will endeavor to do." The Major was heartily applauded.

PRIDE AND HOPE OF THEIR COUNTRY.

Subsequently B Company was again drawn up on the square at Wolseley Barracks and Canon Dann addressed them as follows:

"We are all proud of you. We have every hope that you will do credit to your country. When an enemy thinks to quell the stubborn hearts of oak, and to chain with chains and bind with bands the sons of Britain, he must be taught by force to learn humility—like those men of Succoth, whom Gideon in the days of old schooled with briars and the thorns of the wilderness. What made your forefathers great soldiers will make you the same. Trust in God, and faithfulness to duty. Do your duty earnestly, scrupulously, and to the uttermost. The path of duty is the path of glory. Never be untrue to yourselves, to your Queen or to your God. If you have to fight, fight, knowing that God's eye is upon you. Be magnanimous in all your actions. Never strike an unnecessary blow. So that when all is over you will have the approving voice of your Master, 'Well done, good and faithful servants!' We wish you God-speed, a happy voyage, a brilliant campaign, and a safe return."

With touching solemnity, Canon Dann then offered this prayer: "O Eternal God, be pleased to receive in Thy Almighty protection the persons of these Thy servants, about to proceed to South Africa in defense of our Most Gracious Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria, and of her dominions. Preserve them from the perils of travel,

whether by land or sea. Give to them true courage and endurance. Protect them from the violence of the enemy. And be Thou ever their defense and ready helper, that they may return again in safety to enjoy the blessings of Thy goodness, with a thankful remembrance of Thy mercies to ever praise and glorify Thy Holy Name, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

Mayor Wilson addressed the company, expressing the pride the city felt in her brave sons and wishing them, not only a brilliant career in South Africa, but a safe return to their home and friends.

When the volunteers arrived at the station the crowd massed on the platform was tremendous. Way was made for the South African contingent, who marched into position alongside their special train. Then the crowd closed in on the ranks, and people in the rear crushed forward for a last word with their friends. Several women fainted, but no serious accident occurred. Progress along the platform was impossible for several minutes. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, premier of Canada, appeared on the platform of one of the special cars, and cheer after cheer rent the air.

ADDRESS FROM THE PREMIER OF CANADA.

"Members of the South African contingent," he said, "I have only one word to say, and it is not even necessary to say that. That is, that we look to you to do your duty. You are going to South Africa to give the people of that country the same liberty which you here enjoy. May you do credit to your country." The speech was greeted with loud cheers.

The train was profusely decorated. The cars were covered with gaily-colored bunting, with flags and mottoes. The colors were all red, white and blue. The banners extended the whole length of the car, and in large letters had printed on them the words "From London to South Africa," "B Company, Transvaal Contingent," "For the Empire," and "No. 1 Military District." One of each banner was on each side of the car. The train consisted of a baggage and three passengers cars. The latter were the best and most comfortable that are on the road.

The mighty cheer that went up when the train started to pull



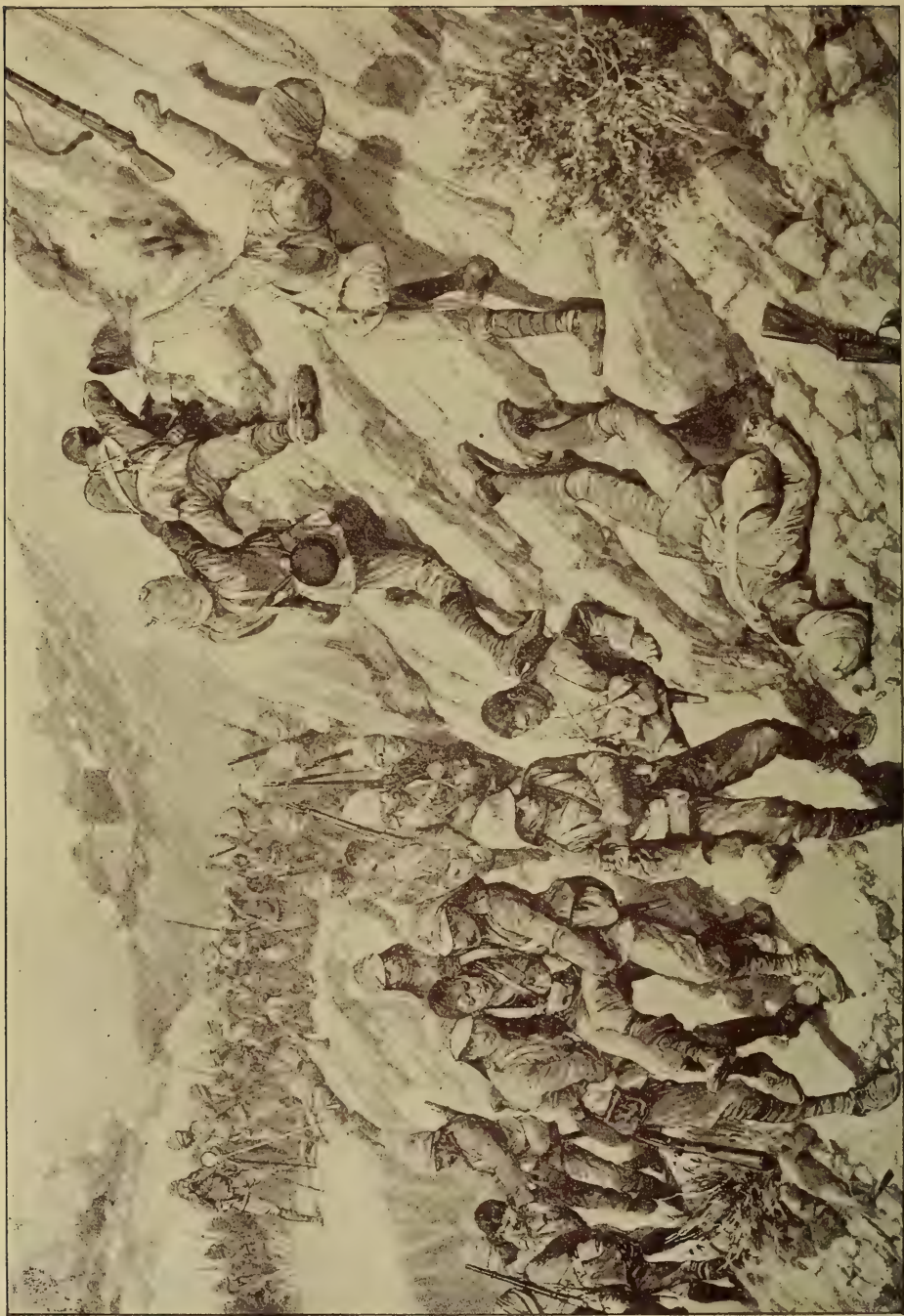
COLONEL OTTER
COMMANDER OF THE CANADIAN CONTINGENT



OFFICERS OF THE CANADIAN CONTINGENT BEFORE LEAVING FOR THE SEAT OF WAR



SUPERB CHARGE OF THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS ON THE BOERS AT GROBLER'S KLOOF (GULLY),
NEAR GLENCOE



ENGLISH TROOPS HELIOGRAPHING FOR AID IN THE BATTLE OF LADYSMITH



THE ROAD TO ELANDSLAAGTE ON THE DAY OF THE BATTLE

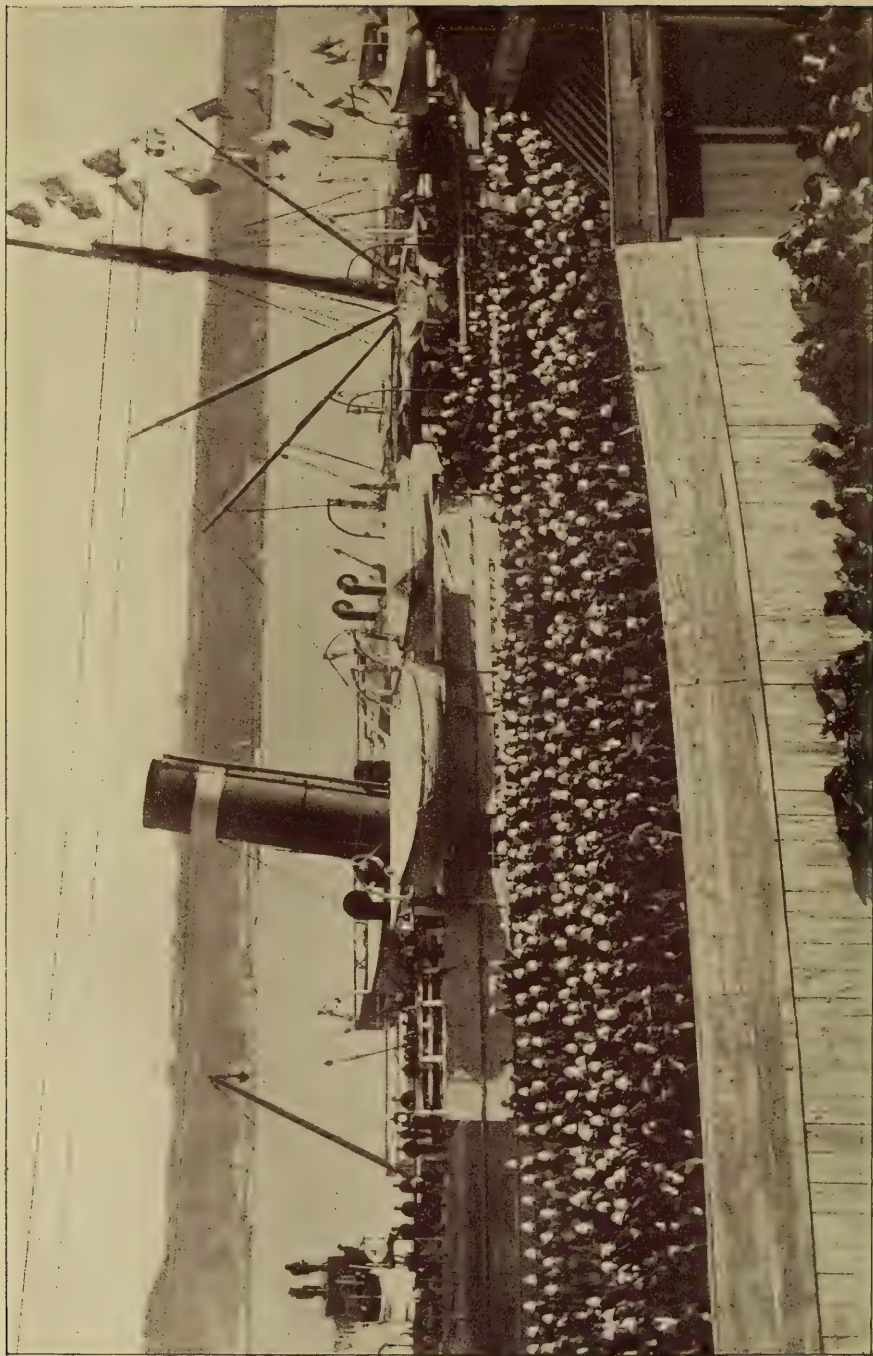


CHARGE OF THE 5TH LANCERS AT THE BATTLE OF ELANDSLAAGTE
ON THE RIGHT CENTRE IS BUGLER SHERLOCK, AGED FOURTEEN, WHO SHOT THREE BOERS WITH HIS REVOLVER



C. E. F. KIPP.

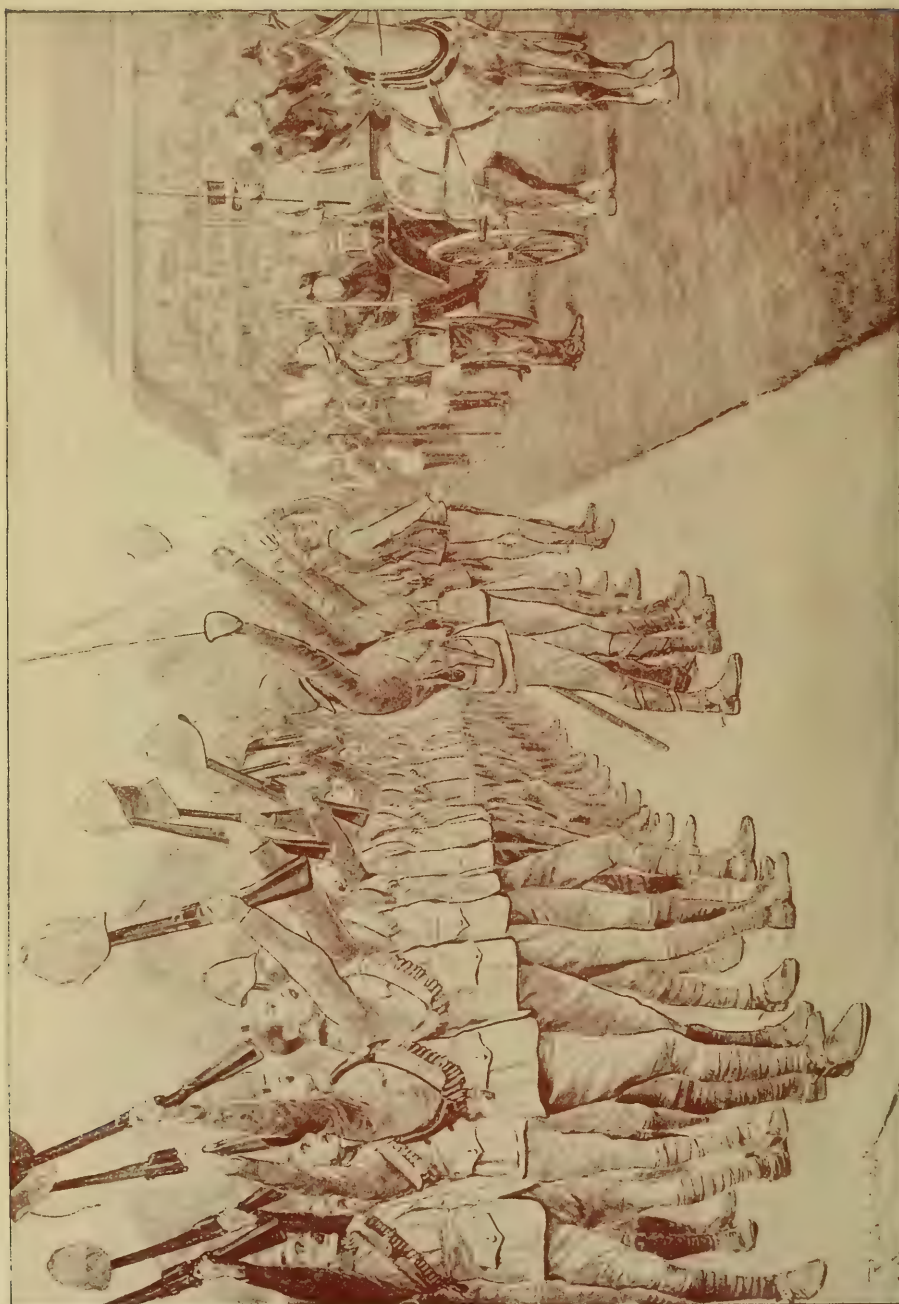
BOERS IN THE COUNTRY READING ACCOUNTS OF THE FIGHTING AT LADYSMITH



CANADIAN CONTINGENT EMBARKING AT QUEBEC ON THE STEAMER "SARDINIAN" FOR SOUTH AFRICA



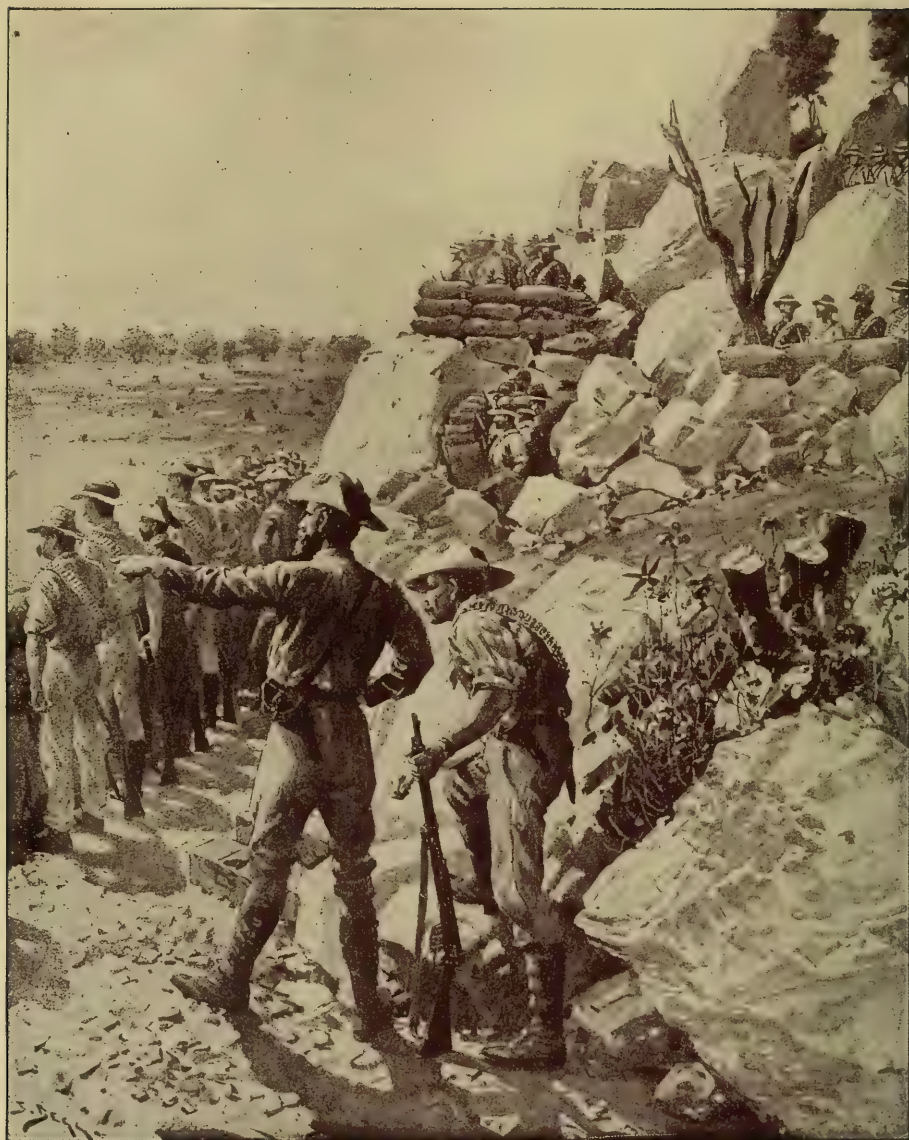
SCENE IN THE TRANSVAAL-BOERS LEAVING BY TRAIN FOR THE SEAT OF WAR



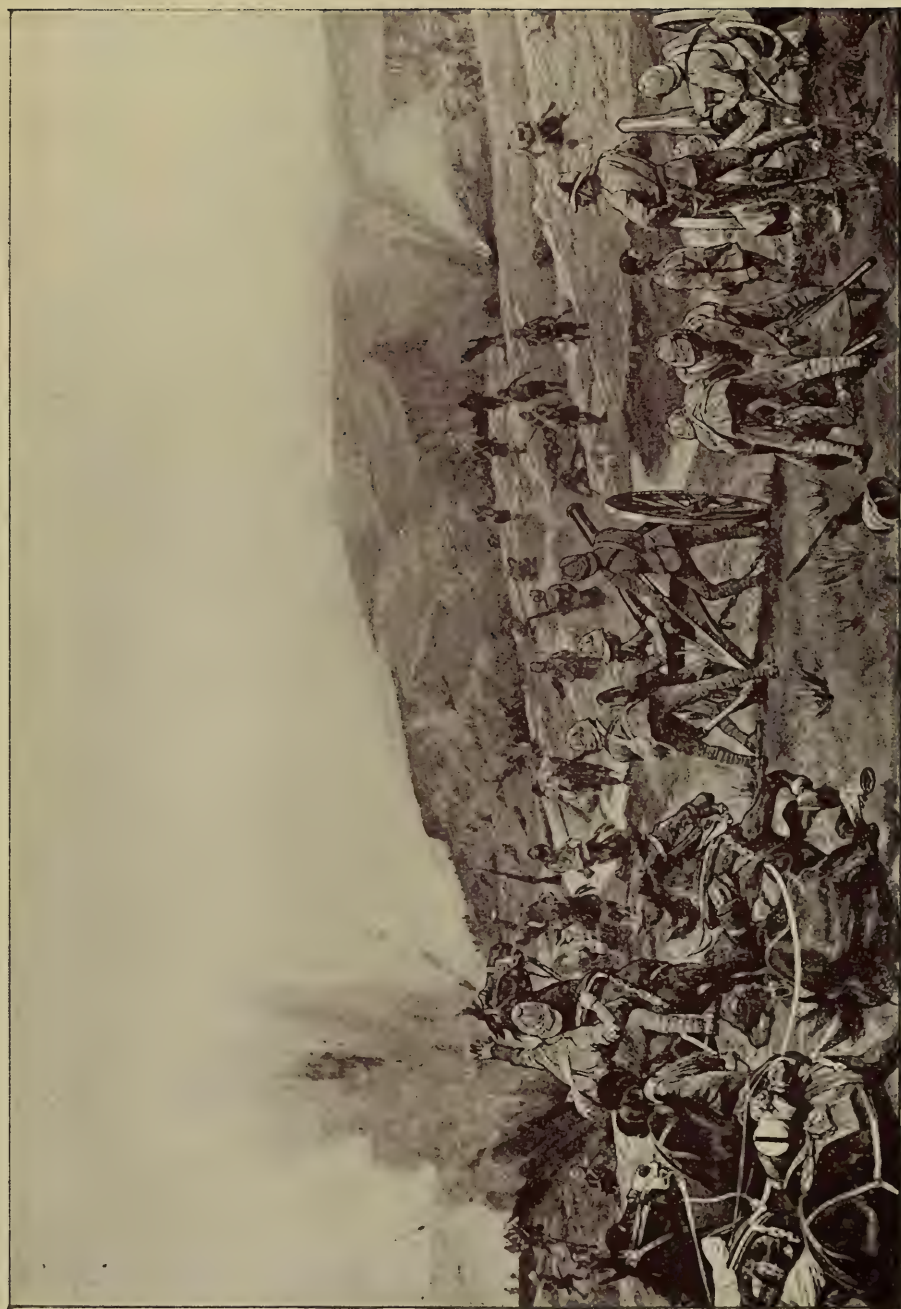
"THREE CHEERS FOR THE QUEEN!" HER MAJESTY INSPECTING THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE PRIOR
TO THEIR DEPARTURE FOR THE SEAT OF WAR



HOW THE BLUE JACKETS SHELLLED THE BOERS AT LADYSMITH



BRITISH GARRISON OBEYING ORDER, "STAND TO ARMS!"



PIERCE ATTACK OF THE "GORDONS" UPON THE BOERS AT ELANDSLAAGTE



ARMoured TRAIN SHELLING A BOER BATTERY AT NIGHT NEAR DUNDEE



CORPS OF BRITISH SOUTH AFRICAN POLICE AT LADYSMITH



BOER PRISONERS ON THE WAY TO PIETERMARITZBURG,
CAPITAL OF NATAL

out was like the roll of thunder, and completely drowned the strains of "God Save the Queen" by the band. Hats were thrown in the air, and handkerchiefs were waved on all sides. Every person was wildly enthusiastic as they shouted a last good-bye to the soldier boys. Many of the ladies in the crowd carried small Union Jacks, and waved them above their heads. The cheering continued until the train had passed from view.

The decorations in many parts of the city were very elaborate, especially in the business portion. Huge Union Jacks hung across the streets in many places, and the stores and wholesale houses were gaily decorated with flags and bunting. Many private residences were also tastily decorated with myriads of miniature flags.

GREAT POPULAR DEMONSTRATION.

The Toronto and London companies of the South African regiment were given an enthusiastic farewell at the former city, October 25th. Tens of thousands thronged the streets to see the soldiers depart. They were presented at the armories with purses of gold on behalf of the city, and silver match-safes inscribed with the motto, "What we have, we'll hold," referring, of course, to the Empire. The officers were presented with expensive field-glasses. A committee of citizens has arranged for life insurance on each, and loaded them with all sorts of things and reading matter to make the ocean voyage more comfortable.

The South African contingent paraded the principal streets, accompanied by four volunteer corps, each with a brass band. The Mayor and aldermen, veteran soldiers, boys' brigades, and thousands of public school lads carrying wooden guns, followed by the students of Toronto University and various city colleges, who sang, to the tune of "Sweet Bye-and-Bye," a refrain, "There's a Place Where the Boers Ought to Go." Half a holiday was given at the schools, and most of the city warehouses were closed to let the citizens join in giving the soldiers a hearty send-off.

No such military ardor as that shown at Toronto had been manifested since the Fenian raid in 1866. A prominent journal commented on the event of the day as follows:

"The starting of the Canadian contingent marks an epoch in the history of the world. No such a thing is recorded in history as that colonists should journey for more than a month and cover almost half a circuit of the world in order to fight for the rights of their fellow-citizens thousands of miles away. It is a grand climax of Imperial unity, and Canada, with other portions of the Empire, has come forward to join in the demonstration of it to the world." Other journals were filled with similar comments.

AN OVATION FOR COLONEL OTTER.

A farewell, in some respects more inspiring and enthusiastic than that which the Toronto company carried away with them in the afternoon, was the lot of Lieutenant-Colonel Otter, who left for the east in the evening. The Colonel arrived at the station shortly after nine o'clock. He was accompanied by his staff, and proceeded directly to his car, the last coach on the Grand Trunk express. Then the Queen's Own Rifles marched into the huge waiting-room and down to the tracks, forming in companies along the north wall and behind the crowds on the platform. It was hard for them to maintain their positions, but maintain them they did, and sang while their old Colonel, who almost began his militia life under their colors, shook hands with them and returned the farewells of the people who pressed about his car. The coach moved slowly out, and Colonel Otter climbed on the rear steps, where, while the great crowd cheered and the bands played, he stood with bowed head until he was lost from view.

"The men are of magnificent physique," said one of the public journals, "and the company is largely composed of business men. The case of Private J. F. Ramsey is typical of many. He was a Captain of the Highlanders and is a member of the Ramsay-Cowan Company, a big manufacturing concern of this city. He was the western manager, and was in Utah when the call for volunteers came. He travelled home post haste, found there was no opening as an officer and he promptly enlisted as a private. His father is a very wealthy man and a director of the Imperial Bank. Another private is a master at Upper Canada College. Several others are

promising business men and officers who threw up their commissions to go in as privates."

In commenting on the departure of the troops one of the newspapers said: "During the past week, the various companies that will comprise the Canadian contingent to the Transvaal have been converging from all parts of the Dominion to the place of rendezvous at Quebec, where they will embark in the steamship *Sardinian*, for South Africa. The gallant soldier-boys have received hearty 'send-offs' from their various towns people, the good wishes being in many cases coupled with handsome presents and useful articles for the men who go forth in defence of the flag.

"FIGHT AS GOOD CANADIANS."

"The Montreal company left on schedule time. Before the men were marched out of the Drill Hall, Lieut.-Col. Gordon addressed them, pointing out the seriousness and responsibility of the step they had undertaken. 'Canada is sending you forth,' he said, 'to fight the battles of the Empire on a foreign field! Be a credit to your country; uphold her honor and traditions, and not let it be said of the Canadian contingent that they shirked their duty in any respect. Be men and soldiers. If needs be, fight as good Canadians, and bring glory to the flag. Canada will watch you; Montreal will watch you. May you have a safe voyage and may you all return. I wish you God-speed from the bottom of my heart.'

"At the close of his remarks Col. Gordon called for three cheers for the men, and these were given with a will, and a tiger was added by those present. Cheers for the Queen and Empire followed, the audience waxing enthusiastic.

"When the procession reached Bonaventure station it was greeted with a solid mass of humanity, who had gathered to see the 'boys' off. The company found some difficulty in getting through the crowd, and the scenes they passed through were most affecting, mothers, sisters, and sweethearts clinging to the loved ones to the last, while fathers, brothers, and friends held their hands and wished them God-speed. Soon, however, all were aboard the train. There were faces at every window, smiling faces, too. The train

moved, but very slowly at first. Not a sound of the ringing of a bell nor the puffing of a locomotive could be heard. There was a great buzzing sound, and the noise of many voices. Some of the boys leaned out of the car windows, and grasped the hands of friends as they passed. There was a waving of handkerchiefs, and 'God bless you' from the ladies. As the train increased in speed a mighty thrill of enthusiastic loyalty went through the crowd.

"One by one the carriages rolled past. On the rear platform stood a magnificent specimen of a Canadian soldier. His face glowed and he took off his cap and waved it to the cheering spectators. On a little stick at the rear of the train flapped cheerily a flag; its color was not white.

"Britain's drum-beat in South Africa had been heard in far-off Canada, and Montreal's sons were on the way to the front. A number of the western companies passed through Montreal on their way to Quebec, and all were given enthusiastic greetings and hearty send-offs by a crowd numbering many thousands."

QUEBEC STIRRED WITH ENTHUSIASM.

The Canadian contingent left for the seat of war under command of Lieut.-Colonel Otter, of Toronto, with Lieut.-Colonel Buchan as second in command, and Captain McDougall as adjutant. The staff included Lieut.-Colonel Drury, Captain Forrester, Captain Macdonnell and others well known in St. John.

From published reports it would seem that all Quebec turned out on the evening of October 28th to honor the gallant sons of Canada who were going to take their share in fighting the battles of the Empire. The dinner given by the Garrison Club to Colonel Otter and his officers was a success, and was attended by all who could get seats. The dining room had been tastefully decorated with flags and festoons of flowers. On one side of the coat of arms of the Empire was a British shield, and on the other the Dominion shield, while the shields of the seven provinces were distributed throughout the hall.

After discussing the menu Lieut.-Colonel White arose and announced that the guests had been invited to join in the promenade

and smoking concert at the Drill Hall, where the citizens' committee was entertaining the brave boys. He then proposed the toast of "The Queen." Rarely, if ever, has this toast been received in any part of the country with such enthusiasm as it was on this occasion, and every man present sang the National Anthem in a manner that would have convinced even the most critical observer that all felt the particular solemnity of the moment.

Lieutenant-Colonel White then proposed the toast of "Lieutenant-Colonel Otter," and the officers of the contingent. It was particularly fitting that Quebec, which was surrounded by battlefields, where brave men had struggled on both sides, should represent the whole of Canada in bidding God-speed to the men who were bravely going forth to distant lands to prove the unity of the Empire and the loyalty of all Canadians of all races and creeds.

HONORED IN REPRESENTING CANADA.

Colonel Otter was unable to speak for five minutes, so enthusiastic and prolonged was the cheering which greeted him. When the applause subsided, the commander of the Royal Canadian regiment expressed the pleasure it gave him to be once more in Quebec, as a guest of the Garrison Club, which was known all over Canada for its hospitality, especially to military men. He would like to assure his hearers on behalf of himself and his officers of the pride they all felt in the duty which they were doing. They were highly honored in having been chosen to represent Canada in aid of the Empire.

He had been struck by the enthusiasm displayed from one end of the country to the other; it was really almost more than a man could bear. All classes vied with each other to honor, cheer and assist in every possible way the officers and soldiers. These sincere actions and expressions touched them very much, and they felt they had in every way the sympathy of the whole country. Feeling this, while their task may be physically hard, it would be easy in every other respect. This universal sympathy would help them to give up their homes and endure the hardships of South Africa, if thereby they could gain glory for Canada and the Empire.

It will be seen that a patriotic spirit animated the Dominion from one end to the other. Especially notable was the promptness with which the military preparations were despatched. Canada did more than send her soldiers away with a cheer that rang from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and will forever echo to the nations of the world the stern message, "Britain's quarrels are the quarrels of her children, and Britain's sons will be defended by their brothers." She showed by the despatch with which the contingent was enrolled, and by the promptness with which it was fitted out, that the militia department of this young country is an organization to be proud of, and that in an emergency it can do good work for the Empire.

A REMARKABLE ACHIEVEMENT.

The fact that, without conscription, it was possible to get together in the short space of a fortnight a thousand men, representing every section of this vast domain, and send them away on their long ocean journey, properly equipped and provisioned, was as much an eye-opener to the nations of the world as was the enthusiasm of the people over the opportunity to show even in this small way their devotion to the causes of the Empire and their willingness to make its quarrels their own. The object lesson was expected to make an impression on the world. The knowledge that from the uttermost parts of the earth would come thousands upon thousands of English colonists at the call to arms will not soon be forgotten by those who in the past have considered that the nation's only arm was her navy, and that her people would not voluntarily seek military service.

Military men of all countries most favorably commented on the despatch of the Canadian volunteers. while those in Canada who had an intimate acquaintance with the workings of the militia department, and who knew the difficulties that had to be met and surmounted, spoke most enthusiastically, and one and all praised the Minister of Militia, Hon. F. W. Borden, and the officers of his staff, particularly the Quartermaster-General, Colonel Foster, for the highly creditable manner in which the work was done. The fact that the Minister, Hon. Mr. Borden, was himself a militia officer of thirty years' standing, and that under his rule many important re-

forms had been inaugurated, no doubt helped in a very great measure to make possible the wonderful undertaking, which, as has already been said, called forth praise even from the regular army departments of the old world.

Canada fitted out its soldiers with everything of the very best, and sent them away with quarters that were pronounced far superior to those usually provided on a troop ship. When the call for volunteers was made the militia department had not even uniforms for the men, but the tailors of Canada were equal to the occasion, and they delivered at Quebec before the steamer sailed the splendid uniforms that were expected to prove both serviceable and comfortable. The Canadian soldiers were uniformed as a rifle regiment, and had a khaki serge service uniform, with jackets with four pockets, and short breeches. They wore the Oliver equipment, and all their belts and straps were of brown leather. In addition to this equipment, each man received both summer and winter underclothing and other necessities, so that as regards clothing they were as well provided as if fitted out by the best army service in the world.

SUPERB DRESS PARADE.

One of the newspapers contained the following account of the Canadian contingent: "The Royal Canadian Infantry, 1000 strong, had a magnificent ovation in the ancient city of Quebec while on its way to the wharf and upon its embarkation on the steamer "Sardinian" for the voyage to Cape Town. In the morning the regiment gave a dress parade in Dufferin Terrace in the presence of 20,000 spectators. Addresses were made to them by Lord Minto and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in which the soldiers were highly complimented. In the afternoon the regiment boarded the vessel that was to carry them to Africa amid scenes of the wildest enthusiasm. Quebec never witnessed anything near so impressive or enthusiastic as this demonstration.

"The command is made up of eight companies raised in different parts of the Dominion in which is represented Manitoba, the Northwest Territories, British Columbia, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Montreal, Toronto, Quebec,

Ottawa, London and Kingston. The regiment is finely officered and the rank and file are men of high intelligence and courage and physically in splendid form. We mistake if they do not measure up equally with the celebrated crack regiments of the British army whom they fight along side of in the battles of the Transvaal.

"The inhabitants of the Dominion are justly proud of the contingent they are sending to Africa and everywhere the infantrymen were made to feel the popular heart was with them in this expedition. French and English vied with each other in cheering them on and bidding them God-speed and safe return to their homes."

PATRIOTISM OF THE DOMINION.

It would prove as difficult for one who did not witness the leave-taking of the Canadian contingent to realize the depth of sentiment, the loyalty and the unity of the Canadian people which the farewell brought out as it would be for one who saw and took part in the demonstration to ever forget it. To Quebec came the picked men of the volunteers from every portion of the Dominion, fresh from the plaudits and the decorations of their own friends, thinking, perhaps, that the last good-byes had been said, that they were among a strange people, that the journey to South Africa had commenced in earnest. The contingent had been arriving by companies for almost a week, but Quebec, anxious to prove that none could surpass her in her devotion to the Canadian contingent or the cause in which that contingent was to serve, waited until the departure of the troops, and then the great wave of enthusiasm swept over all restraint, and the greatest popular demonstration which the country ever saw resulted.

The officers and men of the Second Royal Canadian Regiment marched through the flag-decked streets of the city under great welcoming arches in the midst of a cheering throng, with men and women catching their hands as they passed, and wishing them, in a language which they could not understand, her Majesty's wish, "God-speed and a safe return." They were told by the Mayor of the city that they were the united descendants of two races which had met in bitter conflict upon the ground on which they stood,

and that they were now the representatives of one people whose hearts they carried with them. But the last farewell was from 40,000 people of Quebec, who from the wharves and the hills of the city sang the National Anthem as their transport steamed down the broad St. Lawrence.

The Sardinian began her voyage to the Cape at ten minutes past four o'clock on Monday afternoon, October 30th, within fourteen days after the order for the mobilization of the troops came to the Canadian Government. The members of the Cabinet and the officers of the Canadian militia, who saw her leave her wharf carrying a regiment of Canadian soldiers fully prepared for the voyage and equipped for the battlefield, heard with pleasure the following cablegram received by the Governor-General of Canada :

PRAISE FROM THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.

"LONDON, October 30, 1899.—Her Majesty's Government offer hearty congratulations to Canadian Government and military authorities for rapid organization and embarkation of contingent. Enthusiasm displayed by people of Dominion a source of much gratification here. (Signed), CHAMBERLAIN."

The pleasure of the recognition of Canada's ability to meet an emergency was unbounded, but the satisfaction at the completion of an almost overwhelming task was to those who made the embarkation of a Canadian contingent possible at such an early date the greatest reward.

The great Allan liner, which sailed under sealed orders, never carried such a cargo before. The privates of the contingent swarmed everywhere over the boat, and shouted and cheered and sang intermittently. The people of the city filled every dock on the waterfront. They were dotted over the palisades; they lined the great walls of the Citadel and from every coign of vantage answered cheer and hurrah and sang with the soldiers.

When the time of the final leave-taking came the soldiers were on the upper deck and high in the rigging of the vessel. One of Captain Barker's men had climbed to the top of the first mast, and hanging there swung his cap to those on shore. Below him was a

sea of white helmets and dark tunics, and as the first gun from the Citadel roared out the vast multitude took up the strain of "God Save the Queen," and the cannon of the Citadel marked the time. Then the whistles of the river craft drowned all else, and the Sardinian, escorted by a fleet of gaily-decorated tugs and pleasure boats, was lost to sight.

The day began with the marshaling of the troops at the Citadel, and here they were viewed by thousands of visitors who had traveled from their homes to bid their own good-bye. There were many presentations by civic deputations. Toronto sent as its representatives City Treasurer Coady, Messrs. Joseph Thompson, acting Secretary, Alderman Graham and James Somers, and the grants made to the volunteers were handed over, the funds being delivered in gold coin, which was duly placed in safe keeping on the Sardinian. Mr. Coady made the presentations, and Alderman Graham delivered the silver match-safes to those who had failed to receive them in Toronto.

PRESENTS FOR THE SOLDIERS.

Montreal sent the largest deputation, which included a number of students of McGill University, and the members of the contingent from that city received the warmest reception of the day. The Mayor of Montreal and a committee presented field glasses to the officers and funds to the men. Sir Mackenzie Bowell was at the head of a large party from Belleville, which city was also represented by Mayor J. W. Johnson, Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Ponton, Major W. W. Pope, Captain Marsh, Captain Stewart, Lieutenant Morden and Lieutenant McGinnis. They carried with them \$500, being the municipal and private subscriptions to the fourteen soldiers who joined the contingent from Belleville.

The crowd of visitors and residents of the city at the Citadel was very large, but it was insignificant when compared with the tremendous gathering which waited on every side of the Esplanade for the appearance of the troops there. The streets leading from the Citadel were so congested with people that the regiment had difficulty in passing through, and it was some time after the hour

announced for the commencement of the ceremonies that it made its appearance. A temporary stand had been erected on the Esplanade, and on this were gathered prominent visitors from all parts of the Dominion.

The troops were formed up in review order, and the precision shown by each company in taking its position was repeatedly cheered. Finally the grand review began, and his Excellency Lord Minto and General Hutton inspected the long lines of soldiers. They were accompanied by the following staff, and made a brilliant military picture: Lieutenant-Colonel Irwin, Lieutenant-Colonel Evanturel, Lieutenant-Colonel Sherwood, Hon. A. D. and Captain Graham, in waiting. General Hutton appeared particularly impressed with the splendid physical and soldierly bearing of the men, and complimented several of the officers. He said to Captain Barker after reviewing that officer's company: "You have a splendid company—steady men. When you're away remember that you must always call it the 'Toronto Company.'"

HEARTY FAREWELL FROM THE PREMIER.

After his Excellency and General Hutton's review, the playing of "God Save the Queen" by the regimental bands announced the coming of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The Premier was accompanied by Hon. Messrs. Fielding, Borden, Dobell, Fitzpatrick and Sutherland, and was met by the staff of officers mentioned, and he, with the members of his Cabinet, also made a careful inspection of the different companies, giving a kindly farewell to all those with whom he was personally acquainted.

After the formal review the regiment was formed into three sides of a square in close order, and his Excellency, addressing Lieutenant-Colonel Otter, his officers and men, said: "I congratulate you upon the splendid appearance of your regiment upon parade. Canada may justly be proud of her representative troops." But the force which Colonel Otter commands, continued his Excellency, represented a great deal more than a serviceable regiment on parade, and they were standing upon historic ground, under the ramparts of the old City of Quebec, surrounded by celebrated

battlefields and in an atmosphere full of glorious traditions of two nations, who, while respecting each other's manlike qualities, shown in many a hard-fought battlefield, had now joined hands in common loyalty to their Queen-Empress.

The companies of the regiment had been gathered from British Columbia to the Atlantic Coast, from the settlers in the Rocky Mountains and in the far west, from Ontario and the Maritime Provinces, and from the old French families of Quebec. They represented the manhood of the Dominion from west to east, and above all represented the spontaneous offer of the people of Canada, British-born and French-Canadians, to the mother country. The people of Canada had shown that they had no inclination to discuss the quibbles of colonial responsibility. They had unmistakably asked that their loyal offers be made known, and rejoiced in their gracious acceptance.

PRIVATIONS AND GLORIES OF THE ARMY.

In so doing, surely they had opened a new chapter in the history of our empire. They freely made their military gift to the Imperial cause, to share the privations and dangers and glories of the Imperial army. They had insisted on giving vent to an expression of sentimental Imperial unity, which might perhaps hereafter prove more binding than any written Imperial constitution.

Then, addressings Colonel Otter again, his Excellency said: "The embarkation of your force to-day will mark a memorable epoch in the history of Canada and the empire. Of the success of your force we have no doubt. We shall watch your departure with very full hearts, and will follow your movements with eager enthusiasm. All Canada will long to see the Maple Leaf well to the front, and will give her contingent a glorious welcome when it comes home again. And now, as the representative of her Majesty, I wish you God-speed and every success."

His Excellency, whose address was repeatedly applauded, closed by asking Colonel Otter that his regiment give three cheers for the Queen, and in this outburst the thousand of spectators joined, the bands playing "Rule Britannia."

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who followed, was received with another burst of applause, and the throng so pressed about the stand that unfortunately few persons were able to hear all of his address. "In wishing you God-speed," he said, "I pray that God may accompany you, direct you and protect you, on the noble mission which you have undertaken. Upon this occasion it is not so much the God of battle as the God of justice whom we invoke. It is inspiring to reflect that the cause for which you men of Canada are going to fight is the cause of justice, the cause of humanity, of civil rights and religious liberty.

"This war is not a war of conquest or subjugation. It is not to oppress the race whose courage we admire, but it is to put an end to the oppression imposed upon subjects of her Majesty in South Africa by a tyrannical people. The object is not to rush out the Dutch population, but to establish in that land, of which her Majesty is suzerain, British sovereign law, to assure to all men of that country an equal share of liberty. This is a unique occasion in the history of the world; it is a spectacle which ought to make every Canadian feel proud of his country.

HAPPY ILLUSTRATION OF UNITY.

"Who could have believed a few years ago that from this city, which had been the theatre of a bitter conflict between the two proudest races of the world, their descendants, who to-day were a happily united people, would go forth to help carry the blessings of their own institutions to a far distant land? Who could have believed thirty-two years ago that the scattered Provinces of British North America would have reached such a point of development to-day that they would be able and willing, and cheerfully willing, to cement with their blood the unity of the empire in its most distant part?

"Men of the Canadian contingent," continued the Premier, "I have no recommendation or request to make to you, but if I had it would simply be to do your duty. More than this we cannot ask; more than this you cannot do. If you do your duty, and I know you will, you take your place side by side with the Dublin

Fusileers, the Gordon Highlanders and the Lancashires, who only last week carried the colors of England to the topmost heights of Glencoe, Dundee and Elandslaagte.

"If you do your duty your proud countrymen will share your glory. Should any one of you unfortunately lose his life or limb your country will feel that you have fully discharged the duty under which you place her this day by this sacrifice to Canada's glory, the glory of the empire, and above all, to the cause of justice, humanity and liberty."

ELOQUENT SPEECH OF THE MAYOR.

The address from the citizens of Quebec was then delivered by his Worship Hon. S. N. Parent, Mayor of the city. He said: "The citizens of Quebec offer you the most cordial welcome in this old fortress, so often stormed by war and tempest, whose inhabitants from their earliest years have been accustomed to the music of military bands, to the smell of powder and the smoke of battles. We are proud of the honor that has been done our city in its selection as the scene of the mobilization of this select regiment which the Canadian people send to the assistance of our mother country. It was no vain appeal that was made to our valor and our loyalty, for along the way from Victoria to Halifax a thousand picked men, representing the youth, physical strength, the discipline and the courageous daring of our people, freely volunteered to serve under the British flag.

"The people of various origin and different religious creeds that go to make up the population of this country are represented in your regiment, and now that we are for the time being assembled within the walls of the most French city of the new world let us claim for the French-Canadian element a large share of the warm and spontaneous outburst of sentiments of loyalty to England which marked your triumphant passage from your homes to Quebec.

"No matter how diverse may be our origin and the language that we speak, who is there that will dare to affirm that we have not all the qualities necessary for the making of a real nation? Who dare say, upon such an occasion as the present, that we are

not all sincerely united and loyal towards the Canadian Dominion and loyal to England, which has given us so complete a measure of liberty? We French-Canadians have loyally accepted the new destinies that Providence provided for us on the battlefields of 1759. Is it possible that anybody can have forgotten 1775 and 1812?

"On the summit of this proud rock of Quebec, rendered illustrious by Jacques Cartier and Champlain, behold, but a few steps from this place, the superb monument erected by an English Governor to the memory of Wolfe and Montcalm. Why may we not make it the emblem and the symbol of our national unity?

ROSE, THISTLE AND SHAMROCK.

"Let us leave to each individual amongst us the privilege to retain as a sweet souvenir, worthy of a noble heart, the rose, the thistle, the *fleur-de-lis* or the shamrock, and even the pot of earth that the Irish immigrant brings with him from under distant skies, and let us be united for the great and holy cause that we have in hand, the foundation of a great nation and the development of the boundless resources of a rich and immense country. Our best wishes accompany you in the long journey, at the end of which you will no doubt find glory as well as sufferings, privations, and perhaps even heroic sacrifices.

"When you will be under the burning sun of Africa you may be sure that our hearts will follow you everywhere, and that in our long winter evenings you will be the principal object of our fireside talk and solicitude. Be quite sure, too, that this Canada of ours will watch with a maternal care over the loved ones that you leave behind you, and who, in parting with you, are making so great and so generous a sacrifice. May the God of battles crown your efforts, may He preserve you in the midst of danger, and may He bring you back safe and sound to the beloved shores of your fatherland."

Following the delivery of this address, which was also received with great enthusiasm, the regiment formed fours and marched past the reviewing stand, where each company received hearty cheers. The procession was headed by the musicians of the Royal Canadian Artillery and by officers of different battalions.

The regiment marched through the streets of both the Upper and Lower Town, and, although the line of route was lengthy, the cheering was continuous and the troops were followed by one of the largest crowds Quebec has ever experienced. Great throngs were congregated at the wharf, but admission could be gained only by ticket, and the companies of the local militia closely guarded all the approaches.

Great promptness was observed in the handling of the troops, and when shortly before 3 o'clock his Excellency arrived, the embarkation was almost completed and the Governor-General went on board and examined the men's quarters, spending some little time on the boat. Just as the lines were about to be cast off General Hutton summoned the officers of the regiment to the wharf and read to them the message from Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, given above. He then bade the officers good-bye, and called for cheers for each, concluding with cheers for the Queen.

At 4.10 o'clock the great liner slowly moved away from her dock, and the greatest cheer of the day went up. The Canadian contingent had started for the Transvaal.

CHAPTER XVII.

First Clash of Arms Between the British and Boers.

ON October 9, 1899, the British Government received the Boer ultimatum, demanding that points in dispute be referred to arbitration; that all British troops on the border of the Transvaal be instantly withdrawn; that reinforcements sent to South Africa since June 1st be removed; that no more troops be landed in South Africa, and that Great Britain answer before 5 o'clock P.M., October 11th. On the same date the Gordon Highlanders and troops from India were ordered to Ladysmith.

Great Britain, on the 10th, replied that conditions demanded by the Transvaal were such as could not be discussed. The British agent was instructed to apply for his passport, which meant that war was an assured fact, and communication between the two governments was at an end.

The time for acceptance of the ultimatum expired at 5 o'clock, P.M., October 11th. Conyngham Greene, the British agent at Pretoria, paid his farewell visits to President Kruger and the Boer officials. General Prinsloo was appointed commander-in-chief of the Orange Free State forces; headquarters at Albertina. The Boers occupied Laing's Nek and the British hurried troops to the western border.

On October 12th Free State burghers occupied Philipstown, Cape Colony, and Orange Free State troops entered Natal through Tintwa and Van Reenen's passes. The Natal reserves were called out. France was notified by the Transvaal that a state of war existed. Transvaal Boers occupied Laing's Nek and Ingogo Heights. A Transvaal manifesto was issued, calling on all Afrikaners in South Africa to rise against the British. Marshal law was proclaimed at Bloemfontein, capital of Orange Free State. A British armored train under command of Captain Nesbitt carrying guns to Mafeking was destroyed by Boers at Kraalpan. There were only

three armored trains in the British army in South Africa, and the loss, therefore, was serious to the English army. The armored train is a prominent feature of the Transvaal war, owing to the position of the contestants and the long, unprotected border of the boundary line. The destroyed train was a hastily constructed affair, consisting of a locomotive and two cars. The engine was in the centre of the train.

The box cars and the locomotive were covered by boiler plating three-quarters of an inch thick, as firmly riveted as time would allow. The train was constructed at Mafeking, where there are several railway shops, the town being on the new main line from the Cape to Bulawayo.

A RAPID-FIRING RAILWAY TRAIN.

The locomotive was the only part of the train that did not carry guns, the steel casing being solely to protect the mechanism of the engine from the shot of the enemy. The remainder of the armor, however, was thickly perforated with port-holes, through which guns of varying calibre peeped, the Maxim, Nordenfelt and Gatling being the most serviceable weapons for this kind of work. The smaller holes were for the rifles of the marksmen, and usually the deadliest in a regiment were selected for the position. It takes an expert marksman to shoot with satisfactory results from a quickly-moving train. As usual, the train was supplied with a powerful searchlight, in view of a possible night attack.

Of course, the boiler tubing can offer no resistance to artillery. In fact, rifle shots fired at short range will sometimes penetrate the plates, and to meet such a possibility sand-bags were provided, as was the case in the Egyptian campaign, when the armored train was found of great service.

But in spite of all protection, the Boers conquered. They had their artillery stationed along the hills beside the tracks. It was a veritable trap. The track ahead was blocked. The Englishmen had failed to accompany their train with the usual cavalry advance guard, which experience in this kind of fighting had taught was absolutely necessary. Unaware of the true state of affairs, the

doomed train steamed to the obstruction and became derailed. The men sallied forth and worked like beavers to put the wheels back on the track and remove the obstruction. Then the Boers opened fire with their cannon.

At the first report the troops flew back into their iron battery. They worked their guns for all that was in them, but their force was small and the firing necessarily slow. The cannon fire of the Boers was rapid and accurate. The thin sheet-iron protection against bullet shots was an ideal bursting ground for the larger shells. The armored train was soon a total wreck and most of the crew dead or badly wounded. In that condition the Englishmen surrendered, and the arms, ammunition and big guns so badly needed by Colonel Baden-Powell at Mafeking never reached their destination, but went into the hands of the enemy.

AMERICAN ARMORED TRAINS.

Armored trains, however, do not always fall so easily into the hands of the enemy. Armored trains mounting field-pieces and machine guns were extensively utilized by the American troops engaged in the conquest of the Filipinos, and it will be remembered that the successful issue of the fight at Columpit was attributed to the opportune arrival of just such a flying battery. During the Cuban rebellion there were numerous accounts wafted to the United States of the use of armored trains by the Spaniards. The question now arises, where did this mode of fighting originate?

Although it is impossible to obtain any reliable details, it is certain that the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 was the first campaign witnessing the use of protected trains and locomotives on the field of battle. In their sorties from Paris the French troops were frequently backed up by the fire of light field-pieces carried in this manner, and when the Communists were holding the capital against the Versaillaise an armored train operated upon the railway in the direction of Chateau Brecon, and is said to have achieved its object in silencing the batteries which the regular troops were endeavoring to establish in that position.

It is this experience, perhaps, that has given rise to the belief

that the French were the original adapters of the idea for the utilization of permanent lines of railway for the transport of artillery, capable of being brought into action upon the metals themselves. Shortly after the war of 1870 an Englishman, Mr. Evelyn Liardet, took out a patent for an armored train, which was nullified by the discovery in the Patent Office of Mr. Anderson's prior scheme. Mr. James Anderson, of Edinburgh, in 1847, prepared and patented a series of plans, and further submitted a working model of his defensive rolling stock for the inspection of some distinguished engineer and artillery officers.

BLUE-JACKETS THROWING SHELLS.

As far as the British army is concerned, Captain Fisher's armor-clad train, used during the first stages of the campaign against Arabi, was the first and only active example of its type. The train was constructed at Alexandria by a party of blue-jackets, and was composed of a locomotive and a number of trucks protected by iron rails, iron plates and sand-bags. The engine was placed in the middle of the train, while a Nordenfelt machine gun was mounted on the leading protected truck, and a 40-pounder on the next. The latter, by means of a small crane carried with the train, could be quickly mounted and dismounted, one minute sufficing from the halting of the train to remount and fire the gun.

The vehicles behind the engine conveyed a detachment of skirmishers, while it was found expedient to attach one or two empty trucks in front of the working portion carrying the guns, so as to minimize any danger from the explosion of mines laid under the permanent railway by the enemy. Unfortunately, Captain Fisher had but few opportunities of bringing his train into action, but during a smart skirmish on the Mahmoudiyeh Canal it came steaming up from Gabarrie, and by throwing some well-directed shells into the very centre of the enemy compelled him to retire with considerable loss.

The main objection raised against the practicability of armored trains is the suggestion that the enemy, with a few men carrying small parcels of dynamite, could easily destroy the permanent way.

Doubtless they could do so, if the defender's cavalry stood idly while they advanced for this purpose; hence it must be a *sine qua non* that armored trains are always accompanied by a strong force of cavalry.

Again, to guard against the compulsory abandonment of the guns if the train is derailed, Captain Fisher's precaution of including a crane in the equipment should be followed. Machine guns or only very light field-pieces, were the only armament of the train which the Boers captured. Trucks carrying these should certainly have the gun detachments protected by bullet-proof mantlets, but any very high plating, with the idea of keeping out shells, has proven a mistake.

Continuing the record of the war, we find that on October 13th the British occupied a position near Ladysmith. On the same date the United States were notified by Great Britain that a state of war existed in South Africa. The Boers occupied Spitzkop and Newcastle. Fighting was begun at Mafeking next day, and the Boers destroyed another armored train carrying telegraph operators. The train engaged 500 Boers, who lost heavily. General Sir Redvers Buller and staff left London for South Africa on the same date.

SHARP FIGHTING AROUND KIMBERLEY.

The day following the Boers laid siege to Kimberley, where the famous diamond mines are located, and were defeated in an engagement at Spruitfontein, ten miles south of Kimberley. On the 16th a Boer commando with an estimated force of 2000 men and 16 field guns arrived at Daanhauser, northeast of Dundee. Orange Free State troops cut the telegraph wires and destroyed railroad tracks at Norvals Pont. Marshal law was proclaimed at Newcastle, Dundee, Klip River, Unsiga and Upper Tugila division of the colony. General Joubert, commander of the Boer army, arrived at Newcastle, Natal, and the Boers opposite Glencoe camp received reinforcements.

Three battles in Natal marked the opening of the war—Glencoe, Elandslaagte and Rietfontein. The first, the battle of Glencoe, was fought on October 20th by the advanced British force, under

the late General Sir William Symons, and the other two by the larger army of Sir George White from its base at Ladysmith, the permanent camp of the British in Natal. The first shock of the Boer invasion at Natal was borne by Sir William Symons at Glencoe, his position on the Glencoe-Dundee line having been attacked on October 20th by the Boer columns invading Natal from the north by way of Laing's Nek and the drifts, or fords, over the Buffalo River.

The intention of the Boers was to attack Symons with three columns, aggregating about 9000 men. The first, under General Erasmus, advanced from the north; the second, under Lucas Meyer, made a long detour along the Buffalo River, crossed that stream, and moved due west upon Glencoe, and the third, having got to the south, at Waschbank, was to destroy the railway communication and head off Symons in that direction.

FIRST BATTLE OF THE WAR.

Whether from defective mobilization, or for other reasons, the Boer plan did not succeed, and Sir William Symons was able to attack and defeat the second column advancing from the east, under Lucas Meyer, without having to engage the other two, having only to keep the advance of the northern column in check by detaching a battery of artillery and one regiment. Thus was won the victory of Glencoe, the first battle of the war, which proved to the Boers that British troops could fight them in their own way, scale difficult heights and drive their defenders down the opposite slope.

It was, as an eye-witness stated, Majuba with the positions reversed. The moral effect of the battle in which Symons and many of his gallant officers and men lost their lives was tremendous. It struck, so to speak, at once the keynote of the war, namely, that the British defence would be an offensive defence. Not only the Boers, but all Europe, were astounded at the result of the brilliant opening of the campaign by the great soldier whose remains were buried—for a while—in the “enemy’s country.”

The following is an account of the engagement by an eye-witness who was with the British troops: “The first battle has been fought, and the Boers have sustained a blow which may give

them serious pause in their advance southward. In the British camp last night it was the general expectation that to-day would not pass without some hard fighting. The enemy had been reported advancing in force, and this rumor had been confirmed by a squadron of Hussars, which had been sent out to reconnoitre.

"When dawn broke this morning it was discovered that the Boers during the night had occupied a strong position on Dundee Hill, about three miles east and overlooking the camp and the town. They had placed several guns in position. Almost precisely at 6 o'clock came the boom of their first shot, and within a few minutes they had developed a heavy fire. Their practice was, however, poor, and their shots did no damage.

SPLENDID FIRING BY THE ARTILLERY.

"In the meantime our own guns had taken up the challenge. It soon became apparent that whatever might be the issue of the fight, our artillery would not be in fault. Our fire was magnificent. Within fifteen minutes after our first shot the Boer guns were silenced. By this time the enemy could be seen swarming over the hill outside of Dundee and making towards the south. Their intention evidently was to turn our position.

"An advance was at once ordered of infantry and cavalry. Both moved out, and soon the battle was raging in the valley outside of the town. A hot rifle fire was kept up by our men, no advantage offered by the nature of the ground being neglected. The advancing force was effectually covered by our guns, which continued to play upon the enemy's position. The fire of the Boers at this point was decidedly weak. It seemed as if their ineffective artillery work might have taken the heart out of them.

"Our men continued steadily to advance in the face of their fire, and reached the foot of the hill in fine form. The Boers, seeing themselves worsted, fell back and retired toward the east. Our losses have been heavy. The final dash up the hill was a brilliant affair. The Dublin Fusileers did fine work. Nothing at this time can be said of the enemy's losses, but they must have been very serious."

It appears that during the night, as already stated, the Boer artillery occupied a hill commanding the British camp and began dropping shells at daybreak in the direction of the British forces.

The latter, under General Sir William Penn Symons, promptly accepted the challenge, and moved to meet the invaders under cover of the British artillery, which appears to have worked with such advantage as to quickly silence the enemy's batteries, enabling the infantry to carry the Boer position with a rush, in which the Dublin Fusileers and the King's Royal Rifles specially distinguished themselves, the Fusileers capturing the first guns of the enemy taken in the campaign.

GENERAL SYMONS MORTALLY WOUNDED.

Fortunately for the British, they were apparently strong enough to withstand a Boer force nearly double their own, as, in view of the fact that the railway was cut at Elandsplaagte, evidently in anticipation of an early attack, it would have been impossible to send reinforcements quickly from Ladysmith. General Symons was in the thick of the fight.

A further account of the engagement states that after eight hours of continuous fighting Talana Hill was carried by the Dublin Fusileers and the King's Rifles, under cover of a well-served artillery fire by the Thirteenth and Sixty-ninth Batteries. The Boers who threatened the British rear then retired.

The War Office in London received the appended despatch from Ladysmith, filed at 10.45 A. M. on the day of the battle: "The following advices from Glencoe Camp just at hand: The King's Royal Rifles and the Dublin Fusileers are attacking a hill occupied by Boer artillery. They are within 300 yards of the position, and are advancing under cover of our artillery, at about 2000 yards range. Scouts report that 9000 Boers are advancing on Harting Spruit. The Fifteenth Battery and Leicester regiment have gone to meet them."

Sir William Symons was wounded through the thigh and General Yule assumed command.

General Sir William Penn Symons, Knight Commander of the



CHARGE OF BOER CAVALRY NEAR LADYSMITH.

Bath, whose death resulted from the wound he received at Glencoe, entered the British army in 1863 and served against Galekas in 1877-78, in the Zulu war, the Burmese expedition and several other campaigns. He commanded the Second Brigade in the Tochi field force, and the First Division of the Tirah expeditionary force in 1897-98. Sir William was decorated a Knight Commander of the Bath for services with the latter. He was the second in command under Major-General Sir George Stewart White, commander of the British forces in Natal.

NARROW ESCAPE OF BRITISH TROOPS.

It appears from authentic accounts of the fight at Glencoe that the carbineers and border-mounted riflemen who had been in action with the enemy nearly all day, returned in the evening, falling back fighting, in the face of some 2000 Boers. They were several times almost cut off, but a Maxim gun held the Boers in check. Several times the Boers came within 400 yards range, but their shooting was bad, and the Maxims rendered signal service in stopping their rushes. The Boers had a large wagon train and artillery.

The absence of details regarding the British losses in the engagement at Glencoe Camp caused the deepest anxiety in London, and the War Office was besieged by relatives and friends of those making up the forces that took part in the fight.

The War Office received another official despatch from Ladysmith filed at half-past 3 in the afternoon, from Glencoe: "We were attacked this morning at daylight by a Boer force, roughly estimated at 4000. They had placed four or five guns in position on a hill, 5400 yards east of our camp, and they fired plugged shells. Their artillery did no damage. Our infantry formed for attack, and we got our guns into position. After the position of the enemy had been shelled our infantry advanced to the attack, and, after a hard fight, lasting until 1.30 P. M., an almost inaccessible position was taken, the enemy retiring eastward. All the Boer guns have been captured. Our cavalry and artillery are still out. Our losses are heavy."

The British artillery practice in the early part of the day decided the battle. The seizure of Dundee Hill by the Boers was a surprise, for, although the pickets had been exchanging shots all night, it was not until a shell boomed over the town into the camp that their presence was discovered. Then the shells came fast. The hill was positively alive with the swarming Boers, still the British artillery got to work with magnificent energy and precision.

The batteries from the camp took up positions to the south of the town, and after a quarter of an hour's heavy firing silenced the guns on the hills. Shells dropped among the Boers with remarkable accuracy, doing tremendous execution, for the enemy were present in very large numbers and in places considerably exposed. By this time the enemy held the whole of the hill behind Smith's farm and the Dundee kopje, right away to the south, in which direction the British infantry and cavalry moved at once.

SPLENDID CHARGE OF INFANTRY.

The fighting raged particularly hot at the valley outside the town. Directly the Boer guns ceased firing, General Symons ordered the infantry to move on the position. The infantry charge was magnificent. The way the King's Royal Rifles and the Dublin Fusileers stormed the position was one of the most splendid sights ever seen. The firing of the Boers was not so deadly as might have been expected from troops occupying such an excellent position, but the infantry lost heavily going up the hill, and only the consummately brilliant way in which General Symons had trained them to fighting of the kind saved them from being swept away.

Indeed, the hill was almost inaccessible to the storming party, and any hesitation would have lost the day. The enemy's guns were all abandoned, for the Boers had no time to remove them. A stream of fugitives poured down the hillside into the valley, where the battle went on with no abatement.

General Symons was wounded early in the action, and the command then devolved on General Yule. The enemy as they fled were followed by the cavalry, mounted infantry and artillery.

The direction taken was to the eastward. The British losses were very severe, but those of the Boers were much heavier. The final rush was made with a triumphant yell, and as the British troops charged to close quarters the enemy turned and fled, leaving all their impedimenta and guns behind them in their precipitate flight.

While this was going on one battery of artillery, the Eighteenth Hussars and the mounted infantry, with a part of the Leicester Regiment, got on the enemy's flank, and, as the Boers streamed wildly down the hills, making for the main road, they found their retreat had been cut off, but they rallied for awhile, and there was severe fighting, with considerable loss to each side. Many of the enemy surrendered. A rough estimate placed the British loss at 250 killed or wounded, and that of the Boers at 800.

DEFEAT WAS DECISIVE.

The Boers seemed to be nonplussed by the tactics of the imperial troops, especially of the well-drilled, swift-moving horse-men. The enemy were still, as of old, a mob. They were without horses and forage, and many of them relied for food upon what they could obtain by looting. Their animals were mostly in a wretched condition.

Some of the particulars of the battle at Glencoe indicated that defeat of the Boers was in reality a rout. The victory of the English forces was doubly significant, for in three important particulars the South Africans had decidedly the advantage. The Boers seem to have outnumbered their foe, they had the best position and they caught the English unawares. With respect to courage, the combatants were supposed to be equal, but the English forces were seasoned, disciplined troops, while those of the Boers were without much military training. It was undoubtedly this superior discipline and a greater knowledge on the part of the officers of the art of war that gave the victory to the English.

The evident purpose of General Joubert in making the attack on the forces under General Symons was to drive a wedge between Ladysmith and Glencoe, and divide the two divisions of the English

army at these points. Had he succeeded he would have completely isolated Dundee, and gained, besides, a great advantage, which might have operated as an encouragement to an immediate revolt in Natal and Cape Colony.

The victory of the English forces at Glencoe, while seemingly decisive, was only won at the cost of many precious lives. As nearly as could be ascertained, about one in every twenty men engaged was either killed or wounded. This circumstance must dispose of any thought that the Boers since their last war with England have become less accurate in their shooting. A noteworthy feature in connection with the casualties reported was the disproportionately large number of officers killed or wounded.

MANY OFFICERS KILLED OR WOUNDED.

According to the despatches General Symons was mortally wounded, two colonels, three captains and five lieutenants were killed, two colonels, three majors, six captains and eleven lieutenants were wounded, while only thirty non-commissioned officers and men were killed and 152 were wounded. Thus the first battle in the war grimly gave endorsement to the prediction of German officers made just before hostilities began that great numbers of valuable English officers would be sacrificed because, while leading and compelling their men to take advantage of shelter, the officers would not seek shelter themselves, as they regarded it as unbecoming in a British officer to do so.

Too offset to some extent the seriousness of the defeat of the Boers at Glencoe was the fact of their capture of Vryburg, the capital of Bechuanaland. In one respect this was almost as great a disaster to the English as the defeat in the other instance was to the South Africans. The significance of the capture of Vryburg was not that it was particularly an important town, but rather because it was the headquarters of the Bechuanaland border police, a body of men which is, in fact, mounted infantry accustomed to rapid movements and of tried courage. That the place was captured without serious bloodshed indicates that this force had been withdrawn to assist in the defence of Mafeking.

A leading New England journal commented on the outbreak of the war in South Africa as follows :

“The art of war is becoming interesting. It is perfecting itself in certain directions to a point that may yet shock the civilized world into its abolition and compel arbitration from a sense of common humanity. The Boers are said to have protested against the use of an explosive used by the English and known as lyddite. These brave and honest fighters seem to be hardly aware of what civilized nations are doing in the way of perfecting high explosives. They have fancied that their skill with the rifle and their superior earnestness and science in a war carried on in their own territory would carry them through. ‘God will direct our bullets,’ exclaims good old Oom Kruger.

DESTRUCTIVE WORK OF SHRAPNEL SHELLS.

“But let us see what this means in practice. The British took with them to South Africa certain rapid-firing guns that fire shrapnel shells, each of which scatters 260 bullets over a space of twenty-four square yards. These guns will deliver twelve aimed shots per minute; that is, 3120 bullets per minute for each gun, rendering a space of 288 square yards perfectly fatal to life. A battery of six-inch guns would devastate an area of 1728 square yards every minute, or an acre every three minutes.

“Every gun of this type can fire as many bullets per round as could 260 soldiers using rifles, firing them as fast and several times as far. The eighteen British rapid-firing guns used at Glencoe were therefore equivalent to a reinforcement of 5000 men. Is it any wonder, then, that the British artillery is said to have been ‘superb?’

“But this is not all. Every one of the powers is using high explosives. The British use lyddite, the French melinite and the Germans a similar explosive. At Santiago our soldiers had to hurl their bare breasts against the Spanish entrenchments, for we had nothing but an old type of slow-fire weapon, and even that we did not use.

“Since then we have been experimenting with a new explosive

to be used against the Filipinos. It is called 'thorite,' and is the invention of a Western man. The War Department has ordered Lieutenant Parker to go to the Philippines and superintend its manufacture. It would seem that we have been obliged to join the procession of nations using high explosives, for The Hague Peace conference, while it went on record as against dum-dum bullets, did not touch the matter of high explosives.

FEARFUL EXECUTION OF LYDDITE.

"While lyddite is something similar to gunpowder, its effects are far more terrific. It was this awful stuff that the British used in the Soudan. When the dervishes charged down on the British lines at Omdurman and at the Atbara the lyddite shells mowed down entire battalions. It is pretty evident that the 'superb' artillery practice of the British at Glencoe was largely the work of lyddite shells. At any rate the British propose to use them, and the reports of military experts say that they accomplish fearful execution. Whether thorite will prove equally destructive upon the Filipinos remains to be seen.

"The Boers will probably protest in vain against the use of lyddite, for all the leading nations are using that or something similar. When applied to rapid-firing guns its effectiveness is something appalling. The nation that does not carry this awful machinery has only the jaggedness of its territory and the superior heroism and skill of its soldiers and generals on its side. As was shown by Kitchener at the gates of Khartoum, the enemy caught in the open is mowed down like grass, and no amount of personal valor can save it. Lyddite is said to demoralize the nerves of the enemy. The Boers, in their manliness, probably object to it on this ground.

"Such are the terrific instrumentalities used in modern warfare. In a level country they would count heavily against the Boers. But in the Transvaal their effectiveness may be balanced by superior alertness and generalship."

The terrific slaughter effected by the rapid-fire shrapnel guns at Glencoe was the marvel of the military world. These guns, more than any other arm of the service in the field, were responsible

for the British triumph. The battle was half won by the deadly hail of shrapnel before the infantry had advanced. The terrified Boers, who never expected any such form of attack as this, were glad enough to get out of their hiding places in the rocks and do the best they could with their formidable enemy in open fight. Nothing like it has ever before been known in warfare.

FULL OF RETREATS AND PITFALLS.

Something—quite enough to excite curiosity—was heard about the now famous shrapnel guns when Lord Kitchener used them with some effect among the enemy at Omdurman. But the fighting there was open and there was nothing to do but let the infantry go straight ahead. In Boerland it is very different. The country is wild and mountainous, full of hidden retreats for the burghers and pitfalls for the British. It is something like the conditions our own troops had to face while chasing Indians through the Black Hills in Dakota.

A word to the uninitiated about the precise meaning of the word shrapnel. It is a shell, so named from its inventor, General Shrapnel, and consists of a spherical cone filled with musket balls and containing a bursting charge of powder. Extensive experiments are being made with shrapnel guns in the armies of all the powers of Europe. France, Germany and Russia are doing a great deal with them, though they are keeping their experiments largely to themselves. The Boer war forced England's hand and, in the opinion of experts, shows that she is easily in the lead. The work of all her field batteries, but more particularly the shrapnel, has very much astonished experienced ordnance officers at Washington and all over the country, and has incidentally uncovered some glaring defects in our own equipment.

The latest and most deadly creation of the British gun-maker employs a shrapnel projectile weighing about fifteen pounds. This projectile consists of steel tubing, filled with about two hundred small balls. These balls are of hardened lead and weigh almost one-third of an ounce each. Each shell contains a light bursting charge, and, so far as results show, may be timed with absolute accuracy.

In firing the gun a time fuse is fitted into the head of the projectile. In the hands of experienced gunners it may be cut so as to cause the bursting of a shell as close as one-third of a second after firing the gun. Or, on the other hand, the missile may be given a flight of twelve seconds before bursting. The gunners aim to burst the shrapnel about thirty yards short of the enemy's position. At a range of 1000 yards all the shrapnel balls will be projected within a circle on the ground for about twenty-five feet in diameter. The dispersion is greater according to the length of the range.

The ordnance branch of the British army is not niggardly in furnishing its gunners ammunition for target practice with its field pieces, and particularly with any new piece. The wisdom of this generosity is apparent in the accuracy with which a deadly down-pour of bullets has been hurled into the hiding places of the Boers among their native rocks in Natal. To have driven them from their strongholds with infantry without first bringing the shrapnel into play would surely have involved a shocking loss of life to the British.

At Glencoe, or rather in the hills of Talana, just back of it, the British gunners employed shrapnel with sweeping accuracy at a distance of 3500 yards. Scarcely a shot was wasted, and the poor Boers, brave as they showed themselves to be in open battle, were terrified beyond description.

COULD NOT ESCAPE THE FIERY BLAST.

What was this? Had the heavens espoused the British cause and opened up a hail of lead that beat them down like so much grain? They had heard of the English rapid-fire guns, and had a vague idea of shrapnel, but they were not prepared for such a devastating fire from above as descended upon them and sought out every nook and corner of shelter. In vain they shifted position from one part of the pass to another. Those awful shrapnel followed them everywhere and pelted them with a merciless rain of fire. Bullets that fell from the skies by thousands and swept the earth like hail were as mortal as though fired from a rifle.

Brave burghers saw their companions fall round them like sheep and there was no enemy in sight. They did not know how to strike back. Long before the infantry came up the victory was won and the hardy Boers, whose valor and determination in the face of such tremendous odds won world-wide admiration, were compelled to bite the dust in defeat.

English firing shells are loaded with lyddite. Lyddite is one of the picric acid compounds known in this country as emensite and in France as melinite. It is loaded in the shell like gun-cotton, the shell having an explosive fuse at either end, but generally in the front or striking end.

The explosive force of lyddite is tremendous. A small charge of it fired against solid stone masonry has wrecked it as if it was so much paper, and great holes have been dug in the ground from the concussion. In the Soudan campaign lyddite shells were fired from 5.4-10 inch howitzers into the fanatical Dervishes as they came charging down on the British lines. The results were appalling. Scores and hundreds of men were literally blown to pieces, scattered into fragments, as much as they would have been had they been sitting over a barrel of gunpowder when the match was applied.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Fierce Fighting in Natal.

ON the afternoon of October 22d, the War Office in London received intelligence of another bloody battle. The despatch was from the General commanding in Natal, Sir George Stewart White, regarding the engagement of the 21st at Elands-laagte, between Glencoe and Ladysmith, when the British under General French routed the Transvaal forces under General Jan H. M. Kock, second in command in the Transvaal army, who was himself wounded and captured, and afterward died.

General White was present in person, but did not assume direction of the fight, which was left in the hands of General French. Although desultory fighting took place earlier in the day, while reinforcements sent out later on ascertaining the enemy's strength were arriving from Ladysmith, the real action did not begin until 3.30 P. M. At that hour the Boers held a position of very exceptional strength, consisting of a rock hill about a mile and a half southeast of Elands-laagte Station.

At 3.30 P. M. the British guns took a position on a ridge 4100 yards from the Boers, whose guns at once opened fire. This fire was generally well directed, but somewhat high. Contrary to previous experiences, their shells burst well. The Imperial Light Horse moved towards the left of the enemy's position, and two squadrons of the Fifth Lancers toward his right. During the artillery duel mounted Boers pushed out from their left and engaged the Imperial Light Horse.

In a few minutes the enemy's guns ceased firing, and the British artillery was turned on the mounted Boers who opposed the Imperial Light Horse. The latter at once fell back. After the artillery preparations the British infantry advanced to the attack, supported by guns in the second position. The Devonshires held

the enemy in front, while the Manchester Regiment and the Gordon Highlanders turned his left flank.

The Boer guns, although often temporarily silenced, invariably opened fire again on the slightest opportunity, and were served with great courage. After severe fighting the British infantry carried the position. At 6.30 P. M. this was accomplished, the enemy standing his ground to the last with courage and tenacity. The Fifth Lancers and a squadron of the Fifth Dragoon Guards charged three times through the retreating Boers in the dark, doing considerable execution.

CAPTURE OF THE BOER CAMP.

The Boer camp was captured, with tents, wagons, horses and also two guns. The Boer losses were very considerable including a number of wounded and unwounded prisoners. Among the former was Piet Joubert, nephew of Commanding General Joubert, who was prominent in the fight. One goods train, with supplies for Glencoe Camp, and nine English prisoners, were recovered. The British loss was heavy. It was roughly computed at 150 killed and wounded.

A despatch from Cape Town, October 22d, 6.30 P. M., said: The following additional details from official sources are at hand regarding the battle at Elandslaagte:

“The Boers, although driven from their guns, returned again and again, whenever an opportunity offered. The high ground near the left of the enemy’s position was occupied at the commencement of the action, the British creeping along the crest and making a wide circuit.

“The infantry attack was directed against the right of the enemy’s position, the British coming quickly into contact with the Boers, who at that point occupied a strong footing, which they held resolutely until a flank attack was made by our troops, who advanced with great dash, and, in spite of heavy losses, carried the main position with a rush, just as the light was failing.

“The ground traversed by our troops was rough and stony, and the capture of the position was a fine feat of arms. The

cavalry lapped well around and inflicted severe loss on the enemy.

"It was highly important to strike a severe blow, as the Orange Free State forces are known to be concentrated northwest of Ladysmith in considerable strength. The flank attack was gallantly delivered by the Manchester Regiment, the Gordon Highlanders and the Imperial Light Horse. The front attack was done with splendid spirit by the Devonshire Regiment. The wounded are being attended in the principal church at Ladysmith, which has been converted into a hospital."

BRILLIANT VICTORY FOR THE BRITISH.

The capture of Elandslaagte was a brilliant feat of arms. The Boers were strongly entrenched, and fought with their wonted bravery. They seized every opportunity of coming into action, and ran to serve their guns whenever they could get a chance. The British wounded were taken to Ladysmith. Every care and attention was also given to the Boer wounded, who were despatched down the country. Schiel, a former German officer, who was leading a section of the Boers in the engagement at Elandslaagte, was taken prisoner.

Further details of the engagement showed the desperate character of the battle. Realizing that the first attack on Glencoe was part of a general combined attack by three columns, and that the situation was still serious so long as the Boers held the railway at Elandslaagte, severing connection between Ladysmith and Dundee, Sir George Stewart White resolved to give battle, with a view of recapturing Elandslaagte.

On the morning of the 20th all the mounted troops, supported by two battalions of infantry and two batteries of artillery, reconnoitered some twelve miles along the Newcastle road, an open, rolling country, very suitable for cavalry operations, although the going was heavy after the recent rains.

After approaching within three miles or so of the break in the railway line, the British saw the Boer outposts falling back, apparently in no great force. Four were captured who had mistaken the

British for Boers until too near for them to get away. Then the British returned, and, late at night, General White determined to advance in force on Elandslaagte at an early hour the following morning.

It was imperative to dislodge the Boers from Elandslaagte, as it had been learned that the Orange Free State burghers were descending from their positions on the slopes of the Drakenberg, from Tintwa and other western passes, to co-operate with those already posted at Elandslaagte. At an early hour the British moved out by road and rail. It was computed that there were about 1200 Boers, with big guns and Maxims covering their front, and occupying a well-chosen position at the base of a hill, some little distance south of Elandslaagte. On both flanks were strong kopjes, or hills, on which were three big guns strongly posted and commanding a wide sweep on all sides, leaving an opening for retreat.

ARMORED TRAIN SHELLED BY BOERS.

A British armored train, supported by two trainloads of infantry, immediately on approaching the enemy's position was shelled by the Boers. Artillery was at once brought up and drove the Boers from their guns, making a series of brilliant dashes into the valley and up the successive heights to get nearer the Boer position. Thrice were the Boer batteries on the way silenced by artillery, although the Boers fought with great pluck and determination, returning each time the guns moved and raining shrapnel and Maxim bullets against the British advance.

At 4 o'clock a tremendous artillery duel was in progress. Two Boer guns, splendidly placed, were stubbornly fought for two hours and a quarter, while mounted Boers endeavored to come into contact with the enemy on the left and on the right.

Then, at 6.15 P.M., the Devonshire Regiment, half the Gordon Highlanders, half the Manchester Regiment and the Imperial Light Horse advanced on the position and stormed the enemy's front. A bayonet charge was sounded as the roar of artillery on both sides suddenly ceased, and the British, the Devonshires leading, made a superb dash against the main body of the Boers, undaunted by

facing a fearful fire. Twice were they checked by the terrible fusillade. Once the advance quivered for a moment, but then, with ringing, roaring cheers, the whole force hurled itself forward like an avalanche and swept the kopjes, bayoneting the broken enemy in all directions.

The Boers were overwhelmed and astounded. They paused, then retreated, then raised the white flag and surrendered. Two or three hundred broke and ran, pursued by the Fifth Lancers, who charged through and through them. It was quite dark by this time, but the slaughter was great. The Boer loss was heavy. The best estimates place it at 400 killed.

CAPTURE OF FLAGS BY THE DEVONSHIRES.

One of the captured Boers said that if he had known English soldiers could shoot as they did he would never have come. Another Boer said he knew he was fighting for a lost cause. A third expressed surprise that he had to shoot at men wearing khaki. He was terribly dejected. He had been told to shoot at men with red coats and white collars, and he saw none. His impression seemed to be that the men who fought against him were not Englishmen.

A heavy rain fell immediately after the battle, making a piteous scene on the battlefield, where many wounded were lying.

The Devonshire Regiment captured thirty-eight Boer flags. Commandant de Mellion, of Johannesburg, was taken prisoner. A bugler boy of the Fifth Lancers, only fourteen years of age, shot three boys with his revolver. On returning after the fight he was carried shoulder high around the camp.

Everybody testified to the splendid fighting and stubborn bravery of the Boers, but this tribute required some qualification, for, while the Gordon Highlanders were bringing in the wounded, a sharp fire was opened upon them by some Boer parties in hiding. British losses, considering the desperate nature of the engagement, were regarded as light.

Toward the close of the fight the British batteries ceased their murderous fire, and the infantry charged up the rocky heights still separating them from the enemy, and reached the summit of both

peaks of Smith's Hill and of the Nek between without a check or halt. It was gallant work on both sides, and scores of men fell within a distance of a couple of hundred yards, but the situation soon became too hot for the Boers, who broke and fled for their horses, which they had left at the foot of the hills on the northeast. There, however, they were received with a fusillade from the Hussars, who had captured or stampeded all the horses.

IN HOT PURSUIT OF THE ENEMY.

The enemy swerved in their line of retreat. Some surrendered there and then, others made for Hatting Spruit, while some moved towards Landman's Drift. All who fled were closely pursued by cavalry and a field battery. When the main fight was drawing to a close, part, at least, of the Dannhauser contingent, under Commandant Erasmus, came upon the ground, as well as a detachment from a Free State contingent, which had made a forced march from the south. The chief portion of the Free State troops, however, remained in a strong position at Biggarsberg. All the Hussar squadrons except one returned, and the whereabouts of that one was known, so that there was no cause for anxiety. Severe punishment was inflicted upon the retreating Boers.

Mr. Bennett Burleigh, the special correspondent of the *London Daily Telegraph* in Natal, cabled the following account of the battle of Elandslaagte:

"A reconnoissance having failed to draw the Boers out from their defences at Elandslaagte, General French advanced against them with a small force. The troops were conveyed in an armored train to Elandslaagte and reached a position 700 yards from the station. The Boer main force was posted upon an extremely rough and rocky range of hills, running at right angles to the railway, over a mile further north. This chain of hills, which is several hundred feet high above the swelling plain, has a conical hill rising from a wide dip in the range. This left two narrow necks on either side of the base of this conical hill, where the Boers had their camp wagons and tents. Half way up the necks their guns were in position, two of them in the last neck,

“General French began the action about half-past 6 o'clock in the morning by sending a shell from a 7-pounder into the station shed, while the mounted volunteers began firing at the Boers, who were running to take up their positions. The enemy had only just finished their colonial matutinal coffee when they were surprised. Nearly all of our prisoners were caught in the vicinity, including the train which was recently captured, and its passengers.

“The Manchester Regiment in the early attack was at first slightly leading. With the characteristic hardihood of British infantry, all of them marched straight-backed at the enemy, too often careless about taking cover, despite the rattling and hissing and spitting of the Mauser bullets. ‘Tommy Atkins’ says in fact, ‘What! Hide from yokels? Let ’em shoot.’ Discipline has its drawbacks as well as its advantages. Our soldiers know they are capable of readjusting the mistakes of the past. With a wide sweep the Imperial Light Horse drove the Boers from the hills, while the dismounted troopers and the Lancers clipped in smartly. Upon their left the Boers had their pointed stakes.

ADVANCE ALL ALONG THE LINE.

“Meanwhile, under a hot fire, ruled out in long lines, our infantry marched along the low and heavy ground toward Elands-laagte. About half-past 4 o'clock the Manchester Regiment and the Gordon Highlanders swung round at ‘left shoulders’ to gain the hills, but the Devonshire Regiment held on. The Dragoon Guards forged ahead to the extreme left, threatening the railway station, clearing that flank and menacing the line of Boer retreat. General French, aided by his able chief of staff, Colonel Douglas Haig, handled his men beautifully, timing and keeping the whole operations well in hand.

“Our 15-pounders galloped up into a position whence they could shell the left of the Boer position, thus greatly assisting this infantry. Methodically and steadily the enemy were forced to give ground. Bit by bit the Manchester Regiment and the Gordons climbed the hill, and then swinging at ‘right shoulders’ up the slope, began driving the Boers. As the artillery and infantry drew

closer the Boer guns were directed against them. I had even the honor of drawing much of their fire with my four-in-hand cape coat.

"General Sir George Stewart White came up by a special train and witnessed the operations about an hour, until our success was assured, when he returned to Ladysmith. The weather still remained clear until after 4 o'clock. Nothing could have been finer than the advance of our troops. In fact, it might have been a glorious Aldershot field day, so stately and deliberate were our movements.

"The panorama was heightened and colored by the red war hue of the gun flashes. Shells tore roaring through the air like an express in a tunnel, bursting noisily and spouting flame and lead and steel, which hissed like a hot iron dropped into water. The places of explosion were marked by clods of earth, with a nimbus of white smoke.

DESTRUCTIVE RIFLES AND ARTILLERY.

"The enemy bobbed about over the rocks like jacks-in-the-box, firing heavily at us, with a fair accuracy for a magazine gun. The Mauser rifle is a terrible weapon, although it inflicts clean wounds, but many of the enemy used explosive bullets besides Martinis. The Boer shells were mostly percussion, and threw up volcanoes of mud and stones. They, however, destroyed the limber field artillery, and inflicted damage on our infantry. Our gunners should note especially that upon rocky ground percussion shells give better results than high bursting shrapnel.

"Forced back down upon the conical hill and their camp, the Boers struggled desperately, and soon found their retreat menaced. Their leaders strove to encourage them while reinforcements came rushing hot foot from nearby in order to check the retreat by successive rushes, the men cheering. While the Manchesters and Gordons bore forward along the crests of the hills their officers everywhere were marked for death, but the Tommies made it their fight also. Colonel Chisholm, of the Imperial Light Horse, courted disaster by waving a scarf to give encouragement to his men, who

really needed none. He, like others of our splendidly brave fellows, were killed.

"A driving rain, accompanied by darkness, now set in, but the battle continued to rage until 6 o'clock in the evening, by which time the Boers were scuttling off in numbers, many of them rising and throwing down their arms, while others, bolting, were hunted and batted by our shrapnel and Lee-Medford bullets. Somebody showed a white flag, and Colonel Hamilton tried to stop the firing, but the Boers, ensconced on the conical hill, and caring nothing about their comrades, took advantage of the lull to deliver a heavy fire.

"The Gordons and Manchesters, rendered more savage than ever by this, redoubled their energies, for the Boers in the hollows were delivering a flanking fire. At ten minutes to 6 the Devonshire Regiment, who had crept in upon a face position, each man getting to cover behind numerous anthills, whose domes were from two to three feet high, rose and ran forward to the assault. Our guns ceased their showers of shell, but the Boers resumed firing in the growing darkness.

LOUD CHEERS FOR THE VICTORY.

"There was pandemonium, lasting about a quarter of an hour, above all of which loud British cheers rang. Our three regiments raced for the Boers and their guns. The Devonshires, favored by their position, got in first in a body, and took them, but the others above came down over the rocks. Our victory was secure, but still a spattering fire went on till half-past 6 o'clock.

"Now it only remains to count the gains and the cost. One hour more of daylight would have given us the whole force as prisoners, but in the thick darkness which now came on the unscathed and slightly wounded ran for it. A squadron each of Dragoon Guards and Lancers rode at them, and struck them, cutting and thrusting, and probably killed sixty in all. The enemy's guns, their abundant stores, hundreds of saddles and horses, a quantity of personal baggage, many of their war flags and much ammunition fell into our hands.

"I estimate their strength at just under 2000. Ours was about the same, but the Boers position was an almost impregnable one. The enemy's killed and wounded numbered some 300. All has been done for the whole of the wounded that is possible, and the Boers to-day expressed gratitude for their treatment. About forty of them were allowed to go into their own hospital, a mile and a half to the north, for treatment. Our 'Tommies' got wonderful quantities of loot, from silk hats and frock coats to beaded Kaffir loin-cloths. It was a sight to-day to see them loaded with their booty.

"Although we gave the prisoners the best seats around the camp-fires, many of the poor wounded had to lie out on the bare hillsides, where they spent a terrible night, crying, 'For God's sake, give me water!' 'Get a doctor for me, out here!' 'Are the British Boers?' One man fired round after round from his rifle to attract attention to his whereabouts, for the field of battle covered miles.

IRON BRIDGE DESTROYED BY THE BOERS.

"To-day our force returned to Ladysmith, where they received a great welcome. The enemy have destroyed the iron bridge at Waschbank, so that train service to Dundee cannot be resumed. The Gordon Highlanders say that the Elandslaagte action was a very severe one, Dargai a fool to it. Our prisoners number fully 300. I saw eight dead Gordon Highlanders lying in one heap. Boers declare the kilts made the men conspicuous, but that the khaki is difficult to locate. The enemy ask where our red coats are.

"Reports which have been obtained from Boer sources say that out of one commando only 250 men are left, the hospitals are full, and their losses are perhaps 1000. All of our wounded and prisoners have been brought to Ladysmith, where there are ample hospital accommodations for them. Electric lights have been fitted up, also Roentgen ray apparatus. All day long the streets have resounded with cheering as our troops return. Bands of prisoners also continue to arrive."

The following description of the battle of Elandslaagte is from the pen of a war correspondent who witnessed the engagement :

"The battle was a brilliant, complete success. The Boers numbered from 1200 to 2000, and probably had about 100 killed and 150 wounded. The fight itself was like a practical illustration of handbook tactics, each arm represented doing its proper work to perfection. The Gordon Highlanders in their attack advanced in magnificent order. They were immediately saluted with a heavy fire, which told from the first.

WOUNDED OFFICER LIGHTS HIS PIPE.

"Their Major fell with a bullet in his leg, but as he lay where he fell he lit a pipe and smoked placidly while the advance continued. As man after man dropped, supports were rushed into the firing line, our men darting from cover to cover, splendidly led and ever advancing. Yet, as ridge after ridge was won, the Highlanders still found a new ridge confronting them, and thus they fought their bleeding way until the final ridge was neared, with nearly every officer down.

"Then rushing every available man into the firing line, Manchesters, Devons and Light Horse all mixed, with bugles chanting the advance, bagpipes shrieking and the battle a confused surge, our men swept yelling forward, and the position was won. Meanwhile squadrons of Lancers and Dragoons lapped round the Boer left flank, catching the enemy as they retired in disorder, goring and stamping them to pieces. And the commando was not."

General French thanked the troops on the field, especially mentioning Colonel Ian Hamilton's splendid work. The British bivouacked on the captured position on the night of the 21st. Colonel Scott-Chisholm, the only British officer killed, was formerly attached to the Ninth Lancers. He served with distinction in the Afghan war, and organized the Imperial Light Horse, a majority of whom were refugees from the borders of the Transvaal.

The death of General Viljoen was a severe blow to the Boers, and the death of General Kock and the capture of General Pretorius hindered the further movements of this column.

Further information concerning the battle of Glencoe, an account of which has already been furnished, was contained in the following graphic description of the fight by an eye-witness among the English troops :

“It was after the battle was renewed, following the lull that ensued upon the sharp canonading of the British, which silenced the guns of the Boers on Smith’s Hill, that our casualties began. The Indian Hospital Corps of coolies, under Major Donegan, of the Eighteenth Hussars, ran out, keeping in the rear of the advancing infantry and artillery that had galloped from the second position through the town amid the cheers of the citizens.

SHRAPNEL DID FEARFUL DAMAGE.

“At this point the Boers became erratic. Our artillery was firing on the hill where the Boers were stationed in great numbers, but the return fire did little damage. The enemy kept up an incessant shooting, but our shrapnel began to tell its tale, with the result that the Boer fire visibly slackened. From a ceaseless rattle the rifle fire dwindled to straggling shots.

“The artillery in front was shelling the hill, and the King’s Royal Rifles on the right front were busy with the Maxims, making the Boers anxious about their position. Their artillery had been silenced by the splendid service of ours. Meanwhile a squadron of the Eighteenth Hussars and a mounted company of the Dublin Fusileers were creeping around on the enemy’s left flank, while another squadron of the Hussars and a mounted company of the King’s Royal Rifles deployed to the right flank, at the cornfields.

“The artillery continued to play on Smith’s Hill, with a range of nearly 3000 yards. Under its cover the Dublin Fusileers and the King’s Royal Rifles pressed forward. It was in the execution of this manœuvre that the casualties to our infantry occurred, several men being killed or wounded.

“The firing now eased off on our side, and only a solitary shot was returned now and then. General Symons taking advantage of this lull, rode forward with his staff in front of the guns, taking cover at the rear of the plantation, near the base of the hill. All

this time our infantry, in extended formation, had gradually pressed forward, watching the Boers from the rear of the artillery and massing on the extreme left of the hill.

"I saw three shells in quick succession cut some to pieces and and drive others away. The Boer fighting was becoming hot, but the First Battalion of the King's Royal Rifles and the Irish Fusileers, led respectively by Colonel Gunning and Colonel Carlton, continued to mount the hill. Gradually they extended along the ridge, and at 10 o'clock, after four and a half hours of artillery firing to screen them, they managed to reach a wall, running parallel with the ridge, about 600 yards from the summit.

BEATEN BACK AGAIN AND AGAIN.

"This position was gained under cover of some magnificent shooting by our artillerymen, who placed shells at points where the Boers were massed with amazing accuracy, compelling them to retire. But not for long. On again the determined enemy would come, only to be beaten back again by the excellent shooting of the Thirteenth and Sixty-ninth Batteries, under Major Dawkins and Major King.

"At 11.45 A. M. the firing had almost ceased, and our infantry were over the wall in a twinkling and rushing toward the plateau at the base of the top or secondary ridge. The defence made by the Boers was most determined, the enemy again and again pouring a long fusillade fire into the British ranks, which was hotly returned in well-directed volleys by the slowly advancing Dublin Fusileers and King's Royal Rifles.

"A large body of Boers, driven from Smith's Hill, took refuge in a cattle kraal, intending a cross fire. The Thirteenth Battery oprned fire, however, and poured in such a hail of bullets as caused them speedily to shift the position.

"Thus far the enemy have displayed undoubted courage, perhaps unequaled by the best European troops. They had stood up to our scattering artillery fire with the greatest determination, and then, on Talana Ridge, standing clearly out on the sky line, they still appeared unbeaten and defiant. The

battle had now raged six and a half hours, when the Sixty-ninth Battery was ordered to limber up and advance. The battery galloped into a new position in splendid form, and was in action at the front in a moment.

"So effective was the apparent result of this close range firing that the Thirteenth Battery was at once ordered up, and after two rounds from each battery perfect silence reigned over the enemy's front, broken only by the whirring of the Maxims, served by the Dublin Fusiliers, who had secured an excellent position to the right. During a momentary cessation the Boers had taken up a position on a hill to the right of the road leading to Maima colliery, but the Thirteenth Battery soon opened fire on them and compelled them to retire.

"Meanwhile the two infantry battalions continued to climb the hill, and at 1.30 P.M., after eight hours of desperate fighting, the position was carried, the Boers having precipitately evacuated the hill. Thus what had commenced with a battle at Dundee ended in a glorious victory for British arms at what must be known as the battle of Talana Hill or Glencoe."

LONG HOURS OF HARD FIGHTING.

The earliest information regarding the battle conveyed the impression that the whole affair was over in a couple of hours, the British artillery silencing the Boer guns and infantry, and then simply charging right over the hill. According to the later advices, however, the battle lasted eight hours, and nearly seven hours elapsed before the last Boer gun was put out of action.

The Irish Fusileers and the King's Rifles meanwhile had advanced to the assault and were shooting their way up the hill, driving the Boers back from shelter to shelter, until the final rush of the British carried them to the summit. It was a bright, clear morning, which enabled the operations to be followed by the staff officers without difficulty. A curious fact was that several times a lull occurred in the firing on both sides, the British infantry apparently taking breathing space in the stiff climb and the Boers holding back their fire.

The magnificent practice of the British guns was an immense help, and the success of the assault was greatly due thereto. An enormous quantity of ammunition was expended. Once the British bayonets showed on top of a hill the Boers retreated, and when, on the other side, they found a British battery and British cavalry outflanking them, the retreat became a rout. The British guns followed, and, unlimbering, from time to time threw shells among the flying foe.

The latter did not wait to try conclusions with the Hussars and mounted infantry, who apparently seldom got near enough to deliver effective volleys. The pursuit was continued until dusk, when the Boers were completely demoralized. A heavy rain began to fall late in the afternoon, which naturally impeded artillery work. It was a striking coincidence that the date of the battle was the second anniversary of a similar feat of British arms in India, when the Gordon Highlanders stormed Dargai Heights.

TERRIBLE SUSPENSE IN LONDON.

On Sunday, October 22d, the vicinity of the War Office, London, was crowded all day by anxious enquirers for the latest information. The greatest anxiety and suspense existed regarding the losses at Elandslaagte, and as to the fate of the Hussars who pursued the Boers from Glencoe. Type-written copies of the reports of General Sir George Stewart White were posted on bulletin boards or read to the crowds amid much enthusiasm, while the additions to the list of killed and wounded at Glencoe were received with manifestations of personal bereavement.

The stream of callers at the War Office showed little diminution as the evening advanced. Everybody was gratified to read the kindly message from the Queen, and disappointed at the absence of news from Glencoe, many arguing that communication must be cut off, as otherwise there would be at least some further intelligence as to the condition of General Symons, who, according to an unconfirmed report, died of his wounds. This report proved afterward to be true, as stated in preceding pages. The losses in killed and wounded were the subject of pulpit references in all the

churches, especially the Catholic churches, owing to the disasters that befell the Irish Fusileers.

The message from the Queen, above referred to, was addressed to the Secretary of State for War, the Marquis of Landsdowne, and was as follows: "My heart bleeds for these dreadful losses again to-day. It is a great success, but, I fear, very dearly bought. Would you convey my warmest and heartfelt sympathy with the near relatives of the fallen and wounded and my admiration of the conduct of those they have lost?"

Yet the patriotic spirit shown by the English people everywhere was most resolute and self-sacrificing. One of the members of the Royal Canadian Special Service Regiment, which sailed for Cape Town, to strive for the honor of the British Empire, had a mother who wrote him as follows:

"MY DEAR SON: I was never more surprised than when I received your letter informing me of your intention to be a soldier and go to the battlefield at once. No matter, dear boy, how this affects me, I will not be guilty of making you feel sad or taking the courage out of your heart at this moment—the courage you need so much to keep you manly and brave. You are only following in the footsteps of your forefathers—they were all British to the core. Your great-grandfather, both your grandfathers and your father all were true to their king and country. Now, dear boy, you have been well brought up —; but I will say, be a good and obedient soldier, and respect your commanding officers, no matter who they are. We all here will pray for you, and may our dear Lord keep you and bring you back safe to us.

"Good-bye, and may God bless and protect you from danger, with love,
Your very affectionate Mother."

CHAPTER XIX.

Thunder of Artillery Around Ladysmith.

BOOTH the glory and the horror of the struggle between the English and Boers was shown in vivid colors by the battle of Elandslaagte. Beginning in sunshine at 7 in the morning and ending in rain and darkness after a fierce fight of nearly ten hours' duration, it was marked by a dogged courage on the one hand and such irresistible valor as will make it the wonder of future generations.

In view of the victory of the British in carrying such an almost impregnable position, it was perhaps not surprising that reports found their way from Cape Town to London that President Kruger was ready to surrender.

The slowness of the Boer movements after they entered Natal was a surprise to many. Within forty-eight hours after the ultimatum expired the Boer forces had crossed the border. Natal, which is a small colony little more than a fourth of the area of the State of New York, is in its northern portion shaped like a wedge driven in between the Orange Free State on the west and Transvaal territory on the east, the eastern boundary being the Buffalo River, while the western frontier is the Drakensberg range of mountains.

Near where the river and the mountains meet on the north, to form the point of the wedge, is Charlestown. The railway running south, down the middle of the wedge to Ladysmith—distant little more than sixty miles as the crow flies—traverses all the important points mentioned in the exciting news from the seat of war, and a glance at their location made clear the tardiness of the Boer movement, since, on the second day after the ultimatum, the force under command of General Joubert was reported as moving down from Charlestown.

They sent word to Newcastle, about twenty miles south, that they would hoist their flag there on the following Saturday; that

they would pay for anything that they should take, and said they wanted opportunity to slaughter cattle. The place was evacuated by the British before the Boers reached it. Now it is little more than twenty miles further south to Glencoe, near which the Boers made their attack, with such disastrous results to themselves, on October 20th. A spur from the railway runs east three or four miles to Dundee, where the coal mines are, and the permanent British camp was located between the two towns. In the hint about slaughtering cattle probably lies the secret of the Boer's slowness—a defective commissariat.

DEFICIENT IN ARTILLERY PRACTICE.

Although well armed and admirable in the speed with which they mobilized, it was anticipated that the Boers would be deficient in artillery practice and that in an open fight men who had just dropped the farmer's utensils would be inferior in evolution to those whose life is devoted to scientific warfare. On the other hand, the undaunted courage to which the victors in the battles paid unstinted tribute, their power of endurance and their skill as sharpshooters made them foeman to be feared in the sort of semi-guerilla warfare in which their past successes were achieved.

Now, however, they had thousands in the field where in the past they had but hundreds, and the handling and feeding of large bodies of troops in the camp and on the march presented problems with which they had never before been confronted. After the defeat it was found they had only one surgeon and a primitive staff to cope with hundreds of wounded.

The campaign appeared to have been well planned to strike a telling blow at the British before their tremendous reinforcements arrived, and by these preliminary victories to inspire the Dutch population of the entire country to rise. While General Joubert invaded Natal from the north, Free State troops simultaneously entered it through the mountain passes twenty-five miles west of Ladysmith. The purpose, apparently, was to cut off communication between Ladysmith and the garrison, twenty-five miles north of it, at Glencoe and Dundee, and when this had been defeated to make

a simultaneous attack from the north and west on Sir George Stewart White at Ladysmith.

The preliminary attack on Glencoe was planned to be made by three columns—one from the north under General Erasmus, one from the south under Commandant Viljeon, and the one under General Meyer, which took up its position on Smith's hill and opened the battle on the morning of the 20th.

Telegraphic communication between the three commands had been lost, and when the fight began the others were far away, and General Meyer after a stubborn contest was routed. While his men were still flying before the British cavalry a portion of Sir George Stewart White's command sallied forth from Ladysmith and won the thrilling victory at Elandslaagte.

MASTERLY RETREAT OF GENERAL YULE.

After Sir William Symons had been wounded the command of the Dundee force devolved upon General Yule. Elandslaagte was fought on the day after the battle of Dundee, or Glencoe, and then there came a mysterious lull which caused some uneasiness. After the defeat of General Meyer's column, General Yule found himself threatened by the northern column under Erasmus and Joubert, and was unable to hold his own under a largely outnumbering force of the undefeated enemy. Yule received orders to fall back, and so, on the night of October 22d, he quietly evacuated the position, and retired southward by the road which leads by Beith through the mountains.

He had to leave his wounded behind, Sir William Symons among them, in the field hospital, and there a few days later the gallant general breathed his last. On October 25th Yule accomplished his junction with Sir George White, and the two British forces, the main body at Ladysmith and the advanced force at Dundee, became one force concentrated and ready for battle at Ladysmith.

The retreat of Yule from Dundee to the base at Ladysmith will rank high in military annals as a skillful operation carried out under great difficulties. The retiring force abandoned everything

that could in the least impede its rapid movements, and the weather was very rainy. The retirement was effected without loss, the enemy having been kept in check by Sir George White's timely help from Ladysmith. Knowing that Yule was retiring towards him, he sent out a reconnoissance along the Ladysmith-Dundee line, and finding the Boers in force near the road prepared to attack them.

The Boers, as usual, had taken up a strong position on a ridge with a kop, or abrupt mountain top, for a keep or main stronghold. Under a heavy fire of shrapnel the Boers were shaken, and finally, by an advance of infantry, driven from their commanding position over the road, and this being the object Sir George White had in view, the British column returned to Ladysmith. The way had been opened for Yule. In all the three actions the Boer losses must have been very heavy, probably twice those of the British.

HOW "LADYSMITH" OBTAINED ITS NAME.

As the name "Ladysmith" is prominently connected with military operations in Natal, a word may be said of the lady after whom the town is named. It was so named in honor of the wife of Sir Harry Smith, who was once Governor of the Cape of Good Hope. But who was the wife of Sir Harry Smith? To answer that question it is necessary to go back to the time of the Peninsular war in the early part of the century.

Sir Harry Smith was in that war, and was present at the storming of Badajoz, in the spring of 1812. According to a veracious chronicler, on the day after the assault two handsome Spanish ladies, one the wife of a Spanish officer, serving in a distant part of Spain, and the other her sister, a girl fourteen years of age, Juana Maria de los Delores de Leon, claimed the protection of Smith and a brother officer, representing that they had fled to the camp from Badajoz, where they had suffered violence from the infuriated soldiery, having had their earrings brutally torn from their ears. They were conveyed by Smith and his friend to a place of safety. Within two years Juana Maria de Leon became the wife of Smith, she being then sixteen and her husband twenty-six years of age.

General Sir Harry Smith (in whose honor the town of Harris-

smith is named), died October 12, 1860. The handsome Spanish girl who became his wife forty-six years previously survived him twelve years, and died October 10, 1872. It may be noted as a coincidence that on the twenty-seventh anniversary of her death President Kruger sent his ultimatum, and on the thirty-ninth anniversary of her husband's death the Boers invaded Natal and surrounded Ladysmith.

It will help to a clear understanding of the military situation at this period of the war to glance over the field of operations and get some idea of the strength of the opposing forces, together with the plan of campaign on each side.

SKETCH OF THE BOER ARMY.

The ultimatum of the Boers, presented October 10th, not having been accepted, they at once declared war against Great Britain. As one of the things they demanded was the withdrawal from Natal of all British troops sent there since the preceding June, it will be seen that war had been imminent for some time, and both sides had made great preparations. At the beginning of hostilities there were in Natal nearly 15,000 troops, under the command of Sir George Steward White. Along the Western border there were 2000 troops, principally volunteers and Cape Mounted Police, under the command of Colonel Baden-Powell.

The military organization of the Boers is unique. Their permanent army consists of but a few hundred artillerymen. They form, however, a nation in arms. Orders had been sent throughout their territory for the burghers to turn out, each man to bring to the rendezvous his horse, accoutrements, arms and ammunition. Every able-bodied male, from eighteen to sixty years of age, is liable to be called out.

No accurate information as to the strength of the Boer force at this time was available. A moderate estimate is 18,000 in the South African Republic and 14,000 in the Orange Free State. To these might be added some of the Afrikanders in the adjoining British territory.

These troops assembled at Harrismith, Volksrust, Vryheld and

Bremersdorp, forming a cordon around the apex of Natal. On the morning of October 12th the Boers crossed the frontier at Botha's Pass on the west, Laing's Nek at the apex, and from Wakkers-troom on the east, General Joubert being with the central column. The Free State forces came from the west—one column through Van Reenan's Pass toward Bester's Station, and another through Tintwa Pass toward Acton Homes.

The northern column advanced to Newcastle and occupied it on October 14th, the British, previous to the opening of hostilities, having withdrawn from the extreme northern part of Natal, and having their main position at Ladysmith, with a small force at Glencoe and Dundee. The object of the Boers seemed to be to keep the British forces at Ladysmith and Dundee occupied while parties of Boers could slip by to the south, cut the railway and telegraph lines, destroy bridges and cut off the British from their base at Durban on the coast and their advanced base at Pietermaritzburg.

SHARP ATTACK BY THE BOERS.

War being declared, the Boers immediately assumed the offensive, their northern column attacking the British forces near Glencoe on October 19th. The Boers, as we have seen, commenced their attack with artillery from a hill about 5000 yards from the British camp. The British artillery opened in reply, and, after an artillery duel, the attack on the hill began, the infantry in front, the cavalry on the flanks. After eight hours of stubborn fighting the position was taken, the Boers being driven eastward and losing their guns.

The advance of the Boers had cut off communication between Ladysmith and Glencoe, and it was a military necessity to dislodge the Boers from their position before they were joined by the burghers from the Orange Free State. Consequently, Sir George White sent a column from Ladysmith along the Newcastle road. The enemy was found in a strong position on hilly ground, about a mile and a half east of Elandslaagte. After a long and stubborn fight the Boer camp was captured, with their transportation, camp equipment and two guns.

The way was now clear to a junction between the main force at Ladysmith, and the withdrawal of the force near Glencoe was considered advisable, as otherwise the British would have had two separate bodies of troops, each of which was smaller than the Boer force confronting it. While these operations were going on between Ladysmith and Dundee, the burghers from the Orange Free State were on their way to the theatre of operations, and on October 17th they were seen descending from the western passes, and later came in contact with the British outposts near Bester's Station and Acton Homes. No serious engagement took place there, however, and this column of Boers seems to have stopped in its advance.

As the contingents from the South African Republic and the Orange Free State were now within forty miles of each other, it was essential that a junction should be effected between the forces of General White and General Yule with the least possible delay, so that the combined British forces might be in a position to act upon either one or the other of the hostile columns before they effected a junction.

THE TWO FORCES UNITE.

This was not easy, as reconnoissance showed that the Boers still held a strong position between Ladysmith and Dundee, and it was necessary for General Yule's force to make a detour at once to reach the main force at Ladysmith. General White had sent out some troops to meet him, and this force joined hands with General Yule's command and the junction of the British troops was effected.

Meanwhile the towns on the southern and western borders had been menaced by small armed bodies of Boers, those along the Orange River frontier being almost entirely unprotected. Along the western border the railroad runs nearly north, parallel to the border and but a few miles from it. It passes through Kimberley, Vryburg and Mafeking. The forces along this line, as before stated, consisted of about 2000 men, principally volunteers and Cape mounted police, with a few regulars, under the command of Colonel Baden-Powell.

The Boers opened operations along this line by capturing and



RECONNOISSANCE IN FORCE OF BRITISH CAVALRY.

destroying an armored train. Vryburg was abandoned by the British and taken possession of by the Boers. It had a very small garrison, probably police, and was of small importance in itself, except that its possession by the Boers cut the British line to the south.

Kimberley at this time was in a state of siege, and a reconnoitering party of about 300 volunteers and mounted police was attacked near that place by the Boers. After a hot fight the Boers were defeated and their leader killed. Colonel Baden-Powell, with the larger part of his force, was in the vicinity of Mafeking, where considerable fighting occurred. On October 15th, an attack on this place by the Boers was reported, the Boers being repulsed with considerable loss.

GREAT BRAVERY ON BOTH SIDES.

In the fighting so far great bravery and stubbornness were shown on both sides. The English would seem to have made a great tactical advance since their operations on the same ground in 1881. They made a very effective use of their artillery, and seemed to have, to some extent, overcome their historical tendency to fight in solid masses. The necessity of fighting in extended order was impressed upon them by no one more emphatically than by Sir Redvers Buller. It is a question whether the Boers were individually as expert with the rifle as they were twenty years before. Their country was more settled, there was much less game and consequently much less attention to hunting than formerly. The natural result would be decreased efficiency as soldiers.

It was, perhaps, unfortunate for British prestige that the concentration at Ladysmith did not take place at an earlier date. It was considered from the outset that it would be impracticable to hold such an exposed point as Laing's Nek, as it could be turned so easily through the mountain passes to the south, and the force occupying it entirely cut off from its base. The withdrawal of the troops from Glencoe after the declaration of war, and after they had been attacked by the Boers, although they were the victors in the attack, could not but detract from their prestige, strengthen the

morale of the Boers and have a great effect upon the Afrikanders, heretofore neutral, who secretly sympathized with the Boers.

The strategy of the Boers seems to have been good. They were prepared to take the field the moment their ultimatum was rejected by the British government. Each contingent was called out in its own territory and had Natal for a common objective. If they could cut off the British force in Natal, which their great numerical superiority in the field (probably nearly three to one) would lead them to expect, they would not only achieve a great military success, but the moral effect might also be to add to their strength by the accession of Afrikanders scattered through all the British possessions in South Africa, and they might also hope for an uprising in their favor by some of the native tribes.

SITUATION FAVORABLE TO THE BOERS.

They enjoyed the great advantage of a central position, the border forming roughly the letter "U," and were thus enabled to move on interior lines within their own territory. They could move against Natal, or, making a feint in that direction, could throw their main force against the British possessions on their western border. The advantage of the possession of interior lines in the case of the Boers, however, was much lessened by the fact that on account of the lack of railway facilities in an easterly and westerly direction their troops would have to move across the country by marching.

On October 30th the military situation in South Africa is described by a London journal with exceptional sources of information as follows: "For some days, if not, indeed, some weeks, the main interest in the military situation will be centred at Ladysmith. The Boer forces are gradually working their way round the town, entrenching themselves as if they were playing a waiting game. This, however, will probably be only a temporary measure. It is clear that they have withdrawn men from other points which, for the moment, they consider less important, and are concentrating for a supreme effort against Ladysmith.

"This town, which is third in importance in Natal, is situated on the Klip river, just to the east of the railway. As the town is

approached from the south there is a high, rocky ridge of hills, the summits of which are clothed with mimosa trees. The town, sheltered by a semi-circle of hills, is of importance, from the fact that there are large railway workshops there. The most important position to the northeast of the town is Lombard's Kop, at a distance of about five miles. It is in this direction that a strong force moved on the 27th. It met a reconnoissance of the enemy. The Boers withdrew early next day.

"News regarding the cutting off of the water supply is somewhat surprising, and seems to show that the British camp has been shifted, and that the Boers are closer to the town than was generally supposed, for since Ladysmith was made a military station in 1897 the troops have been stationed near the water works, about two miles from the town.

QUICK MILITARY OPERATIONS.

"The Boers, too, are exhibiting a certain amount of daring, which argues great confidence. They have managed to snap up a patrol of non-commissioned officers, carry off a thousand mules and seize the municipal slaughter-houses, with supplies of both meat and slaughtered stock. This, with the ease with which they have reorganized the German Corps, so severe a sufferer at Elands-laagte, and the column commanded by General Meyer, which was shattered at Talana Hill, shows that they have great recuperative powers, and by no means consider themselves beaten men.

"Indeed, they have, throughout the campaign, shown great fertility of resource and dogged perseverance, with which they have managed to transport heavy guns and post them in commanding positions worthy all admiration.

"It is, of course, practically impossible to forecast what Sir George White will do. His chief difficulty will be to induce the enemy to attack him on ground of his own choosing. There would be no doubt of the result, if this could be brought about. The indications, however, are that there will be on both sides an indulgence in Fabian tactics, but these will be all in favor of the British."

On the 30th of October a battle raged around Ladysmith a

large part of the day and proved to be a stubborn contest. The British advance was made at dawn with the object of shelling the Boers from the position where they had mounted a number of guns. On reaching the spot it was found they had evacuated the position.

The British continued to advance and the movement developed into an reconnoissance in force. The enemy were posted on a range of hills having a frontage of about sixteen miles. The British force was disposed in the following order: On the right, three regiments of cavalry, four batteries of the Royal Field Artillery and five battalions of infantry; in the centre, three batteries of the Royal Field Artillery, two regiments of cavalry and four infantry battalions, and on the left, the Royal Irish Fusileers, the Gloucestershire Regiment and the Tenth Mountain Battery.

PLAN FAILED OF EXECUTION.

This force had been detailed to guard the British left flank at a late hour. General White's plan of operations was that, as the movement developed, the force constituting the centre, which was disposed under cover of a hill, about three miles from the town, should throw itself upon the enemy, while the left flank was being held by the Fusileers and the Gloucesters. The scheme was well devised, but failed in execution, owing to the fact that the Boer position, which formed the objective, was evacuated.

The British artillery quickly reduced the volume of the enemy's fire, but the attack delivered on the right flank was the principal one, and the column was compelled to change. The Boer attack had been silenced for a time, and the British infantry advanced covered by cavalry.

The enemy now began to develop a heavy counter-attack, and as they were in great numerical superiority, General White gave orders for the infantry to be gradually withdrawn. The movement was carried out with great steadiness and deliberation, under cover of the guns, which did good execution. Some shells were thrown into the town from the enemy's forty pounders at a range of over 6000 yards, but no damage was done. The engagement lasted several hours, and resulted in serious losses on both sides.

The attack was admirably delivered by the British right, and the Boers were fairly driven out of one of their strongholds down near Lombard's Kop. It was not possible, however, to push the success much further, as below that point lay a long broken ridge, affording every kind of natural cover. Of this the enemy took the fullest advantage.

The shells failed to dislodge the Boers, and as the infantry moved forward in extended order they came under a heavy and well-directed rifle fire, the effect of which was soon apparent. General White, who was with the centre, seeing that the troops were somewhat pressed, sent to their assistance the whole centre column with the exception of the Devonshire Regiment.

TERRIFIC ARTILLERY DUEL.

The battle had then lasted four hours, during which the artillery fire on both sides had been almost incessant. The naval brigade which landed at Durban arrived on the scene toward the end of the fight, and immediately brought their heavy guns into play. Their practice was magnificent. At the fourth shot the enemy's forty-pounders had been knocked out of action. Throughout the engagement the Boers held their ground with courage and tenacity, and suffered severely.

The engagement at Ladysmith, which, despite the rather heavy losses, was regarded rather as an extended reconnoissance or skirmish than a battle, made little change in the actual positions. It was disappointing to the British public as again revealing tactical skill of an unexpectedly high order on the side of the Boers. In addition to the possession of a number of heavy guns, the transport of which caused wonderment, they showed marvelous ability. Unless commanded by skillful European officers, it was hardly considered probable that Boer soldiers would have assumed a feigned position, as they evidently did, in front of the right column, with the intention of retreating from it to their real line of defence, and of inducing the British to attack over a fire-swept zone.

The special despatches describing the engagement again failed to confirm General White's official account that the Boers were

pushed back several miles. The fighting began with a frontal attack on the main Boer position, which, however, was found evacuated. The enemy having retired, now made a change of front and developed a heavy attack on Colonel Grimwood's brigade. To meet this the British artillery, which had been shelling the evacuated position, also changed front.

Grimwood's brigade was promptly reinforced, but soon was obliged to fall back rapidly, with consequences which might have been serious had not the Fifty-third Field Battery pluckily covered the movement at considerable loss to itself. It is quite certain that General White failed to accomplish the object he intended, and the day's proceedings were an instructive example of the difficulty of operations when the enemy holds an extended position from which he is able to make sudden and unexpected developments and changes of front.

SURROUNDED AND FORCED TO SURRENDER.

Under date of October 30th the following from General White was received at the London War Office: "I have to report a disaster to the column sent by me to take a position on a hill to guard the left flank of the troops. In these operations to-day the Royal Irish Fusileers, No. 10 Mountain Battery and the Gloucestershire Regiment were surrounded on the hills, and after losing heavily had to capitulate. The casualties have not yet been ascertained.

"A man of the Fusileers employed as a hospital orderly came in under a flag of truce with a letter from the survivors of the column, who asked for assistance to bury the dead. I fear there is no doubt of the truth of the report. I formed a plan, in the carrying out of which the disaster occurred, and I am alone responsible for the plan. There is no blame whatever on the troops, as the position was untenable."

The next day telegraphed as follows: "I took out from Ladysmith a brigade of mounted troops, two brigade divisions of the Royal Artillery, the Natal Field Battery and two brigades of infantry, to reconnoitre in force the enemy's main position to the north, and, if the opportunity should offer, to capture the hill behind

Farquhar's Farm, which had, on the previous day, been held in strength by the enemy. In connection with this advance a column, consisting of the Tenth Mountain Artillery, four half companies of the Gloucesters and six companies of the Royal Irish Fusileers, the whole under Lieutenant-Colonel Carlton and Major Adye, Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General, was despatched, at 11 P. M. on the 29th, to march by night up Bells-Spruit and seize Nicholson's Nek, or some position near Nicholson's Nek, thus turning the enemy's right flank.

ARTILLERY CAUSES HEAVY LOSS.

"The main advance was successfully carried out, the objective of the attack being found evacuated, and an artillery duel between our field batteries and the enemy's guns of the position and Maxims is understood to have caused heavy loss to the enemy. The reconnoissance forced the enemy to fully disclose his position, and, after a strong-counter attack on our right, the infantry brigade and cavalry had been repulsed, the troops were slowly withdrawn to camp, pickets being left on observation.

"Late in the engagement the naval contingent, under Captain Lambton, of Her Majesty's Ship Powerful, came into action, and silenced, with their extremely accurate fire, the enemy's guns of position.

"The circumstances which attended the movements of Lieutenant-Colonel Carlton's column are not yet fully known, but from reports received the column appears to have carried out the night march unmolested, until within two miles of Nicholson's Nek. At this point two boulders rolled from the hill and a few rifle shots stampeded the infantry ammunition mules. The stampede spread to the battery mules, which broke loose from their leaders, and got away with practically the whole of the gun equipment and the greater portion of the small-arm ammunition. The reserve was similarly lost.

"The infantry battalions, however, fixed bayonets, and accompanied by the personnel of the artillery, seized a hill on the left of the road, two miles from the Nek, with but little opposition.

There they remained unmolested till dawn, the time being occupied in organizing the defence of the hill and constructing stone sangers and walls as cover from fire.

"At dawn a skirmishing attack on our position was commenced by the enemy, but made no way until 9.30 A.M., when strong reinforcements enabled them to rush to the attack with great energy. Their fire became very searching, and two companies of the Gloucesters, in an advance position, were ordered to fall back. The enemy then pressed to short range, the losses on our side becoming very numerous.

"At 3 P.M. our ammunition was practically exhausted, the position was captured and the survivors of the column fell into the enemy's hands. The enemy treated our wounded with humanity, General Joubert at once despatching a letter me, offering a safe conduct to doctors and ambulances to remove the wounded. A medical officer and parties to render first aid to the wounded were despatched to the scene of action from Ladysmith last night, and the ambulances at dawn this morning.

THE MULES RUN AWAY.

"The want of success of the column was due to the misfortune of the mules stampeding and the consequent loss of the guns and small-arm ammunition reserve. The official list of casualties and prisoners will be reported shortly. The latter are understood to have been sent by rail to Pretoria. The security of Ladysmith is in no way affected."

The battle at Ladysmith was disappointing to the British, as the object, which was to roll back the Free Staters, was not achieved. Yet the soldiers, individually, showed themselves fully a match for the Boers, both in shooting ability and pluck, although they were faced by double their own numbers, posted upon rough ground which had previously been prepared for defence and to resist a cannonade.

The Boers had been drawing their coils closer around on the west, north and east sides of the town, their forces being composed of the Free Staters, General Joubert's column and that of General

Meyer. General White's plan included fighting three simultaneous actions. On the night of the 30th, before daybreak, the British troops marched out a distance of several miles from camp, and succeeded in securing several points unseen by the enemy, the advantage being thus on our side. Considering the nature of the subsequent contests, the losses must be regarded as relatively light.

The Boers began battle at 10 minutes past 5 o'clock in the morning by firing their 40-pounder guns from a ridge, situated about four miles out, east of the railway, and dropping shells into the town. The missiles luckily proved almost harmless. The action soon became general, and the British left, centre and right engaged the Boer positions. At first the batteries seemed unable to quite silence the Boer artillery, which fought with indomitable energy and pluck, the British gunners having to contend with the difficulty of being on low ground.

ATTACKED WITH GREAT VIGOR.

General White's right and centre gained some initial successes, but the enemy arrived in great force, and the right and left were attacked with tremendous vigor. The left became partially hemmed in, and the right was driven in steadily. General retirement began at about 11 in the forenoon, and was executed everywhere with coolness.

It was a serious misfortune to the British that the Powerful's bluejackets, with their big guns, were not summoned sooner, as the result of the engagement might have been different. Their third shot with a 12-pounder, fired at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, silenced the Boer 40-pounder.

Scouting operations which were carried out disclosed the fact that several of the Boer's encampments, including that of General Lucas Meyer's column, from Dundee, lay behind Lombards and Bulwan Kops to the number of 7000 men, with two batteries.

At daybreak General French, with 4000 men, prepared to assault these positions with bayonet and lance, but was recalled. The Free Staters and Joubert's forces had joined hands to the south of Modnars Spruit and west of the railway. Their central position

was well selected from a tactical point of view, being upon rough hills, south of Matawan's Hook.

The Boers advanced in lines over a wide circuit of more than ten miles, extending from west of Acton Homes to east of Bulwan. General White detailed Major Adye with a mountain battery of 7-pounders and part of the Royal Irish Fusileers and the Gloucestershire Regiment to hold the neck of hills north of the old camp, thus menacing the Free Staters' line of retreat, and securing Ladysmith from a westerly attack.

General Sir Archibald Hunter, with Colonel Grimwood, two batteries of artillery, the Leistershire and Liverpool Regiments and the First and Second Battalions of the Rifle Brigade, were sent to operate against General Meyer.

In passing beyond Lombard's and Bulwan Kops, unluckily one battery and the Liverpools lost their direction in advancing. They retraced their steps, but were not able to render assistance in the action until late.

HURRIED MANŒUVRES OF TROOPS.

The remaining infantry brigades, Colonel Ian Hamilton's, comprising the Gordon Highlanders, the Devonshire Regiment, the Manchester Regiment and the Fourth Battalion of the Rifle Brigade, and Colonel Howard's, consisting of the First and Second Battalions of the King's Royal Rifles, the Dublin Fusileers and six field batteries, were sent to the centre on the Newcastle roadway.

Colonel Howard's brigade, being on the right, halted in the darkness behind a low kopje to the right of the roadway, about two and a half miles out, the guns of Howard's men making a detour by the right in order to turn what was thought to be the Boers' left. General White sought to thrust forward his centre, while Major Adye, on the left, and Colonel Grimwood, on the right, held the opposed commandoes in check.

Major Adye, going on along Walker's Hook road, found a big force of Free Staters. The fighting soon grew desperate. An exposed kopje, which was occupied, was at an early hour assailed on all sides, and their ammunition mules, with the Kaffir drivers,

stampeded. This was followed by the disaster reported in General White's despatches, which gave a profound shock to the British people, who appeared to be looking for an uninterrupted series of successes against the Boers.

The first shock of consternation over, the British Nation settled down to regard the situation in a calmer mood, and to this they were helped by the action of the government and all directly concerned. Fully recognizing and appreciating the disaster the War Office, without waiting for the meeting of the Cabinet Council, issued orders for the mobilization of three battalions of infantry and a mounted battery, which were to be sent to South Africa as soon as possible.

FAULT OF THE COMMANDING GENERAL.

General White, whose magnanimous assumption of the entire responsibility in his first dispatch commanded universal admiration, sent a further dispatch, as we have seen, telling the tale in simple but somewhat reticent language. This in a measure relieved the gloom, and in two respects gave a brighter view of the catastrophe. It now seemed that the full battalions were not engaged, thus materially reducing the first estimate of the number of British prisoners captured by the Boers.

It is also pointed out that the disaster was not altogether the consequence of a tactical blunder, but was partly due to the unforeseen misfortune of the stampeding of the mules, which not only deprived the columns of their battery guns, but lost to the reserves a quantity of arms and ammunition.

It was known that the British made a brave and stubborn resistance to a foe overwhelmingly their numerical superior. When their last cartridge was fired capitulation became a necessity. It was the almost incredible fact of a British regiment capitulating while under fire which outraged public sentiment and made the catastrophe a harder one to bear. One day the British public was in the depth of despondency; the next the people are comforting themselves in the belief that the Gloucesters and the Royal Irish Fusileers maintained their regimental traditions by exhibiting a courage and tenacity very rarely read of.

Military experts here were unable to comprehend why Colonel Carlton's command was unable to communicate in such a sore strait with the headquarters of General White, who was well provided with cavalry and mounted infantry. There were abundant signalers, and it is regarded as inexplicable that arrangements were not made for keeping up communication between the detachments sent into an intricate and dangerous country and the main body. It is generally hoped that the lesson of Boer tactics would not be thrown away, and that the public would not hear of other wild turning movements attempted by small forces through such a country.

SHOCKED BY THE NEWS.

Yet the first news produced an appalling effect, in part for the reason that it was entirely unexpected. "Awful British disaster!" yelled the newsboys, and all London stayed its hurrying course and read the urchins' proffered wares. It was the hour when shoppers crowded Regent and Oxford streets and Piccadilly. Women stopped their carriages in midstreet and hailed the hoarse-voiced boys. Out of fashionable stores rushed other women, young and gray haired, and joined the throng of rich and poor, many of whom had their hearts and happiness bound up in those fighting at Ladysmith. Many stood stock still in the crowded streets scanning the pages of the extras.

Then there was a rush to the War Office, which by noon was surrounded with private carriages and cabs, while many of the humbler class of people came on foot, all waiting and watching for the names they held dear.

As the day advanced the throng at the War Office steadily grew. Anxious friends practically fought their way to the notice board, and most affecting scenes were witnessed. Many a woman was heard to gasp, "Thank God, he's alive, at any rate!" as she found the name of some beloved one on the list of prisoners. All the afternoon the sidewalks were packed with solid masses awaiting their turn to enter, and up to a late hour in the evening there was a continuous stream of callers.

At Gloucester, the home of many of those engaged, the wild-

est excitement prevailed. The special editions of the local newspapers were speedily exhausted, and the same thing occurred at Bristol and other towns in that county. Coming so soon after the engagement at Reitfontein, where the Gloucestershires suffered heavily, the news brought the keenest sorrow to households all over the county, whose name the regiment bore.

The disaster caused a feeling akin to consternation, and in Gloucestershire and the north of Ireland, where the captured regiments were recruited, the blackest gloom prevailed, families awaiting with beating hearts the names of the killed and wounded, which were fully expected to reach a high figure. Many homes were already in mourning in consequence of losses sustained by these regiments in previous engagements.

DISASTROUS BRITISH LOSSES.

While minor reverses were not wholly unexpected, nothing like the staggering blow General Joubert delivered to General White's forces was anticipated. The full extent of the disaster was not acknowledged, if it was known, at the War Office. The loss in effective men must have been appalling to a general who was practically surrounded. Two of the finest British regiments and a mule battery deducted from the Ladysmith garrison weakened it about a fifth of its total strength and altered the whole situation very materially in favor of the Boers, who again showed themselves stern fighters and military strategists of no mean order. The disaster cost the British from 1200 to 1500 men and six 7-pound screw guns, and as the Boer artillery was already stronger than imagined, the capture of these guns was a great help to the Boers.

It is evident that the patriotism and fortitude of the British nation were to be tested in real earnest by these operations in Natal against odds. General White had a difficult task set him, and it soon became evident the disaster would be taken with the dogged coolness which Britons know how to display, and the final result would be awaited without apprehension.

One of the most influential journals of Canada commented as follows: "Great Britain is temporarily dismayed by the disaster at

Ladysmith, and from all parts of the empire come expressions of deep regret that the survivors of two grand regiments, which have participated in many glorious victories in the past, are in the hands of the enemy. It is feared that many of the brave soldiers have been killed or wounded, and that when the truth is known the loss of life will be appalling.

"BRITON SHOULD NEVER SAY DIE."

"It would have been a lasting disgrace had the British soldiers surrendered to the Boers; a Briton should never say die, but fight until the bitter end. According to a late report from General White the regiments lost heavily in the encounter, and when their ammunition was exhausted 'the survivors of the column fell into the enemy's hands.' The brave soldiers fought until the last shot was gone.

"Though the disaster may mean a temporary check, and leave Ladysmith in danger, the British will proceed with the campaign, more determined than ever to conquer the Boers and place South Africa under British rule. Already the War Department is making arrangements to send forth regiments to take the places of the Gloucesters and Irish Fusileers, and there is talk of forming another army corps.

"The fighting qualities of the Boers and the skill of the generals as military strategists must not be underestimated, and a sufficient force should be sent to Africa to crush the enemy. It must be admitted, though regretfully, that the Boers outwitted the British and laid a trap which they fell into. General White manfully accepts all responsibility for the disaster, and, while it is certain that 'somebody blundered,' we must admire the general, who, though it means much to him and dims the glory of his past military record, says, 'I alone am responsible.' There is no quibbling or attempt to shift the responsibility.

"It was feared that the loss of the regiments would weaken General White's position and that he would be unable to hold Ladysmith, but, according to later dispatches the War Department is still in communication with the British camp. The Boers shelled

Ladysmith, but the British silenced their guns, and General White is confident that he will be able to hold out.

"It has been suggested that Canada should send another contingent to help the mother country. We think that at the present time the colonies should stand behind Great Britain and render all assistance in their power. In a movement of this kind Canada should take the lead, and let Britain see that we are with her, and that if another contingent is required it will be sent without delay.

"The government should certainly volunteer to raise another contingent, and let the colonial office decide whether or not they are needed. Great Britain, however, seems able to cope with the occasion, and though the disaster is a great one, many brave soldiers being lost, and sorrow brought to many homes, the grand old nation will soon recover and bring the Boers to terms. Yet we think the offer of another contingent should be made. Young Canadians will gladly volunteer their services to the mother country."

ON MANY A HARD-FOUGHT FIELD.

The Gloucestershire Regiment, the first battalion of which capitulated at Ladysmith, was formerly the Twenty-eighth North Gloucester. The colors bear the following magnificent list of honors: Ramilies, Louisburg, Quebec (1759), Egypt (with the sphinx), Maida, Corunna, Talavera, Barossa, Alburhera, Salamanca, Vittoria, Pyrenees, Nivelle, Nives, Orthes, Toulouse, Peninsula, Waterloo, Punjab, Chillianwallah, Goojerat, Alma, Inkerman, Sebastopol, Delhi. The regiment raised in 1694 has been practically in existence ever since. One detachment was on garrison duty in Newfoundland in 1868.

The regiment was reorganized in 1702 and took part in the campaigns in the Low Countries, and in Spain from 1704 to 1709. In the Vigo expedition of 1719 the Gloucestershires went to the fore. Later in the campaign in Flanders the regiment added greatly to its reputation by the gallant bearing in the fearful battle of Fontenoy and other bloody fights of that campaign. Coming to this side of the water in 1757 it fought at Louisburg, Cape Bretan and Quebec.

The immortal General Wolfe received his death wound while marching at the head of this regiment on the Plains of Abraham. The regiment afterwards took part in the defense of Quebec against the French besiegers. In 1762 the Gloucestershires participated in the capture of Martinique and Havana, and later fought through the American war of independence, where the desperate valor of officers and men in many of the fierce struggles aroused the admiration even of Britain's enemies. The years of 1778 to 1794 provided the regiment with much active service in the West Indies and Flanders. In 1798 it was part of the force which captured Minorca, and in 1800 formed part of the expedition which demonstrated against Cadiz.

THE FAR-FAMED GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Under Sir Ralph Abercromby the regiment fought in Egypt in 1801, and in 1805-1807 was engaged in the campaign in Holland. In 1808 the Gloucestershire Regiment took part in Sir John Moore's expedition to Portugal. Throughout Wellington's campaigns in Portugal and Spain the regiment fought, adding laurels to its record on many a hotly contested field and participating in the crowning battles and triumphs of Quatre Bras and Waterloo. The Crimean war furnished the regiment with stirring service, as did also the Indian mutiny.

The Princess Victoria's Royal Irish Fusileers, late Eighty-seventh and Eighty-ninth foot regiments, is one of the finest regiments in the British army. The first battalion, the one which capitulated, was raised in 1793, and, strange to say, within two years of its organization, had an almost similar experience to that which befell it at Ladysmith. In the year 1795, during the campaign in Flanders against the French, it formed part of the garrison of Bergen-op-Zoom. The Dutch troops of the garrison betrayed their trust, threw open the gates and the Irish battalion had no other recourse than surrender. In 1796, prisoners having been exchanged, the battalion proceeded to the West Indies with the expedition under Sir Ralph Abercromby, and the following year took part in the Porto Rico campaign. The interval between 1797 and

1810 was a quiet one, but in the last-named year the battalion was present at the capture of Mauritius, and was stationed there until 1814.

Its next active service was in India in the Nepaul campaign of 1816. The Burmese war of 1826 furnished considerable hard campaigning for the battalion. Throughout the Indian mutiny, 1857-1859, the first battalion was to the fore in many a bloody fight. Its last active service previous to being ordered to South Africa was in the Egyptian war of 1882. The battalion was stationed at Halifax, N. S., from 1872 to 1876.

The second battalion of the regiment, raised in 1804, takes the place of the Eighty-ninth foot, a regiment raised in 1804 and disbanded in 1817, after distinguished service in the Egyptian expedition, the Peninsula and the American war, 1812-13. This battalion also has a good fighting record, as the following brief summary shows: 1818, Mahratta war; 1824, Burmese war; 1856-57, South African; 1857-59, Indian mutiny; 1884, Soudan.

STANDARDS WREATHED WITH HONORS.

This battalion was stationed at Quebec, Montreal and Toronto for several years from 1841. As stated, the second battalion took the place of the old Eighty-ninth foot. The regimental standards bear the following honors, which include those gained by the old Eighty-ninth foot and the first and second battalions of the regiment: Egypt (with the sphinx), Montevideo, Talavera, Barossa, Tarifa, Java, Vittoria, Nivelles, Niagara, Orthes, Toulouse, Peninsula, Ava, Sebastopol, Egypt (1882-84), Tel-el-Kebir.

The Tenth Mountain Battery forms a part of a comparatively recently organized branch of the royal artillery. This is a branch of the army that has been represented in every battle in the annals of the British history since Crecy, where the cannon of the time were scorned alike by friend and foe. It is now, however, admittedly the finest branch of the service, and one which has frequently aroused the admiration and envy of foreign military critics. The story of its record in active warfare would fill a bulky volume.

British enthusiasm over the war was shown in the grand fare-

well given the Guards on their departure from London for Southampton, where they embarked for the Cape. Three battalions, the First Scots, the Second Coldstreams and the Third Grenadiers, left. The Scots marched to Waterloo Station at 7 o'clock in the morning. The fact that the day was raw and foggy did not deter a large crowd from assembling at Chelsea Barracks at 6 o'clock, and when the detachment wheeled out of the barrack gates the people cheered till they were hoarse.

Along the whole route a lusty ovation awaited the troops, the spectators including the wives and sweethearts of the men. Before many yards were covered, ranks were broken and the women linked arms with the soldiers, who were carried along in the surging, singing crowd to the station, where an immense concourse was waiting to give them a tremendous reception.

Friends grasped the rifles and kits of the troops and insisted on carrying them. The men marched to the platform singing, while the band played Scotch airs, in which the crowd, that was not allowed to go upon the platform, joined. All united in "Auld Lang Syne" as the train steamed out of the station.

The Second Coldstreams marched to Nine Elms Station, amid similar enthusiasm and many affecting scenes. The officers allowed the women to mix freely with the men on the line of march and before they entered the station.

Crowds assembled also near the Wellington Barracks, from which the Grenadier Guards emerged, after an inspection in the barrack yard by General Sir Evelyn Wood, who complimented the men on their smart appearance in their khaki helmets and red field tunics. The march to Waterloo Station was a triumphal progress.

If possible, their departure evoked more enthusiasm than did that of the Scots and Coldstreams. Friends and relatives marched with them, and soldiers and spectators joined in songs, which were frequently drowned by hurricanes of cheers as the troops passed points where the crowds were massed. At times they had difficulty to get through, the people seeming to wish to carry them to the station on their shoulders. Cheers shook the building as the trains steamed out, the troops responding lustily.

CHAPTER XX.

British Victories in the Western Campaign.

EARLY in November Cecil Rhodes declared Kimberley was "safe as Piccadilly." He referred to one of the famous thoroughfares of London, and his statement meant that in his estimation, the diamond town had no reason to fear it would be captured. The defenders were proving their ability to hold the Boers at bay.

All the information from the great diamond mining centre confirmed the view that the town was safe. It appears that defense against a Boer investment of Kimberley in the event of war had, even as far back as July, gone beyond mere discussion and was then in actual process of preparation.

With such men as Cecil Rhodes and Gardner Williams, of California, manager of the diamond mines, to manage its defense, even without the assistance of British troops, the capture of Kimberley would have been a most hazardous and difficult task. Shortly before the war broke out half a battalion of the Royal North Lancashire Regiment was sent up to Kimberley from Cape Town to serve as a "stiffening" for the local troops, who were stated to number at least 2000 and perhaps as many as 3000 men, including a cyclist corps.

The local forces comprised the Kimberley Regiment, a town guard under the command of Major Frazer, the Diamond Fields Artillery and a corps recruited from employes of the De Beers mine. These latter had a Maxim all to themselves, and altogether Lieutenant-Colonel R. G. Kekewich had about twenty field and machine guns at his disposal.

Colonel Kekewich was considered one of the cleverest officers commanding regiments. He served in Egypt from 1884 to 1890, and was very popular there. He was specially promoted as a major in the Royal Inniskillin Fusileers, and was given command of the Royal North Lancashire Regiment in 1898. He saw service in the

Perak and Soudanese expeditions, and was military secretary to two commanders-in-chief in Madras. His experience, therefore, was ample.

Kimberley, which was defended by the force under Colonel Kekewich, is situated on a plateau, and is four miles from the Orange Free State and 647 miles from Cape Town. There are no natural features around the "City of Diamonds" that would assist in its fortification, but mounds of earth thrown up by the miners were of service in sheltering the British troops from the Boer forces. Electric searchlights, which are part of the mines' equipment, made a night surprise by the Boers very difficult.

SEARCHLIGHTS AND STRONG DEFENSES.

Kimberley tested the searchlights and found them satisfactory. It also tested the defenses of the town through the medium of sham attacks directed by Major Hore, commanding the Protectorate Regiment, and felt that it was safe against the Boer besiegers, although the Transvaal forces were said to largely outnumber the garrison.

Boys in Kimberley were infected with the enthusiasm which dominated the town, and a cadet corps of lads from fourteen to sixteen years old did orderly duty in the invested city, which has a population of 10,000 persons.

Colonel Kekewich erected a new signalling station on the top of a conning tower 130 feet above the level of the road, and from this the movements of the enemy could be clearly discerned. The station had telephone connection with headquarters in the town. Tests of the value of this station were made both day and night, and added to the confidence inspired by the presence of Cecil Rhodes.

When the war broke out the little town of Mafeking, in British Bechuanaland, was practically defenseless, but soon the place was more or less protected by sandbags and hastily-thrown-up earthworks. But Mafeking lies entirely in the open plain, which is as flat as a pancake. A few isolated hills and ant-heaps, and here and there a clump of bushes under three feet high—these are the only things that break the monotony of the landscape.

The high plain runs right away to the far-distant sky line, and

only a few scattered shanties mark the line of railway. If the traveller were adventurous enough to travel by the through express from Cape Town to Bulawayo, away up in far Rhodesia, he would find Mafeking practically half-way between the two. This railway, by the way, is the main Cape to Cairo route and will one day carry the globe trotter right through Africa from end to end.

IMPORTANT TRADING STATION.

There is nothing palatial about Mafeking. Normally, it is a simple little township of a few hundred souls. Primarily, it is a trading station with the far north, and there are many stores of greater or less importance. Grain, forage, tinned goods, saddles, rifles, ammunition, and even furniture, can be bought there. In the centre of the Main street is the market-place, surrounded by galvanized-iron houses and stores, each with its little raised verandah painted green and white, and many of the more miscellaneous shops bearing wild Indian names. For the enterprising Mahomedan trader has found his way throughout South Africa and competes very keenly and successfully with the white man.

The main street of Mafeking is a long, wide and straggling thoroughfare with native trees, eucalyptus and diminutive oaks at intervals. The houses all stand in little plots of ground, and there are attempts at cultivation here and there of a few sunflowers or a potato patch or a hanging trail of the grenadilla or passion flower fruit. There is a church, a club, a prison and Salvation Army barracks. A good deal of horse buying and selling takes place at Mafeking. It is rather a centre market for the surrounding farmers, which are mostly Boers, who bring in ugly-looking, but very useful, nags to the weekly auctions on the market-place. A good horse may often be picked up (in times of peace, of course), for from thirty to forty dollars, and though he may be an ugly animal to look at, he can do almost anything that is asked of him, and will outlast many a handsome-looking animal.

Colonel Baden-Powell, that veteran South African warrior, was placed in command of an irregular, but wholly reliable, force of some 600 men encamped at Mafeking. This did not include the regulars

which were sent to him since the hostilities began. He is an excellent officer, a good sportsman, an inimitable entertainer and a bit of a literary character to boot.

He went through the Matabele war and gained experience, honor and no wounds. In some way he seems to bear a charmed life, because he is a reckless sort of fellow and fears no danger. He also has a quite remarkable gift of locality, that is to say, he is able by some extraordinary instinct to find his way about a totally unexplored country and always turn up just where he wants to, or thereabouts. He shot big game wherever big game was to be shot, and then came home quietly and wrote books about it. He is a clever actor and musical entertainer.

RAILROAD BRIDGE STRONGLY GUARDED.

The railway bridge near Mafeking was built over the Moloppo River, which runs east and west a quarter of a mile from the town, and in view of its being easily blown up by the Boers, Baden-Powell kept strict watch on it. The railway is the property of the Cape Government. It is pretty fairly run. The fares are terribly high, but, of course, that is inevitable in a new country. The officials are mostly ex-English railway officials, and are uniformly polite—a great contrast to the railway servants on the Dutch lines.

The Boers began a bombardment of Mafeking at twenty minutes of 8 o'clock in the morning of October 23d, at a range of two miles and a half, their battery of three Krupp guns throwing 7-pound, 9-pound and 12-pound explosive shells. At the outset the firing was erratic, but ultimately the Boers got the range and sent a number of shells into the town. Comparatively little damage was done, a convent, which had been converted into a hospital, being the chief sufferer. This building was struck thrice.

Apparently the Boer ammunition was inferior. No casualties were sustained by the British, and only one shot was returned. This, however, was so well directed as to disable one of the enemy's guns. After three hours the Boers sent an envoy to ask the town to prepare for surrender. Colonel Baden-Powell replied in the negative. The shelling was not resumed.

The thrilling story of the siege of Mafeking reached London by a circuitous route north of the Transvaal border. It contained many interesting incidents. Colonel Baden-Powell provided subterraneous shelter-places where the troops and civilians could take refuge while the shells were bursting. These were very effective in preventing casualties.

The Boers tried to get within rifle range under cover of the fire of their guns, but were beaten off after a spirited engagement on all sides of the town. Both civilians and soldiers stood up splendidly and administered a warning to the Boers against coming to close quarters. In consequence of the fight, General Cronje fell back on his old tactics, to advance by a succession of trenches. This move had been anticipated. The British sent out parties incessantly to worry the Boers by night attacks.

BOERS BAYONETED IN THEIR TRENCHES.

Colonel Baden-Powell employed clever tactics in sending out Captain Fitz Clarence's squadron of the Protectorate Regiment to worry the occupants of the trenches, and the little force stole out silently in the darkness. Not a shot was fired. The men, with bayonets fixed, creeping rather than walking along the ground, gradually approached the chief Boer position near the race-course.

As they closed in there was a shrill screech. It was Fitz Clarence's whistle, the signal for the onslaught. A ringing British cheer which the listeners back in the camp caught up was the response as the party dashed into the trenches. It was a fearful struggle. The attacking forces bayoneted the Boers under tarpaulins where they crouched. At least fifty bayonets got in their work. For just a moment there was no systematic resistance. Then a perfect hailstorm of bullets poured from the trenches to the rear.

Again Fitz Clarence's whistle sounded. It was "Cease firing; scatter homeward." The forces scattered silently, creeping back under the furious fire in the darkness to the appointed rendezvous, where a roll-call showed the British losses six killed, one missing and eleven wounded. But these came back. The British left no wounded man on the field.

Another thrilling episode occurred the next afternoon. A corporal and six men of the Protectorate Regiment went to get their kits, which they had left on the retirement of the troops to the town. The position was held by the Boers, but the men opened fire and gradually drove 100 of the enemy pellmell to their entrenchments, from which a heavy rifle fire silenced the little party, who crawled back to town.

Baden-Powell's defense scheme was a sound one. All fire was reserved till the Boers got within 500 yards range during daylight. At night he constantly worried them. Life at Mafeking was dreary and unprofitable. Everybody was fearing that in the general advance on Pretoria from Natal, the garrison would be cooped up there. General Cronje sent a flag of truce, giving Mafeking a last chance to surrender at the eleventh hour.

MAFEKING WOULD NOT SURRENDER.

The battlefield resembled a shambles after the Boers' final assault, above described, showing what a desperate struggle had gone on. All the men were killed by bullets or shells. A lookout tower was shot to pieces. Nearly the whole place was simply smashed up by a concentrated fire of seven guns and 1000 rifles. The Boers at first held on pluckily, but lost heavily when they came within short range, men being shot down at a distance of 300 yards, and Mafeking still held out, with no thought of surrendering.

Stirring and important news, on November 24th, from the western frontier. Along with the announcement that a strong position of the Boers had been carried at the point of the bayonet, came the suggestive news of burghers leaving Natal for the capital of the Free State, a pretty clear indication that they foresaw the plan of campaign. An official telegram from Lord Methuen, in command of the column marching northward to the relief of Kimberley, stated that at daybreak on the 23d he took the Boer position at Belmont, some fifty-six miles south of Kimberley.

The infantry behaved with great gallantry, and was well supported by the naval brigade. The British losses were considerable, while those of the enemy were heavy. The British troops carried

the position at the point of the bayonet. The third battalion of the Grenadier Guards suffered most severely, one of their officers, Lieutenant Fryer, being killed and eight others wounded. The British total casualties were 223 in killed, wounded and missing. It is evident that the action was of a pretty severe character. "Our victory is complete," said Lord Methuen, in giving an account of the engagement.

His official dispatch was as follows: "Attacked the enemy at daybreak. He was in strong position. Three ridges were carried in succession, the last attack being supported by shrapnel. Infantry behaved splendidly, and received support from the naval brigade and artillery. The enemy fought with courage and skill. Had I attacked later I should have had far heavier losses. Our victory was complete. Have taken forty prisoners. Am burying a good number of the Boers, but the greater part of the enemy's killed and wounded were removed by their comrades. Have captured a large number of horses and cows and destroyed a large quantity of ammunition."

BOER GUNS QUICKLY SILENCED.

From later details of General Methuen's fight with the Boers at Belmont it appears that Boers from Finchams Farm shelled an advance body of the British, and the British artillery was pushed forward and shelled a hill, which the British subsequently occupied, capturing two guns. The Boer casualties were thirty men killed and wounded.

The Boer main column left Finchams Farm during the afternoon and camped five miles ahead. At daybreak on the 23d the Boers fired from the hills, 1000 yards distant, on the British advance force. Other troops were then pushed up, and the engagement became general. The British artillery made an excellent showing and silenced the Boer guns.

Then two battalions of the Grenadier Guards and the Northumberland Regiment stormed the heights at the point of the bayonet. Crossing the fire zone amidst a storm of lead, the Guards and the Northumberlands pushed up the incline and reached the summit,

doing great execution with their bayonets, and capturing the encampment, with guns, equipment, prisoners, cattle and sheep. The entire position was carried, the cavalry, consisting of the Ninth Lancers and mounted infantry, pursuing the flying Boers.

General Methuen's force numbered 7000 men and the Boers had 5000 men. The latter held an exceedingly strong position on a series of hills, extending a dozen miles. They were strongly entrenched, and their cannon were posted advantageously, and were excellently served. The battle began at 7 o'clock, and raged for several hours. The Boers held their positions with great stubbornness and splendid courage. The British riflemen forced the attack under a raking fire, and carried position after position with superb dash, driving the Boers with great slaughter. The engagement was really a series of battles, during which the Boers were constantly carrying off their dead and wounded.

PRISONERS AND WOUNDED.

The War Office issued the following advices on the 24th: "General Methuen further reports that the wounded are doing well. There are over fifty prisoners, including a German commandant and six field cornets. Nineteen of these prisoners are wounded. The prisoners say that yesterday's attack was a surprise, and it is the only beating they have had. A large amount of correspondence has been secured."

It seems that the entire Western Division moved on the Orange River and bivouacked at Witteputs. Two companies of mounted infantry and a detachment of lancers were sent to hold Thomas Farm. Their pickets prevented the Boers from advancing. The Boers fired cannon, and the British artillery arrived on the scene and silenced the Boers' fire. At two in the morning the Guards Brigade moved steadily forward to a hill a few miles east of Belmont Station. The Scots and Grenadiers advanced to within fifty yards of the base, when the Boers poured in a scathing fire, staggering the Guards momentarily. But, quickly recovering, they returned a deadly hail into the Boers. The duel was continued for half an hour. When the artillery commenced the Boers evacuated their

front position, and the Scots Guards rushed the hill with the bayonet, amid lusty cheers.

The Ninth Brigade then moved forward in extended order, and the Boers started a terrible cross-fire from the surrounding hills. The Coldstreams, supported by the Scots, Grenadiers, Northumberland and Northampton, stormed the second position in the face of a constant and effective Boer fire. The Ninth Brigade then advanced the artillery, in the meantime maintaining excellent practice. The British infantry never wavered, and when a tremendous cheer notified them of the charge the Boers fled and succeeded in gaining a ridge of hills in the rear, in spite of the Lancers' flanking movement.

HOT PURSUIT BY BRITISH CAVALRY.

The infantry again gallantly faced the fire, and the naval brigade came into action for the first time, at a range of 1800 yards. The infantry was well supported by the artillery, and the Boers, unable to withstand the death-dealing volleys, retired, and were again forced to abandon some minor positions. The British cavalry charged the Boers and pursued them for five miles. Possession was taken of the Boer encampment, and the Boer stores were destroyed.

The Boers hoisted a white flag over their second position, whereupon Lieutenant Willoughby, of the Coldstream Guards, stood up, and was immediately shot down. The Boers twice repeated the same tactics.

The following graphic description of the fight at Belmont is from an eye-witness: "General Methuen's superb force attacked a commando of 4000 Boers in a position which the British troops would hold against almost any force. The Boers, shielded by boulders, held the crests of four rocky hills with dauntless courage.

"The men of the King's Own, Yorkshire Light Infantry, First Northumberland Fusileers, the Northamptonshires and a battalion each of the Scots Guards, Grenadiers and Coldstreams, threw themselves like so many onrushing billows against the hills, poured up and finally flowed over them. Splendid assistance was given by the Naval Brigade and the field artillery, although the infantry occupied

many of the best positions before their guns could be brought into play.

"Our victory is complete. The enemy were put to flight and their fortified encampment destroyed, but only after three hours of incessant rifle fire, by which the rocky field of combat was pelted as if by hail. The Grenadiers suffered badly, their losses reaching nearly half of the total casualties.

ADVANCING THROUGH A STORM OF BULLETS.

"The whole force of the fearful fight was borne by the infantry, who had to climb upward 500 feet, straight into a terrific stream of missiles. The Ninth Lancers pursued with great vigor, but the Boers, being well mounted and familiar with the hills, melted before them. Possibly, though, the victory would have been more decisive had we had more cavalry."

General Methuen's column continued to encounter opposition as it pushed forward with all possible speed to raise the siege of Kimberley. On Saturday, November 25th, he moved at 3.30 A.M., with the Ninth Brigade, the Mounted Corps, the Naval Brigade and two batteries, the Guards following with the baggage. Near Gras Pan (about ten miles north of Belmont, on the railway line to Kimberley) 2500 Boers, with six guns and two machine guns, opposed him. The action began at 6 A.M. The British batteries fired shrapnel very accurately till the heights seemed clear.

Then the Naval Brigade and infantry advanced to the assault. The fighting was desperate until 10 A.M., when the heights were gained. The Boers retreated on the line where the Ninth Lancers were placed to intercept them. The artillery took immediate advantage of the enemy's retirement.

Early in the action 500 Boers attacked the British rear-guard. The brigade met this and also protected the flanks. The Naval Brigade acted with conspicuous gallantry and suffered heavily. The Boers showed the greatest stubbornness and met with heavy losses. More than fifty horses were found dead in one place. One battery fired 500 rounds. The British troops worked splendidly, and were prepared to overcome any difficulty. The Naval Brigade, the Royal

Marines, the Light Infantry and the First Battalion of the North Lancashire Regiment especially distinguished themselves.

Another battle, fierce and bloody, was fought on the Modder River by General Methuen on November 28th. The story is told in his own brief dispatch, as follows: "Reconnoitered at 5 A.M. enemy's position on Modder River and found them strongly entrenched and concealed. No means of outflanking, the river being full. Action commenced with artillery, mounted infantry and cavalry, at 5.30. Guard on right, Ninth Brigade on left, attacked position in widely extended formation at 6.30, and, supported by the artillery, found themselves in front of the whole Boer force, 8000 strong, with two large guns, four Krupps, etc. The Naval Brigade rendered great assistance from the railway.

DESPERATE FIGHTING FOR TEN HOURS.

"After desperate, hard fighting, which lasted ten hours, our men, without water or food, and in the burning sun, made the enemy quit his position. General Pole-Carew was successful in getting a small party across the river, gallantly assisted by 300 Sappers. I speak in terms of high praise of the conduct of all who were engaged in one of the hardest and most trying fights in the annals of the British army. If I can mention one arm particularly, it is two batteries of artillery."

General Methuen's dispatch to the Queen after the battle of Modder River, said: "The battle was the bloodiest of the century. The British shelled the enemy out of the trenches and then charged. The result was terrible."

General Methuen's advance from the Orange River was a most notable achievement. In the course of a week he marched his column nearly fifty miles, fought three battles and won three victories. The fight at Belmont was fierce enough, with its deplorable loss to the Guards. The engagement at Enslin or Gras Pan had melancholy notoriety for the terrible execution wrought among the naval brigade, but the Modder River battle was the hardest fought and bloodiest of the three.

This combat, which was waged under great difficulties by the

British troops, and for many hours was carried on with great determination against a strongly entrenched enemy, possessed features which will make it live in military history. After Saturday's battle at Gras Pan General Methuen's force rested on Sunday. It advanced fifteen miles northward on Monday, and at night the column found itself close to the Modder River and confronted by a Boer army of 8000 men strongly entrenched.

Early Tuesday morning the attack began. The Boers were posted on the north side of the Modder River, which was running at full flood. The British attacked from the south side. As there was no opportunity for outflanking the enemy's position owing to the high river, they made a frontal attack and forced the Boers to quit their position by the superiority of their artillery and rifle fire, the retirement being accelerated by the fact that General Pole-Carew, late in the engagement, had succeeded in getting across the river with a force. No pursuit of the Boers was possible.

CONGRATULATIONS FROM THE GENERAL.

That General Methuen expected dogged resistance on his northward march is shown by the speech which he made to his troops after the battle of Gras Pan. After reading a telegram from Sir Alfred Milner, congratulating the troops and sympathizing with the wounded, General Methuen personally congratulated the troops on the work done, and expressed appreciation of the way in which they had endured the hardships.

The work, he said, was the most severe encountered by the British Army for many a long day. They had in front of them, he added, an enemy to whom they could not afford to give a single point. Their tactics had been excellent, and he recognized and admired their courage. General Methuen added that when called upon to fight for his country he preferred to fight a foe worthy of its steel rather than savages, whose sole recommendation was bravery.

He then expressed the hope that he and his men had gained each other's confidence, and would all do their duty to their country, as Englishmen should. General Methuen described as "dastardly" the conduct of the Boers in firing on ambulance wag-

ons, the shooting of a British officer by a wounded Boer, and the Boers' use of dum-dum bullets. But he refused to believe that these acts were characteristic of the Boers. He gave them credit, until convinced to the contrary, that they, like the British, wished to fight fair and square.

FIERCE BATTLE OF MODDER RIVER.

Under date of November 30th, one of our American newspapers commented as follows :

"Lord Methuen appears to have won at Modder River the most important battle thus far of the war. It plainly outranks Glencoe, Elandslaagte and the battles around Ladysmith in point of numbers engaged and losses sustained on both sides. It certainly surpasses them in importance of results. For they were followed by retreat and confinement within besieged Ladysmith, while this opens the way for further advance toward Kimberley, and goes far to assure the relief of that city from the state of siege it has long endured.

"Lord Methuen has certainly made good progress. He is more than 600 miles from Cape Town, fifty miles beyond the Orange River and about twenty miles from Kimberley. The successive points taken by him after crossing the Orange River are Belmont, Gras Pan, Honey Nest and Modder River, where there is an insignificant village and railroad station at the junction of a small stream of the same name with the scarcely larger Riet River. Beyond it the stations and villages are closer together—Merton, Spytfontein, Wimbleton; then the considerable town of Beaconsfield, which is practically a suburb of Kimberley, with 10,000 inhabitants and containing the Du Toit's Pan and Bulfontein diamond mines; and then Kimberley itself.

"It is understood that Beaconsfield is still in British possession, standing siege along with Kimberley and defended by the same general force. The railroad from Modder River to Beaconsfield is not in a condition to be used. That does not matter, however, as the distance is so short and as there is a good road running parallel with the railroad just to the east of it.

"Whether a clearing of the line to Mafeking, or even to Bulawayo, is the sole mission of this daring and masterful commander is, however, an open question. Some reinforcements are on their way up to join him. It will not escape notice that he is not only nearest of all British commanders to Bloemfontein, but nearest to Pretoria, too. And he is on the most direct road thither—we might say almost the only practicable road. For an advance across the Drakensberg from Natal would be most difficult. One from Colesberg by way of Norval's Pont and Bloemfontein would be easy if the railroad were to be utilized.

LONG AND DIFFICULT MARCH.

"But the Boers will make sure that the railroad shall not be utilized. In that case the march from the Orange River would be much longer and more difficult than from the western border. There is no good wagon road running directly from the Orange River to Bloemfontein, and none from Bloemfontein to Pretoria. But from Kimberley there is a fine great highway running parallel with the Vaal River and leading right up to Johannesburg and Pretoria, and there is another, and not a long one, from Mafeking.

"Thus Lord Methuen's army was the advance guard of the whole movement upon the Boer States, and to him was intrusted the coveted task of leading the invasion. He was known to be a brave commander, fertile in resources, courageous in the face of the enemy, equipped with long experience and heroic fortitude, and nothing was felt to be wanting to insure complete success in the endeavor to raise the siege of Kimberley."

A detailed account of the hard fight at Modder River is furnished by an eye-witness of that terrible battle:

"The severest engagement our column has yet had, and probably the severest of the whole campaign, was fought November 28th. The battle was waged fiercely for nearly fourteen hours. The enemy occupied a strongly entrenched position, their front extending five miles along the bank of the stream. They were well supplied with artillery, and fought desperately.

"Our force consisted of the second battalion of the Coldstream

Guards, the first battalion of the Scots Guards, the third battalion of the Grenadier Guards, the first battalion of the Northumberland Fusileers, the second battalion of the Yorkshire Light Infantry (the King's Own), a part of the first battalion of the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, the Ninth Lancers, the mounted infantry, three batteries of field artillery and the first battalion of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders (Princess Louise's).

AN AWFUL HAIL OF BULLETS.

"The latter reinforced us from General Wauchope's brigade, and arrived just in time for the fight. The battle started at day-break, our guns shelling the Boers' left. The enemy replied with artillery, Hotchkiss and Maxims, and the artillery duel lasted some hours. Then there was a brief lull in the enemy's operations, of which the general immediately took advantage. Our infantry advanced across the plain towards the river in two brigades.

"The Guards, on the right, were met by an awful hail of bullets from the enemy's sharpshooters, posted close to the river on the opposite bank. Ours had no cover whatever, and were simply mowed down. It seemed impossible to live through the terrible fire, but the brave fellows did not retreat an inch. The Boer fire was horribly accurate, and they must have had a large force.

"The Scots Guards advanced 600 yards before they were fired on. Then they had to lie down to escape the deadly fusillade which lasted, without intermission, throughout the day. The Highlanders made several attempts to force a passage of the river, but they were exposed to such a murderous enfilading fire that they had to retire after they had suffered terribly. Subsequently a party of the Guards got over and held their own for hours against a vastly superior force.

"The general opinion of the staff is that there had never been such a sustained fire in the annals of the British army as that which our troops had to face. Our men fell in dozens while trying to rush the bridge. Among the many heroic deeds, one of the most conspicuous was that of Lieutenant-Colonel Codrington, of the Coldstream Guards; Captain Sellpein, of the Queensland con-

tingent, and a dozen members of the Coldstream Guards, who jumped into the river and swam nearly to the other side in the face of a steady fire, but who were forced to retire, and, joining hands, swam back, two of their number being nearly drowned in the retreat.

"The British guns kept up a heavy fire all day; and fearful havoc was wrought on the Boer positions, the enemy being forced to fly from their entrenchments. Night put an end to the terrible bloodshed. The infantry brigade was dreadfully cut up."

THE FIGHT BEFORE REACHING MODDER RIVER.

Further details of the battle at Gras Pan showed that the British arms achieved a brilliant victory. The enemy, strongly entrenched, held a range of hills commanding both sides of the railway at Rooi Laagte, near Gras Pan. The Lancashires, under Lewis, reconnoitered in an armored train. The Boers shelled the train, killing Lewis and a private.

General Methuen then advanced. His column made a detour and bivouacked for the night at Swinks Pan, three miles from the Boer position. At dawn the advance began, the Guards forming the reserve. The column debouched on the plain eastward of the Boer hills. The Boer guns opened fire. Two batteries of British artillery, posted on each side, shelled the Boers, the aim being good on both sides.

The Boers stuck tenaciously to their positions, firing steadily and accurately. The duel, which constantly became hotter, lasted three hours. The Boer shells wounded several men of the Naval Brigade. Finding it impossible to displace the Boers with artillery, General Methuen resolved upon an infantry attack. A brigade of infantry, including the Yorkshires, the Northamptons, the Northumberland and the Lancashires, with the naval brigade on the right, gallantly stormed the Boer positions, in the face of a withering fire, and carried hill after hill, the brigade under Colonel Money capturing the main position against a terrific fire, but suffering severely.

Commandant Rossik aided in leading the Boer forces. Many

of the Boer forces voluntarily surrendered. The Boers were shelled during the final retreat, and must have lost heavily, but they succeeded in getting away northward with their six guns. The British were badly in need of more cavalry. Among the Boer prisoners were Alderman Jeppe and Commandant Rossik, who led the Boer force.

General Methuen, who commanded the British forces, is one of the most distinguished captains in the British service, and has had extensive experience in the field. He was ordered to Africa at the outbreak of hostilities, and raised to the rank of lieutenant-general, the intention of the War Office being to make him second in command to General Sir Redvers Buller. Brave, accomplished, educated for the army, and a man of excellent discretion and great ability for organization and administration of affairs, he is looked upon as one of the best generals in the army.

DECORATED FOR BRAVERY.

Lord Methuen received a medal for bravery at the battle of Amoaful, in the Ashantee war of 1873-74. In the Egyptian expedition of 1882 he was present at Mahuta and Tel-el-Kebir, was mentioned in the "Gazette," and received a medal with clasp, bronze clasp and third-class Osmanieh decorations. He was honorably mentioned for his services as commander of the mounted rifles in the Bechuanaland expedition of 1884-85. He was military attache at Berlin for three years, 1878-81. He entered the army as ensign in the Guards in 1864.

The march of events under General Methuen was swift. To him was committed the task of relieving Kimberley and he did not linger on the way. On Wednesday, November 22d, he had got across the Orange River and began his advance towards the beleaguered city. On Thursday he attacked the Boers at Belmont and defeated them. On Saturday, as we have seen, he fought another engagement with them at Gras Pan, ten miles north of Belmont, and again defeated them. He continued to advance and at Modder River he fought the most serious engagement of the war on Tuesday, with brilliant results.

CHAPTER XXI.

Curious Sights in the Land of the Boers.

WHAT a great press agent war is! A few months before the war broke out South Africa was comparatively an unknown country, except to the few people whose interests or friends were there, but soon the whole outside world had its eyes upon this quarter of the globe, and Durban, Ladysmith, Pietermaritzburg, Glencoe, Dundee, Colesburg, Kimberley, Colenso, Belmont, Gras Pan, Modder River Bridge and Mafeking are household words, and have all been studied carefully and located upon the map. This same agent brought the West Indies into prominence during our war with Spain, and the Philippines have used it most effectively.

The political situation in the Transvaal, or South African Republic, has been greatly strained for over a decade, and the feeling between the British and Boers has been very hostile for a long time. All have met the type of man who is continually looking for a fight, and, it seems to an outsider, that this has been the state of these two nations for years, and at last the climax was reached in the outbreak of hostilities.

South Africa is a wonderful country, and at the end of the war will open up opportunities and present advantages to the young men of to-day unequalled by any other. The political atmosphere of the country has been written about and discussed so much that we can here pass it by, simply comparing it with the atmosphere of Johannesburg and Cape Town, where dust-storms are frequent, darkening and obscuring the air and often suspending business for hours at a time.

A few words about the country, its people and their customs. The southern part of Africa has a fertile fringe around its coast, growing all the products of our own country, and, on the east coast, all the varieties of the tropics. The interior is a barren and desolate waste, known as the "Karoo," scarcely producing sufficient forage

for stock-raising purposes, the principal pursuit of the Boers. One plateau is above another until an altitude of 9000 feet above the sea is reached at Johannesburg. Very few rivers flow therein, and these go out of business in the dry season, and as the great rivers of Africa are too far distant to warrant building artificial waterways, a system of irrigation is quite out of the question. Why Oom Paul's people settled and remained in this part of the country cannot be understood, unless we believe the oft-told story that they love the veldt (plain) and its loneliness, as it is most unattractive and grows exceedingly monotonous to the average man.

CHARACTER OF THE BOERS.

The Boers are a sturdy, sluggish and lazy race, but at the same time subjecting themselves to hardships of the worst kind. Since they have always lived in the open, they are physically perfect, hardened, sacrificing and are marksmen of the best ability. These combinations make the type of soldier who fights to win, and, owing to their previous victories over the British and this individual motto: "We declare before God, who knows the heart, and before the world, that the people of the South African Republic have never been subjects of Her Majesty, and never will be," the British do not find their task an easy one.

Such are the men, young and old, who left their homes, wives, families and sweethearts and went to the front in defense of their Republic, with a hope that they would be victorious, but the odds against them appeared so great as to cause the universal prediction that after the smoke of the heavy firing cleared away the Transvaal and the Orange Free State would be painted British red.

If there can be such things as hermit families they are to be found among the Boers. They do not live in settlements, but build their houses far back from the regular transport roads, to keep their cattle free from passing teams, in order to avoid cattle diseases; and then they like to be out of sight of their neighbor's smoke; twenty miles apart is a preferable distance to build. The Boer homestead is as plain as its owner, usually a low, one-story structure, with steep tile roof and a small annex in the rear, which is used as

a kitchen. The door is on a level with the ground, and four windows afford all the light that is required in the four square rooms in the interior.

A dining-room and three bed-rooms suffice for a family, however large. The best of the latter is always ready for the stranger who may stop for the night, besides the best food the kitchen holds and a goodly supply of fodder for his horses, provided he is untainted with British blood. The floors are hardened clay, liberally coated with manure, which is used to ward off the pestiferous insects that swarm over the plains. Houses are built in a valley, in close proximity to a stream, and nearly always devoid of trees. Native trees are such a rarity that travellers may go many miles without being able to rest in the shade of a single one.

HOW THEY BEGIN THE DAY.

The Boer rises with the sun, and after the chores are done the family meet at breakfast and an hour is spent in reading the Bible, which guides them in everything. When the meal is finished, the men start with their flocks, and are gone until the sun sets. This life is followed in winter and summer, except in the dry season, when the whole family desert the home, and, with "bok-wagen" (travelling wagon), become nomads and wander around, allowing their flocks to graze, returning to their homes in the winter.

All are thoroughly religious, and some families have special church wagons, with long and roomy bodies for a "katce" or hanging-bed, in which to travel to their nearest church, a trip which often means three days from home, to church and back again. Of all that has been written about the Boers, the writers have commented upon their uncleanness, which is quite true, but at times water is a scarce article in their country. Many stories are related of the seltzer-water baths indulged in by the early pioneers of Johannesburg, costing from \$5.00 to \$10.00 each. It is related that on one occasion a shower-bath was taken in the Gold City at a cost of \$18.00.

The Boers have their "city cousins," who are smart, shrewd and industrious, being able to cope successfully with the financiers

of the different nations whose representatives have drifted into Johannesburg and Pretoria.

Johannesburg, the Gold City, as it is rightly called, is a Midway Plaisance in a greater sense than the one to which we were introduced at the World's Fair in Chicago. Allow your mind to imagine a city of over 100,000, made up of men and women from England, Ireland, Wales, France, Scotland, Germany, America, Portugal, Spain, Italy, Norway, Denmark, China, Japan, Russia, Austria, Sweden, Turkey, India, Arabia, Australia, New Zealand, all the countries of South America, Mexico, British North America, Alaska, and, in fact, every country under the sun, all wearing their native costumes and head-dress, speaking their own language, following their own customs, but all seeking gold and diamonds in the mines by hard work, and you have a fair representation of the only city in South Africa noted for business and hustling enterprise. Other towns are slow and stagnant.

MEN FROM EVERYWHERE TRYING THEIR LUCK.

It is a disappointment that the inhabitants of Mars are not there, and if passenger communication were in use between the two planets, Martians would surely be found there, "trying their luck." If they could reach this fascinating city, to coin a new word, would they be "Outskyers," inasmuch as the aliens are Outlanders?

All of the other cities except Kimberely are dependent upon Johannesburg, which is like a wealthy brother generously supporting all of his brothers and sisters. Cape Colony and Natal furnish all the grain, fruits and vegetables, and a duty is imposed on all goods imported into the Transvaal through the ports of these colonies, and a heavy railroad charge is also incurred. These charges are also applicable in the Orange Free State, making double customs and railroad charges.

It is the most expensive city in the world to live in. The main portion is thoroughly modern and up-to-date, but once outside of the centre, it becomes a typical mining camp, with low corrugated iron shanties which are the sleeping quarters of the thousands of Outlanders, and all the accessories which go to make up a mining

settlement. Gambling finds plenty of followers. Four lottery companies are established in the city and all have quarterly drawings, when thousands of pounds change hands. The "three-shell" game and other devices of the sort are often encountered on the street corners. Even the women and children speculate in gold shares.

The goal which the people who are temporary residents there seem to aim for is to accumulate, in any manner, a sufficient amount of money to enable them to return to their homes and live quietly after their busy life of a few years at this city that was built in a day in the centre of South Africa. It is the stopping place of the multi-millionaire and the beggar, and, in the constant flow of cosmopolitan life, each man makes the biggest show possible.

HOTEL LIFE AT JOHANNESBURG.

Hotels are plentiful and expensive. The cheapest \$5.00 and the best \$10.00 per day. The Goldfields Hotel is strictly a bachelors' hotel and is well patronized. All is built on the ground floor and everything conducted in a "go-as-you-please" manner. In the dining-room which is always crowded at noon and in the evening, it is a common sight to find men in evening dress and sitting opposite or next to them will be found others in mining garb of a flannel shirt and trousers stuck in boot tops. After the meal is finished pipes are filled and the scene changes to a smoker. Seventy-five per cent. of the Outlanders sleep in iron shanties and have coffee and rolls served in their rooms in the morning. Luncheons and dinners are taken at the different hotels in the city.

Cab fares are five times as high as in New York. Drinks expensive and largely consumed. Two theaters and five music halls, prize fights, pony and bicycle races furnish the amusement. English repertoire companies cover the circuit in South Africa, and English, French, American and German artists are brought out by the music hall managements. Barmaids have birthdays every month and a dance is given in celebration. Tickets to dance cost \$5.00 each and are sought after by their many friends.

Cape Town is known as the "front door" to South Africa. Fully one-half of the money-seekers who arrive in this country enter by this port, although it is not the shortest route to the gold fields, which are in the Transvaal and up-country districts. But, after a passage of twenty-one days, a change from the deck of the steamer to the land is a most agreeable one and the tourists are willing to go ashore. The usual plan is for travellers to remain at Cape Town two or three days and then take a train for their up-country destination. Upon the arrival of a mail stamer Cape Town is crowded for several days, until the people get started upon the last lap of their journey, and then the place settles down to its normal state.

The next port to Cape Town is Port Elizabeth, 480 miles distant. This is known as the "back door" to South Africa, and it is at this port that all of the cargo for the up-country is unloaded from the steamers. For this purpose a jetty or pier, has been built into Algoa Bay, extending over 300 feet from the land and costing thousands of pounds.

NOVEL WAY OF GETTING ASHORE.

East London is the port of entry for the Orange Free State. When the steamer reaches this place the tourist is introduced to a novelty, in the manner of transferring passengers from the steamer to the tender which is to convey them ashore. It is called the "basket trick." The water in this port is so rough that in unloading the passengers to the tender there would be great danger of loss of life, so an immense wicker-basket is suspended to a derrick on the deck of the steamer. Three persons are placed in it at a time. The signal is given and the passengers are let out of their temporary prison and the basket is returned for another load. This method of disembarking passengers is also in use at the port of Durban.

Durban is then reached by the East Coast route, and, once installed, you come to find this the only desirable place in which to live. The whole colony is garden-like. Stately palms and flowing bamboos surround banana groves, cane-fields, pine-apple plantations, tea and coffee estates. Pretty little farmers' cottages are

dotted throughout the country and open-eyed and humorous natives together with solemn and thin-faced coolies lend picturesqueness to the scenes.

Pretoria, the capital of the South African Republic, is thoroughly a Dutch city filled with a young and floating population drawn from the Republic, the Orange Free State, Natal and Cape Colony. The life there is similar to that found in Washington.

Kimberley is termed "a slow show," as everything is owned and controlled by the DeBeers Mining Syndicate. The Kimberley Club is located here and it is the "swellest" club in South Africa. Cecil Rhodes, Alfred Beit, J. B. Robinson and other famous South Africans hold forth there. The late Barney Barnato spent much of his time at this club.

MOST FAMOUS SOUTH AFRICAN TRIBE.

Of the natives the most interesting are the Zulus, the "four hundred" of the South African tribes. In the the Transvaal all natives must wear a tag, bearing a number, which is registered, upon their coat sleeve or arm and displayed conspicuously at all times. They are not allowed to walk on the pavements or to ride in public cabs or tram-cars. At 9 o'clock in the evening, a curfew bell is rung and all natives must be in their kraals, and if found on the streets after this hour they are liable to arrest and a fine.

The native police of Natal are the most interesting characters a writer could find in his travels in South Africa, and volumes could be written about their characteristics and customs. They seem to be at every point in the colony and almost numberless in the cities. The work they have to perform is to keep the natives straight and to act as watchmen at night, and they are not allowed to arrest the whites. They take great pride in their uniforms—in fact, as much as the police of our country do—and they always look neat. They will ogle the nurse girls in the parks and the squares; so, naturally, some might say, they make good police.

The ricksha boys of South Africa are famous the world over. They are found in Durban, Pitermaritzburg and Johannesburg. There are over 800 rickshas on the streets of Durban, and they

greatly enhance the picturesqueness of this semi-tropical city. These vehicles are used principally by the business men in going from their offices to the different parts of the city. Although employed for distances of four, five and six miles, and with two passengers, the boys will keep on a trot the entire distance, which is really remarkable when you consider the work.

On the short drives around town they develop great speed. All the boys are Zulus and head-dress is one of their customs. Horns, feathers and wings are used in this decoration and even discarded creations of "Worth" are worn by the more fortunate ones. The boots around the ankles are made of reed and contain small gravel stones, which rattle while the boy is in motion and make considerable noise. Very few speak or understand English, and passengers must know the streets thoroughly if they wish to reach a certain point quickly.

HOW THE RICKSHA IS GUIDED.

You start the boy in the direction you wish to go, and, if necessary to turn any corners, you simply extend your leg and touch the boy's back, and he then turns his head and you point with your finger to the road you wish him to take; and when you reach your destination, by simply using the Zulu word "ponda," which means down, the shafts are lowered and you can easily dismount. The fares are fixed according to the distance, and ricksha stands are located in the different parts of the city.

It is quite amusing to watch them solicit fares. A guest of the Royal Hotel will walk to the gates and hold up his hand, and every boy who may be waiting at this particular stand will jump with alacrity and pull his ricksha to the entrance of the hotel and solicit his patronage in pigeon English, using the expressions: "Me fast runner, boss;" "Me go quick, boss;" "Me taka soon, boss," and many others. Say twenty are at the stand, only one can be utilized, hence nineteen must be disappointed; but it apparently makes no difference, as they laugh and jump and seem to be as pleased as if they had been successful in securing the passenger. The boys are very playful and in starting off they curve their necks and neigh

like horses and also imitate locomotives. A ride in a ricksha will carry one back to his boyhood days of playing horse with a small express wagon and a boy to draw it.

Throughout South Africa are many Hindoos and they are particularly plentiful in Natal. They are brought out from India on account of their Empire being over-populated, and are distributed among the farmers, under the care of an emigrant agent or inspector. They work as slaves for three years and then become free and receive the regular wage of a laborer. Quite a few are established as traders, importing silks, laces and silverware from India. The women decorate themselves to the extreme with silver and gold jewelry. This also applies to the poorer classes, as the men have coins of the different denominations melted and made into jewelry of all kinds for their wives and sweethearts. This was one of their modes of saving money until the money basis of India was changed from silver to gold.

CURIOUS DWELLINGS OF THE KAFFIRS.

Kaffir Kraals, the homes of the different South African tribes, are built in settlements. The framework is made of striplings and then thatched, making them water-proof. There are no windows or doors excepting one small opening as a means of ingress and egress, and this is quite low and adults have to crawl in on their hands and knees, as the height will not permit them to enter in an upright position. A family of twenty will occupy a kraal, which is simply one room, there being no partitions. They are devoid of beds and the ground is used for this purpose. From all indications the occupants are as happy as people who reside in castles.

Hotel life is both interesting and novel. Interesting in the cities where modern hostelries are found, copied after the style of the English inns. The Royal Hotel, at Durban, is worthy of special mention. It is built and conducted upon the Oriental plan. Hindoo waiters, attired in immaculate white suits with turbans to match, move noiselessly around the dining-room with bare feet. Wicker furniture and tropical plants grace every nook and corner, and with guests in evening dress, which is the custom, make

an exquisite dinner scene. This hotel ranks favorably with the world's best, and is used as officers' headquarters during the war. It is one of the best that the collaborator found in his travels.

Novel are the country parts where the old Dutch customs are retained. One of the queer experiences in stopping at an inn, which is the post-cart station, is going to bed in a room with five men, for the rooms contain as many beds as they will hold, often five and six, and never less than two. Five out of the six room-mates may be booked for the post-cart, due at midnight. The cart arrives and deposits four or five passengers and takes on the five who are booked. The incoming passengers take the places of the outgoing passengers, and in the morning you arise with five different men from those you retired with.

IMMENSE FREIGHT WAGONS.

Transportation is done by the railways, owned by the different governments, travelling wagons, Cape carts, American spiders, cabs, automobiles and rickshas. The train service is a most excellent one when the travelling population is considered. Two departures each way between the centres daily. The "bok-wagen," or travelling wagon of the Transvaal, is a great sight. All of the heavy mining machinery of the Transvaal and Rhodesia was transported on these freight wagons. The bodies are twenty feet long by seven between the wheels, and are drawn by fourteen, sixteen or eighteen trained bullocks "spanned" in pairs. In the front of all this snake-like outfit walks the "voor-looper" leading the front pair by their "reims," which he has so hitched in a loop that he can hold it and walk before them out of horn's reach. Then "Hawt-yeh," yells the driver, with a smack of his whip as loud as a rifle shot, and the great freighter begins its steady crawl.

Nature has caused this steady influx of people to South Africa, but not that part of nature which shows itself above ground, for

" The rivers of South Africa have no waters,
The birds no song, the flowers no scent,"

but that which is hidden deep below—shining gold and glittering diamonds—is a world-wide attraction.

People grew tired of the Midway Plaisance at the World's Fair, and perhaps the patient Boers have become tired of the one that has been holding forth in Johannesburg for fifteen years, and they have shouldered their modern guns of the best make, wives and mothers have placed "biltong" (a piece of beef dried in the sun) and a few biscuit in their pockets, and they have crossed the lonely veldt to join forces and crush their annoyers, who, no doubt, were worse than the noisy "tom-toms" at our Chicago Fair, and which we revolted against.

The Capitol of the Transvaal is a noble pile of buildings, stately, imposing and dazzlingly white in the blatant sunshine, against the bluest of blue skies. The Volksraad, or Parliament building, fronts on Market square, Pretoria, and looks directly into the church which is less imposing—almost humble—in its modest absence of any particular order of architecture, save the practically utilitarian. To the right of the government buildings is a great square block of four or five stories in height, each with a verandah.

BUSINESS QUARTER OF PRETORIA.

This is the Grand Hotel, and stands on the site of what was once the comparatively humble dwelling of Mr. Lys, one of the oldest and most resolutely honest and reputable Transvaal burghers. He is now dead, and his son lives elsewhere. To the left of the buildings is a queer wedge-shaped block of offices, behind which is the theatre, and in front of which are two or three gnarled old oaks, the appointed centre of the weekly auctions which take place on the Market square.

Every Saturday, in the piping times of peace, the square is full of hucksters, buyers, wagons, carts, horses, oxen and stray stalls, where almost anything may be bought, from a rifle to the latest comic song. It is a very ordinary thing to see sales advertised in the Pretoria papers as taking place "under the oaks." The summit of the Raadzaal or government buildings is surmounted by a bronze female figure, which is intended to typify the Spirit of Liberty. Incredible Boers, however, always agog to spy out some hidden taunt or allusion, insist that it is a statue of Queen Victoria.

There is a great portico, and a flight of steps that give access to the inner hall. The doors are guarded by artillerymen in jackboots, a blue coat, a white helmet, a revolver slung across their shoulder, and a carbine in the hand. From the hall a staircase, wide, well-proportioned, and handsomely appointed, leads up to the first floor, where the great Raadzaal, or House of Commons, is situated.

A fine, large, lofty hall, well decorated in sombre colors, on the walls portraits of past presidents of the South African Republic. Galleries for the press and the public. A great dais, on which sit the chairman of the First Raad, the vice-chairman and Paul Kruger. Below them sit the secretaries and clerks, and below them again are three concentric horseshoes of desks, each with its own armchair. Here the members sit. There are not thirty of them, all told. Here and there, between the Raadsleden, or members, are bottles of water and glasses, which are much used by intending speakers.

MOTTO OF THE TRANSVAAL.

Above the chairman's head is the Transvaal coat-of-arms, surmounted by the vierkleur, or four-colored national flag—red, white, blue and green—below which is the country's motto, "Eendraagt maakt magt" (Union makes strength).

Round about the horseshoe tables sits a medley of more or less smooth farmers. Nearly all have fine, striking, picturesque heads; and by a curious freak of reversion to the original type, despite all their terrible degeneration for nearly a century, the heads in the aggregate distinctly suggest the same type as in Rembrandt's "States-General" at the Hague. And no wonder, for the Boer of to-day and the burghers of that date are directly related by descent in the fourth and fifth generations.

The speaking is hoarse, gruff, guttural, hesitating, rarely fluent, unless one of the leaders and known orators gets up to pour forth his views. The president is a poor speaker as to manner, his matter on the controversy is often excellent, convincing, full of apt similes, and exactly calculated to the mental capacity of his audience. Now and then the ever wily Oom Paul simulates anger or disgust, talks about resigning, and stalks out of the Council Chamber. But

it is mere bluff, and has occurred too often for even the youngest member to be taken in by his periodical cry of "wolf."

The sittings of the Raad take place in the mornings; occasionally, in times of stress, in the afternoons, but never in the evenings. Very often a "secret session" takes place. All strangers and the press are excluded, and the debates are said to wax very hot and personal. Each hour an adjournment takes place for smoking, and pipes are produced, which are promptly loaded up with the curiously dry, but very fascinating, Boer tobacco from Magaliesberg.

The pile of Government buildings is new in appearance. Formerly the Raad sat in a tumble-down shanty with a thatched roof just across the church square. During the building of the new edifice their honors met in the theatre, and it is said that the dramatic surroundings were not without their effect upon the speeches.

CHAPTER XXII.

Remarkable Features of the British Campaign.

WHILE no great advantage had so far been gained by the British forces, they were engaged in very active operations, the final outcome of which was awaited with great interest. It is possible to give a clear statement of the situation at this stage of the campaign.

The renowned General Methuen, noted not only as a successful strategist, but also as a brave fighter, started with his column to relieve the "diamond town" of Kimberley. He had a railroad base and open lines behind him. He was expected to push rapidly forward to his terminus, sixty miles from Bloemfontein, ready to threaten the very centre of the Orange Free State. From Belmont on he had now fought ten days. He had with him about 7000 men, a picked force selected of the best that could be brought together, including the Guards Brigade, the Naval Brigade and regiments of tried character. He lost in killed and wounded 1002 men, one-seventh of his total force.

He successively placed in action each of the brigades of which his division was composed. His men fought with unflinching gallantry. They were rammed against unshaken infantry under cover, occupying strong positions. He made progress, but captured few prisoners, except those too seriously wounded to retreat. He had not taken a gun or a wagon, neither captured nor broken up a single one of the enemy's organizations, and, except among the wounded, he captured no officer of rank. Military men know only too well the condition in which two weeks of fighting of this character leaves any army, however determined. Nothing so takes the edge off of an advancing force as a succession of assaults which win only empty positions, a bit of trodden ground, a breastwork strewn with empty cartridges and desperately wounded men, here

and there a skulker under cover, and all else withdrawn in good order and in position on the hill beyond.

If, after an opening of this sort, Lord Methuen and his men, even with reinforcements, were still able to force their way to Kimberley, all agreed that they would display qualities of the very highest character as leader and led. At that point they would make a junction with a force of 2760 men (of which about one-third were regulars in the North Lancashire Regiment), nine Maxims and twelve field-guns.

The purpose of the British plan of campaign was clear. If Lord Methuen reached Kimberley he could threaten Boer communications and make a demonstration against the capital of the Orange Free State, while two British forces were operating, one for the relief of Ladysmith and the other along the lines of railroad which reach from De Aar Junction, Naauwpoort and Stormberg.

THE SITUATION AT LADYSMITH.

Sir George White, at Ladysmith, when he began operations, had four cavalry regiments, ten infantry battalions, six field-batteries and one mounted battery, with about 1400 local troops, making about 12,000 men. Of these about one-half were shut up in Ladysmith, beleaguered by the Boer forces, which could not have been much over 8000 to 10,000, though English estimates were much greater. When a junction was effected at Ladysmith the English force there must have outnumbered the Boer force.

This was also the case in the approach from the south toward Bloemfontein, and it transpired that Lord Methuen's force was to his opponents about in the proportion of 7000 to 5000; it must, however, be remembered that, while Lord Methuen started with 7000 men from his railroad base, he was more fortunate than most men in campaign if, after a month of operations under this dogged fighting, he had over 4500 men to put in line for a general action. This was the situation: General Methuen moving to Kimberley, General Gatacre concentrating on the lines of converging railroad toward Bloemfontein and General Clery approaching Ladysmith.

The campaign had passed out of its first stage. In the ten

weeks after the ultimatum was issued the Boers had every possible advantage which their prompt action could give them. The period of the offensive was over for them, and from this time on they would be occupied in defending the three points just mentioned at which they were massed in force. The results which the Boers won during these ten weeks were amply sufficient to justify their action.

SIZE OF THE BOERS' ARMY.

While English estimates of the force opposed to them would make in the aggregate a Boer force of from 28,000 to 30,000 in the field, the actual population of the Transvaal, the ordinary conditions of civil life, which has to be continued during war by somebody, and the possible military force which can be raised by any given population, rendered it impracticable that the Boers should have a force of over from 22,000 to 25,000 all told. This was the extreme limit. Deducting guards, men needed to watch frontiers, which, both to the northwest and the northeast, were threatened by savage tribes, and the inevitable attrition of military operations, and the Boer force on the fighting line, which extended in an irregular oval of nearly 500 miles, was from 16,000 to 18,000 men.

The figures given in dispatches were much larger, but so during our own war were the uniform estimates of the Confederate forces. Like the Confederate forces, the Boers have the advantage of a large colored population, which can be used for camp purposes, while the English forces, organized like our own, have to reduce their military effective in order to provide for cumbrous trains and camp work. This force of the Boers, of from 16,000 to 18,000 men, had at the opening in October opposed to it about 11,000 regular troops, which various volunteer British forces raised to between 16,000 to 18,000 men.

Roughly speaking, this English force had about 1200 men in Mafeking, 2760 in Kimberley, about 1000 without artillery at De Aar Junction, which was made a depot of supplies, and about 6000 under Sir George White, with a base at Ladysmith. The remainder were dispersed along the coast, covering communications and in other ways removed from the actual field of hostilities.

In ten weeks the Boer force took from the British about 1500 prisoners. It inflicted a loss in killed of about 500 and in wounded of about 1400, or in all about 3400. The Boer loss in the same time it is difficult even to estimate. The English statements of a "large Boer loss" after every battle may have been in the main correct. Putting together, however, the statements issued from Pretoria, the actual number of prisoners reported and the killed buried, the Boer loss must have been in the neighborhood of from 1000 to 1200.

FAILED IN OFFENSIVE WARFARE.

Meanwhile, the English force was raised by successive arrivals to about 56,000 men. What the Boers accomplished, therefore, was to inflict a loss of a little less than ten per cent. of the force opposed to them at a cost to their own force of a loss of about five per cent. They gained a moral advantage which it is impossible to overestimate, as it enabled them to harden, to consolidate and to train their raw levies. Their capture in equipment, in horses, in food and in material was also considerable. Their failure, and it was a most serious one, was in initiative. Military history has established as a principle, which is as incontrovertible as a problem in Euclid, that irregular troops cannot be trusted, except when in greatly superior numbers, to make hazardous assaults or effective offensive operations.

The very large depot of English ammunition at De Aar Junction was for nearly three weeks under guard of a single regiment, unprovided with artillery. It was never attacked, much less destroyed. No one of the three positions invested was even seriously assaulted. The one risk at any one of them was of the lack of ammunition, and there was evidently, at Ladysmith, some reason for leading the Boers to feel that its fall was possible, or there would not have been the constant succession of rumors which emanated from Boer sympathizers in Europe.

The three points of superiority which marked the Boer campaign thus far were the great skill with which they, at every stage, in carrying on offensive operations, forced a British attack; the range

of their artillery, which exceeds by nearly a mile the range of the English arm, as it would also of our own, and their success in moving to Ladysmith a field-gun intended for seige purposes, of great range and power.

Such a gun offers great technical difficulties in its transportation, in providing for its mount, the recoil being too great to be taken up by the carriage of an ordinary field-piece, and in the supply of its ammunition. But for the 5-inch navy guns thrown into Ladysmith by the energy and on the personal responsibility of a naval captain, the British position would have been completely commanded by the heavy Boer artillery. The Boer campaign, if it did nothing else, demonstrated that a strong artillery service can be organized with material which has hitherto been supposed to preclude an effective use of this weapon.

COUNTRY AFFORDS STRONG DEFENSIVE POSITIONS.

The Boer offensive was concentrated about North Natal, determined by the presence there of a large English force. The English offensive was determined by the character of the country. South Africa consists of a low and very narrow plain of an elevation of 100 to 500 feet. Above this runs for from 200 to 400 miles inland a rainless plateau of from 1500 to 2000 feet high. Where this reaches its highest level it comes to the more elevated plateau, sloping from mountains of 6000 feet on the east, with some peaks still higher, of the two republics to the river valleys which leave it on the west, and having an elevation of about 3000 feet.

This plateau consists, as does so much of our own country on each side of the Alleghanies, of a broad expanse of saddle-back hills, separated by deep valleys in which run streams that have cut precipitous channels. It was over such a region that Lord Methuen was fighting. It offered ideal possibilities for defense. The streams are narrow ditches and the saddle-back, rolling-top hills furnish space for manœuvre, for cover and for dogged defense.

The Modder River, where General Methuen crossed it, in its steep bank, the slope beyond and the level, rolling plateau beyond, closely resembles the conditions General Burnside faced at Freder-

icksburg. Like General Burnside, General Methuen crossed and assaulted at a terrible loss. His movements and action were prompt. The English reserves turned out with great rapidity. Nothing could be finer than the success with which Great Britain succeeded in gathering an army and in equipping its infantry regiments. Their one deficiency was in officers, and Boer marksmanship greatly aided the English difficulty at this point. With us our regiments grow their own officers in the field. English officers are and must be drawn from a class, and the English service has never yet been tried at this point by the rapid attrition of modern warfare.

DEFICIENCY IN CAVALRY AND ARTILLERY.

A misplaced economy has left English guns two horses short, and the cavalry remounts deficient. The result has been that, while the English infantry has gone on in rapid shipments, the cavalry and artillery have been deferred to the last, and English operations began with a most serious deficiency in both arms. The disaster at Ladysmith showed what untrained horses and mules may do in battle. It is a sad fact that our own military establishment is systematically unhorsed in its artillery and cavalry. It was generally conceded that if the English campaign opened with a serious disaster it would undoubtedly be because, against the advice of military experts, a few thousand pounds were saved during the preceding twenty years in horse flesh.

The large number of British officers killed in battle in Natal brought out strenuous protests from many quarters against the ancient custom of British officers in refusing to take cover when under fire.

From figures at Glencoe it is apparent that one out of every four men killed was an officer, whereas the organization exists upon the principle that to every twenty-five men there is one officer. It is evident that if the same ratio of mortality were kept up the British forces would become seriously underofficered. Among the enlisted men at Glencoe the proportion of killed to wounded was thirty to 156, while ten officers were killed to twenty-two officers wounded. The difference in the percentage led to the conclusion

that many of the officers were hit more than once and kept on leading their men after the first wound.

The feeling in the army itself is that, though the regulations do not say the officers must not lie down, it is such an old-established principle that it would take a brave man to inaugurate a change, and the adage of the British soldier, "Follow wherever an officer leads," is held still to be intensely true, for, though the officers believe the personnel of the army is as good as ever, it has been the history of Great Britain that "Tommy Atkins" needs more leading than any man in the world; so the spilling of Great Britain's best blood is in this way accounted for.

HEAVY LOSSES IN BATTLE.

The proportion of the casualties as a whole caused a thrill of horror and sympathy throughout Great Britain, for the people now began to realize what a fight with a civilized enemy means. Old soldiers pointed out that at the Alma, one of the bloodiest battles in Great Britain's annals, the casualties totaled only six per cent., whereas in the Boer engagements they considerably exceeded that figure.

That the war was bound to come in process of time was the almost universal opinion of those who noted the trend of events and studied the situation. To show the bitter feeling between the English and Boers, we insert here an extract from a letter written by Mr. J. H. Aiken, just before the war began. Mr. Aiken returned to London, Ontario, and delivered a series of most interesting lectures on South Africa, where he lived for some years. It will be seen, therefore, that he is well qualified to treat the subject on which he writes, addressing his letter to a well-known publishing house in New York:

"Gentlemen,—I am just in receipt of your welcome letter. In this letter you express the very pretty sentiment as to the terrible-ness of war, especially in the closing period of the nineteenth century, which is all very true. But you also say in your letter: 'We feel that the world ought not to allow a war in South Africa to take place at the present time.' Really, gentlemen, there has been

so much agitation here, and the feeling is so bitter, and is running so high, among both Dutch and English, that to express the above sentiment, in either English or Dutch territory here, would be risky in the extreme, and almost render one liable to a charge of high treason.

“As you know, in my business, I am daily meeting with all classes of people in this city, the capital of Natal. I am meeting with clergymen, lawyers, doctors, merchants—in fact, all classes—and I can assure you that, one and all, they are bent upon war, and are determined to have it. One of my friends the other day was talking about a leading clergyman, and exclaimed, in speaking of of the minister: ‘Oh, my! but he was bloodthirsty!’ Now, this clergyman is one of the most devout ‘men of the cloth’ on this sub-continent, and I can assure you he is only voicing the feeling of nearly every Britisher in South Africa.

BOERS’ BITTER HATRED OF ENGLAND.

“On the other side—the Dutch side—the feeling is ever so much more bitter and intense. Now, you know, there must be a reason for such a state of things. I realize, of course, that the saints are not all on one side, nor are the sinners all on the other; but there can be no question that the Dutch of this country determined for years to undermine British supremacy, and have been planning and scheming to this end for quite as many years. They think that they are now in a position to ‘boss the show,’ and are anxious to try their strength, but this is where they are making a great mistake.

“You will remember my telling you how well I got on with the Dutch in Pretoria, and how nicely they treated me, and I can honestly say that, individually, I like them very much; but, taken collectively, they certainly do not know how to ‘run’ a modern and progressive republic. A few years ago the Dutch of South Africa—the wealthiest of them—were nearly as poor as the proverbial ‘church mouse,’ and the republic was practically bankrupt. British—or, more properly, Anglo-Saxon—brains, money and enterprise, have made the South African Republic what it is to-day financially.

“To digress, about a year ago I was traveling in Dutch terri-

tory, and had occasion to stay over-night at a Dutch farmhouse. There was a large family, about fifteen or sixteen (their families are abnormally large, as a rule), and just before the evening meal was placed on the table, the whole family went through its ablutions, commencing with the old man, then his vrow, and the fourteen or so children, all using the same small bowlful of water on the table, and using the same rag of a towel, the hair combing, etc., being all attended to at the same time. Now, I do not wish to say anything against the old farmer, for he was very kind and hospitable, even generous, for though they kept me, my horses and driver, for the night, he would not charge a single penny—in fact, he said, speaking through an interpreter, as he could not speak English: ‘Tell the gentleman, that though in the Free State the towns are not free, yet in the country things were yet free to the stranger;’ but what I wish to convey is that such people as the above farmer are the voting power—the only voting power—in the republic.

NO VOICE IN RULING THE COUNTRY.

“The men of brains, the financiers, the leading bankers, and all the other leading classes, who have made the country what it is, who have built the great city of Johannesburg, developed the mining industry, and made wealthy men of the satellites of the government at Pretoria, have no voice in the taxation or the ruling of the country, but have been compelled to stand passively by while a corrupt government made themselves rich with the ill-gotten spoils of office.

“Now, you can see that this sort of thing cannot be permitted to continue in this nineteenth century. Trouble is bound to ensue, and we are assuredly living in most troubled times here at the present moment. Whole volumes could be written upon the troubles, suffering and anxieties that the poor women and children, to say nothing of the husbands and fathers, are passing through at the present time. The whole country is completely upset; people are fleeing in open trucks, walking or riding, in every direction for safety; in a general way business is almost entirely suspended, and people are thinking and speaking of nothing but war.

"The latest report this morning is to the effect that the Dutch intend marching at once upon Maritzburg. In this connection I think I should say that, while we in Africa are not so hardened and bloodthirsty as not to realize the true terribleness of war, yet we feel that there is no other way out of it, that there will never be peace and prosperity in this country until we have a good, big fight, and until it is definitely decided who is 'boss.'

"Then, again, you must bear in mind that we have the native element to consider. In Natal there are about ten natives to every white person; and if the British do not thrash the Dutch now (after seeing the English fleeing in thousands from the Transvaal), we could never make these natives believe that the English are not cowards, and afraid to fight, and the result would undoubtedly be—at least, such is the opinion of those who are best informed on the subject—that within a year or two we would have a native rising, which is simply too horrible to think of. I might say that the natives, to a man, hate and loathe the Dutch, and are simply screaming with delight at the prospect of the English being about to 'lick' the Dutch."

SEVERE REPULSE OF GATACRE'S COLUMN.

General Gatacre's column, which had been moving toward Stormberg, in Cape Colony, where it was known there was a formidable force of Boers, met with a serious repulse on December 10th. The British were misled by guides as to the enemy's position, and met with sharper resistance than was expected. General Gatacre left Putters Kraal by train for Molteno and then proceeded by forced march twelve miles toward Stormberg, his force including the Northumberland Fusileers, the Royal Irish Rifles and two batteries of field artillery, with other troops.

The British were unmolested by the Boers until the Boer position was reached, when a hot fire was unexpectedly opened upon the advancing column. The engagement began at 4.15 A.M. At 7 A.M., after a sharp artillery duel, the British retired and marched toward Molteno. General Gatacre found the enemy's position impregnable. It was impossible for the British infantry to get at the

Boers. The movement may be termed a reconnoissance in force. Its object was to ascertain the strength of the position of the Boers who were strongly entrenched along the Stormberg Range.

Details of the engagement show that the column arrived safely within a couple of miles of its destination, the only incidents of the march being an occasional sudden call of "Halt," under the belief that the Boers were near. Suddenly a terrific fire opened simultaneously on the British front and right flank. The Royal Irish Rifles, which formed the advance, sought shelter behind a neighboring hill, and were speedily joined by the remainder of the column. It was soon found, however, that this position was also covered by Boer guns, which were more powerful than had been supposed. The troops, therefore, sought a safer position about half a mile away, two batteries in the meantime engaging the Boers and covering the troops in their withdrawal.

RUSHING INTO A TERRIBLE FIRE.

The action now became general at long range, and a detachment of mounted infantry moved northward with a view of getting on the enemy's right flank. Suddenly a strong commando was seen moving from the north and the Royal Irish Rifles and the Northumberland Regiment were sent out to meet it. It was soon discovered, however, that the Boers had machine guns well placed, and the British were compelled to face a terrible fire.

Finding it impossible to hold the position in the face of an enemy apparently superior in positions, numbers and artillery, the British retired on Molteno, the Boers following up the retirement closely and bringing two big guns to bear on the retiring column.

Advices received at the War Office in London from Cape Town, dated December 9th (before the engagement above described), were as follows:

"The position of the enemy in Stormberg district last night was the following: At Stormberg six encampments; at Dordrecht, 800 men; twenty-three miles south of Sterkstroom, 220 men. Major Elliott reports that Dalgetty, with a force, has gone toward Dordrecht to co-operate with Gatacre. The railway bridge at Modder

River was completed December 7th. Methuen reports that he made a demonstration up the line of the railway at daylight to-day with artillery. The enemy did not respond. Methuen is receiving the remainder of his reinforcements and supplies. He has established detached posts on his lines of communication. Mafeking reports all well on November 30th."

Sir William Forbes Gatacre, commander of the British force that operated against Stormberg, won a great reputation in the British army in the campaigns in India and the Soudan, where he commanded brigades, and received many war medals for services in the lower grades of rank. He is a member of "Distinguished Service Order." The private soldiers in the barrack-room bestowed on the General the nickname of "Bill Backacher," on account of his capacity for hark work. In the Soudan his brigade was recognized as the best marching force in the country, and General Gatacre himself tramped cheerfully through the desert on the way to Khartoum.

RECEIVED THANKS OF PARLIAMENT.

From the time he entered the army in the Duke of Cambridge's Own Middlesex, he passed a most active military career. Having gone through the Staff College, he filled administrative posts at Aldershot and Madras, and later on filled the positions in India of assistant quartermaster-general on the headquarters staff, and adjutant-general at Bombay. In the Chetral campaign of 1895, with his brigade forming part of the relief force, he conducted the action of Marragai, and had fierce fighting in the passages of the Janbatai and Lowarai passes. At the end of the 1898 campaign in the Egyptian Soudan, for his services at the battles of Atbara and Omdurman, he received the thanks of Parliament, and was made a Knight Commander of the Bath.

Another desperate engagement between General Methuen's column and the Boers occurred north of Modder River, in which the British troops met with serious check and suffered great losses. Their artillery shelled a very strong position held by the enemy in a long, high kopje (hill), from 4 until dusk on Sunday, December 10th. The Highland Brigade attacked at daybreak, on Monday,

the south end of the kopje. The attack was properly timed, but failed.

The Guards were ordered to protect the Highlands' right and rear. The cavalry and mounted infantry, with a howitzer artillery battery, attacked the enemy on the left, and the Guards on the right, supported by field and howitzer artillery. They vigorously shelled the position from daybreak. At 1.15 o'clock, General Methuen sent the Gordons to support the Highland Brigade. The troops held their own in front of the enemy's entrenchments until dusk, the position extending, including the kopje, for a distance of six miles toward the Modder River.

GREAT BRAVERY OF BRITISH TROOPS.

General Methuen held his position and threw up entrenchments. His loss was heavy. Under date of December 11th, an official report was issued by the Boers, as follows: "A battle at Modder River began on the 10th with cannon firing, heavy fighting proceeding from 3.30 o'clock in the morning until 9.30 o'clock, with cannon, Maxim guns and rifles. A balloon has just arisen above the British positions, where it remained ten minutes and descended. There were heavy rains during the night.

"At 9 o'clock this morning a further report was received from Modder River. A dispatch rider brought word that all the Boer positions had been maintained, and that forty-one British prisoners had been taken. At 9.30 o'clock it was reported that the heavy cannon fire had somewhat abated. The British are constantly using their balloon. The fighting was still going on at noon."

From complete accounts of the engagement it appears that, early in the evening, the Guards of the Highland Brigade moved from the Modder Camp, marching in the night in a northeasterly direction. The objective of the Highlanders was the eastern spur of the Boer position, the Guards following the bank of the river, while the Yorkshire Light Infantry moved along the riverside. Just before daybreak, the Highlanders arrived within 200 yards of the Boer entrenchments at the foot of a hill.

Unsuspecting that the Boers were in the vicinity, the British

were still marching in quarter column, in close order, when they met a terrible fire from the flanks and were forced to retire with heavy loss. The troops reformed under the shelter of some rising ground and gallantly held their position. Later, the Gordons arrived. The troops gradually worked their way until within 300 yards of the Boer positions, displaying the greatest gallantry. In the meanwhile, a naval gun at the Modder River, the Howitzer batteries and the Horse Artillery opened a terrific fire, enfilading the trenches and searching every portion of the Boer position. The Boer guns were entirely silent.

In the meanwhile the Boers, on the open ground directly in front, moved with the object of making a flank attack. But this was frustrated by the Guards and artillery. The Boers recommenced shelling in the evening, but no damage was done. The British slept on their position. The losses on both sides were very heavy.

Among the killed on the British side were the Marquis of Westminster and General Wauchope. The death of General Wauchope was widely deplored. A pathetic circumstance was that his wife was among the inquirers at the War Office in London a few minutes before the telegram announcing his death was posted.

A VALIANT GENERAL.

Wounded in three campaigns—once very severely—during his soldier's life, General Wauchope fell as he wished, leading his own regiment, the Black Watch, to the attack. The position he had coveted was his. As Brigadier of the Highland Brigade, in which the Scotch Highland regiments of the First Army Corps were grouped, he was in the line of succession to Sir Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde, under whom some of the sternest fighting and most brilliant feats of arms were accomplished in the Crimea and the Indian mutiny.

Andrew Gilbert Wauchope, of Niddry Marischal, Midlothian, came of a family long settled near the Scottish capital, the "heart" of the county. As a magistrate and deputy lieutenant he possessed considerable county influence, and for this reason was chosen as the conservative candidate to oppose Mr. Gladstone in what was a "for-

lorn hope" at the general election of 1892. Mr. Gladstone held the seat by an enormous majority, and it was with no prospect of ousting the aged statesman in his last electoral contest that Lieutenant-Colonel Wauchope came forward.

But it was one of the significant incidents of that general election that Mr. Gladstone's majority was greatly reduced by the simple soldier, who had no political pretensions. His life was passed in military service with but brief interruptions, and he devoted himself assiduously to maintaining the traditional fame of the Black Watch, the second battalion of which, the old Seventy-third, he joined on entering the army.

IN THE FOREFRONT OF BATTLE.

He married, in 1882, Alethea, daughter of Sir Thomas Erskine. Accompanying his regiment, he fought with it in the Ashanti campaign of Sir Garnet Wolesley, in 1873-74, and gained a mention in the dispatches. At Tel-el-Kebir he was in the front, in 1882, and in the Gordon relief campaign two years later was severely wounded. He was selected for the command of a brigade in 1898, in Lord Kitchener's expedition to Khartoum.

At the battle of Omdurman, when the advance from the Zariba to the city began, his brigade gave timely help to Macdonald's Egyptians. His services in this campaign brought him promotion to a Major-General's rank, and he received the thanks of Parliament. Like Sir William Penn Symons, he was a typical regimental officer of the British army, with prospects of selection to an independent command, and his loss was all the greater blow.

Detailed accounts of the sortie made from Ladysmith by the British in an effort to capture the Boer position on Gun Hill, showed that all the men taking part in it were on foot. Some wore rubber-soled shoes and carried no bayonets. When they had silently mounted the rocks, passing the sleeping Boer picket, they suddenly heard the challenge, "Who comes there?" No reply was made, and the challenge was repeated.

Then the Boers cried out several times: "The Redcoat! Shoot!" An officer of the Light Horse Volunteers thereupon shouted in Dutch:

"The Redcoats with bayonets! Run!" The British cheered and charged. The enemy's fire broke out in front and rear, and the British in front thought their comrades were firing on them. General Hunter ordered "cease fire" to be sounded, and the next minute the Boers bolted. Some thirty were surprised asleep. One of the sergeants, amid the confusion, seized General Hunter by the throat, crying, "Who the devil are you?"

There was a hurried search by the British for the big guns. For a moment the horrible thought seized them that there might be no guns at all; that the enemy, as had often been the case, had somehow got wind of the projected attack and removed their cannon to a safe distance; but at last, to the delight of everybody, the "Long Tom" itself was discovered snugly ensconced behind a parapet of sand-bags thirty-one feet thick. A 4.7-inch howitzer was found in an emplacement hardly less strong, with a Maxim gun between the two, posted apparently for the purpose of repelling an assault.

DESTRUCTION OF BIG GUNS.

Lieutenant Turner, with two sappers and six artillerymen, at once took charge of the "Long Tom," and with crowbars and hammers smashed the breach and elevating gear. Two charges of gun-cotton were then placed in the breech and muzzle and connected with fuses. While the Long Tom was thus being provided for, similar attention was bestowed on the howitzer by Captain Fowke and other sappers and gunners. The preparations being completed, General Hunter ordered the men down the hill.

The fuses were lit with the burning ends of officers' cigars. Everybody fell back with the exception of Captain Fowke, who remained midway between the two big guns, and after a couple of minutes of suspense a loud report showed that the object had been accomplished. Captain Fowke hastened to examine the débris. He found the 6-inch gun with two gaping holes in the muzzle, which was badly bulged, and the breech rifling had been destroyed beyond all chance of repair. The howitzer was in even a worse plight, the explosion having wrecked the carriage as well as the gun. The Maxim was seized and carried off.

The men returned to camp across the plain unmolested. Other trophies of the sortie were an English song book that was found in a cave underneath the parapet, where the gunners evidently took refuge, and a private letter, in which it was said that the burghers were not a bit frightened.

In the desperate fight at Magersfontein, the Highlanders did all that the most gallant troops in the world could do, but it was impossible to face the terrible fire of the Boers. The British artillery again saved the situation, and divided the honors of the day with the Scotchmen. The batteries worked for hours under a galling rifle fire. The Boers suffered a heavy loss. A single lyddite shell killed or wounded more than seventy Boers, and two other shells burst over two bodies of Boers ensconced behind the range, doing fearful damage. The Boers fought throughout with the utmost gallantry. Their sharpshooters seldom missed the mark.

BURSTING SHELL AT A PRAYER MEETING.

A Boer, faultlessly dressed, with polished top-boots, a shirt with silk ruffles, and a segar in his mouth, was seen walking among the ant hills, picking off the British. This Boer was quite alone, and it was apparent from his frequent use of field-glasses that he was singling out officers. A lyddite shell, fired on Sunday, fell in the middle of an open-air prayer meeting, held to offer supplications for the success of the Boer arms.

All the wounded were full of praise for the treatment they received from the medical department on the battlefield. While the Guards were advancing on the plain, which the Boers were shelling from the adjoining ridges, they encountered and cut up a strong Boer picket, posted on a hill for purposes of observation. All the members of the picket were either killed, wounded or taken prisoners.

Concerning the engagement at Magersfontein, General Cronje, commander of the Boers, reported that there was desultory fighting for several hours, when heavy cannon fire was resumed. The Scandinavians stormed a difficult position, but it became untenable and they suffered severely. General Cronje was unable to send

help. The British were in overwhelming force, but their losses were very heavy.

Another official report from Captain Finnhart stated that there were no signs of surrender, the burghers fighting with conspicuous bravery and maintaining their positions under heavy British fire. The Boer cannon were of very little use. The British were greatly assisted by balloons. Twenty-four ambulances worked backward and forward between the fighting line and the enemy's camp, and were kept busy caring for the wounded.

FIERCE BATTLE AT TUGELA RIVER.

On the 15th of December General Buller attempted to force a passage of the Tugela River in order to afford relief to Ladysmith, and met with a serious reverse. He moved in full strength from his camp near Chieveley at 4 o'clock in the morning. There are two fordable places in the Tugela River, and it was his intention to force a passage through at one of them. They are about two miles apart.

He planned to force one or the other with one brigade, supported by a central brigade. General Hart was to attack the left ford, General Hildyard the right road, and General Lyttleton was to take the centre and to support either. Early in the day Buller saw that General Hart would not be able to force a passage and directed him to withdraw. He had, however, attacked with great gallantry, and his leading battalion, the Connaught Rangers, suffered a great deal. Colonel I. G. Brooke was seriously wounded. Buller then ordered General Hildyard to advance, which he did, and his leading regiment, the East Surrey, occupied Colenso station and the houses near the bridge.

At that moment Buller heard that the whole artillery he had sent to support the attack—the Fourteenth and Sixty-sixth Field Batteries and six naval 12-pounder quick-firing guns—under Colonel Long, had advanced close to the river in Long's desire to be within effective range. It proved to be full of the enemy, who suddenly opened a galling fire at close range, killing all their horses, and the gunners were compelled to stand to their guns. Some of the wagon

teams got shelter for the troops in a donga (hollow) and desperate efforts were made to bring out the field-guns. The fire, however, was too severe, and they only were saved by Captain Schofield and some drivers.

Another most gallant attempt with three teams was made. Of the eighteen horses thirteen were killed, and, as several drivers were wounded, the commander would not allow another attempt, as it seemed that they would be a shell mark, sacrificing life to a gallant attempt to force the passage. Unsupported by artillery, he directed the troops to withdraw, which they did in good order. Throughout the day a considerable force of the enemy was pressing on his right flank, but was kept back by mounted men under Lord Dundonald and part of General Barton's brigade. The day was intensely hot and most trying even on troops whose condition was excellent.

SERIOUS LOSS OF GUNS.

The British abandoned ten guns and lost by shell-fire one. The losses in General Hart's brigade were heavy, although the proportion of severely wounded was not large. The Fourteenth and Sixty-sixth Field Batteries also suffered severe losses. The British retired to their camp at Chieveley.

The Tugela River flows from close to Van Reenen's Pass to the Indian Ocean, about forty miles above Durban. It lies north of Colenso and immediately south of Ladysmith, and in the winter season is a turbulent stream. Both banks at and for miles along the front where General Buller attempted to cross in pontoons, as the bridge had been destroyed, are steep, and, on the north side especially, are backed by a mountainous country. For weeks the Boers had been entrenching themselves on the north bank of the river, as it was realized that there the advance of the British for the relief of Ladysmith could be most stubbornly resisted.

That the fight was a desperate one it is needless to say. The issue at stake was tremendous, and it can readily be understood that the British retired only after a succession of plucky efforts to cross the river. This was the first engagement in which General Buller figured. All England looked forward to him to retrieve British

prestige, and that his initial battle proved to be a defeat was a bitter disappointment.

All the British commanders in South Africa—Gatacre, Methuen and Buller—had now been discomfited and repulsed.

On the 15th the British bombarded some of the Boer positions at Colenso, but the burghers did not reply. This concealment of their positions was in line with Boer tactics. It is only when a British cavalry charge is ordered and made that the artillery and rifle fire of the Boers disclose where they are.

General Buller reported to the War Office in London that his losses in the engagement with the Boers at the Tugela River, near Colenso, December 15th, were 1150 men. The revised list of the British casualties in the battle of Magersfontein, on the 12th, showed the total to be 963, of which number seventy were officers. In these two encounters with the Boers, therefore, the British lost 2113 men. The Boers fought generally under cover.

DEATH OF A BRILLIANT OFFICER.

Captain Roberts, son of General Lord F. Roberts, was severely wounded in the Tugela River fight while leading some men in an attempt to rescue the guns. Professor MacCormac, President of the Royal College of Surgeons, extracted the bullet, but Captain Roberts died from the effects of his wound. The War Office issued a list of the casualties in the Black Watch (Royal Highlanders) Regiment in the battle of Magersfontein. There were forty-one killed, 163 wounded and 111 missing.

Mutual arrangements were made by the British and Boer commanders by which the British dead were to be buried on the 14th and 15th. The Boers stipulated, however, that only a clergyman of the Reformed Church should officiate, and that the British should not come within 600 yards of their lines. Mr. Robertson, the Presbyterian chaplain of one of the Highland regiments, who had previously been of great help, was selected to conduct the burial services. He took twenty engineers with him and started for the scene of the battle of Magersfontein. The engineers, who acted as litter-bears, were blindfolded when they reached the Boer outposts.

General Cronje, the Boer Commandant, sent a message regretting that he could not come personally to receive the burial party, but he said that other affairs engaged his attention at the time. He sent Commandant Vermaas, Intelligence Officer Draper and Field Cornet Wills to assist Mr. Robertson in locating the dead. Afterward Colonial Doctor Grogan joined them and found he knew many of the slain. Chaplain Robertson said that what seemed like deserted kopjes and ridges swarmed with men as his party approached. Commandant Vermaas treated him in the kindest manner. He returned twice to see if he could be of any further assistance and shook hands with Mr. Robertson on parting.

MET WITH A TERRIBLE HAIL OF BULLETS.

Boer prisoners said that if the Highland Brigade had massed and stormed the trenches after the first surprise the British loss would have been heavier, because the Boers from the kopje on the side were ready to enfilade the trenches if they had been captured. The Gordon Highlanders were held in reserve till 10 o'clock the morning of the fight, when they went forward in wide order toward the base of the east kopje. They got within 500 yards of this point without any casualties worth mentioning, when they suddenly encountered a strong cross-fire. The Boers had allowed them to reach the point where they were concealed in the trenches and then the burghers infiladed the Highlanders. Early in the fighting the Highland Brigade demolished the Scandinavian contingent of about two hundred.

The Boer Intelligence Officer reported that "great quantities of British weapons were on the field at Magersfontein. There were any number of Lee-Netford rifles, bandoleers, cases of ammunition and bayonets scattered in all directions. Attempts were made to count the English losses, but the task was given up as hopeless. So great was their loss that the English ambulance corps, large as it was, was unable to bury their dead and attend the wounded. After attending to our own men we assisted the British with our few ambulances.

"Thirty-one burghers were buried at Bisset's Farm, where our

wounded are. The losses in horses were very great. The sappers must have suffered heavily. The burghers expressed undue rejoicing at our great victory. Very few of our men were engaged. The field is a dreadful sight. It was a great victory and our men have new spirit.

"The 'Black Watch' were moved close to our lines in the night for an attack in the morning before sunrise. The Boers shot them all except thirty-one, who were taken prisoners. These thirty-one men of the 'Black Watch' said they were all who survived. Scottish prisoners stated their brigade was about 4000 strong, and that they were terribly punished. General Wauchope was killed."

ENGLAND AROUSED TO THE SITUATION.

Amid the gloom and grief which overwhelmed England on receiving intelligence of General Buller's repulse, the confidence in the final triumph of the British arms throughout South Africa remained unshaken. The determination to win regardless of the cost was, however, coupled with another grim resolve, namely, to fix and enforce the responsibility for the disasters which brought the darkest days Great Britain has known within the memory of living man. This purpose was not directed so much against the incompetency of the commanders in the field, but against some of the officials who plunged the country into a war which it was not prepared to meet.

The British authorities, both at home and in Cape Colony, confessed that they were surprised at being obliged to fight both the South African Republics instead of one, and also at the strength of the Boer armament. The one feature whereof they could fairly plead excusable surprise was the size of the rebellion in Cape Colony itself. This had now reached appalling proportions. No cable information concerning it was allowed to reach London, but there was abundant intelligence in the many mail advices received, showing that Cape Dutch Afrikaners in thousands had been joining the Boer standards in the preceding few weeks.

This was the most serious feature of the situation, and the one which most alarmed England. The campaign was practically ended in the discomfiture of the British arms. An entirely new

campaign, on a new basis, would have to be undertaken. All military men recognized this, although the public did not. Not a single British column was in condition to act offensively except at desperate risks. The new situation of virtual civil war above described changed everything.

PEOPLE OF CANADA VERY PATRIOTIC.

The resolute spirit that animated the mother country was exhibited in all the British Colonies, particularly in Canada. The Canadian contingent of troops for service in South Africa landed at Cape Town November 30th, and were given an enthusiastic reception. They were greeted with continuous cheers, and the heartiest welcome. They showed that their long home training and colonial campaigning experience was not lost on them, and they received their reward by being pushed rapidly to the front.

The disaster of General Buller at Tugela River was everywhere discussed in Canada as an imperial calamity, but while soreness and humiliation were rife, the reverse to British arms served to stir anew the imperial patriotism of the people. This was shown in the renewal of the offers of service made to the government. That Canada must send a second contingent was accepted as an inevitable outcome of the situation, and the militia department of Ottawa received from officers of the city corps alone offers of about 5000 men.

The ardor of the Canadian militiamen to enlist for service in South Africa was fully evidenced. The officers of the Second Field Battery, one of the smartest artillery corps in Canada, waited upon Major-General Hutton, who commands the Canadian militia, and urged acceptance of the battery's services, offered at the outbreak of the war. They pointed out that artillery, next to cavalry, for scouting purposes, was the arm in which the British force in South Africa is most deficient. It was also strongly presented to the government that a welcome addition to the British forces would be a detachment of 500 of the mounted police, who are excellent horsemen, expert shots and well drilled in scouting and vidette duty. Supplemented by a contingent of field artillery such a brigade would be of inestimable service.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Additional Account of the Canadian Contingent.

THE 16th chapter of this volume, page 238, contains a graphic description of the organization and equipment of the Canadian troops who enlisted for the war in South Africa. A full account is given of the great public demonstrations with which they were greeted in the several towns through which they passed, and of their departure from Quebec by the steamship *Sardinian*.

The facts to be added in this connection only emphasize the feeling of Canadian loyalty and the splendid patriotism which animated the people everywhere.

Throughout the lower provinces more men desired to become "the soldiers of the Queen" than could be accepted, and great was the disappointment of those who had to remain at home. Offers for service came pouring in from Saint John, Fredericton, Woodstock, Saint Stephen, Newcastle, Chatham, Moncton, Sackville, and other places in New Brunswick; from Halifax, Truro, Yarmouth, Pictou, and elsewhere in Nova Scotia, while such was the feeling in little Prince Edward Island that the whole contingent might have been obtained there without much difficulty. In Saint John, the City of the Loyalists, where many of the leading citizens are the descendants of that sturdy stock, the New Brunswickers, numbering nearly one hundred strong, had a magnificent send-off.

The line of march from the parade grounds to the railway station, a distance of about one and a half miles, was crowded with enthusiastic thousands, who were evidently determined that this old city should not be outdone by any one in its appreciation of the readiness of the boys in red and blue to uphold the national honor. From windows, roofs and every point of vantage cheer after cheer went up as, with swinging stride and true soldierly mien, they swept along.

From one of the windows of the Fusiliers' clubroom there streamed out an immense British flag, which called forth the most tumultuous cheering, while the playing by one of the bands of "The Soldiers of the Queen," called forth round after round of applause. As the procession swept along Charlotte, down King, and up Dock street it seemed as if the entire population was outdoors, and, as the familiar strains of "Auld Lang Syne" floated out upon the evening air, for the shadows were now beginning to gather, the excitement knew no bounds.

AN IMPOSING PAGEANT.

The scene at the depot was one to be remembered, but not described. The immense building was packed with the representatives of all classes, ages, and sexes, while thousands were outside and around, anxious to have a part in the imposing pageant. The soldiers were to enter by a side door, and a strong force of police were on hand to keep open a narrow path to the cars. But when the band struck up the National Anthem, and the cheers from without indicated the arrival of the boys, the surging crowds came together with a rush, the pathway was closed, and band instruments, policemen's batons, ladies' hats, and soldiers' uniforms were one wild medley of confusion.

Sons of the Sovereign have been royally entertained here, regiments of the line have been warmly welcomed, and many a scene of wondrous interest has been witnessed here, but never before were the people of this city so profoundly moved as on this occasion. There was no abatement of the enthusiasm until the train had slowly crept out of the station, and, as the crowds slowly dispersed, the prayer went up from many a heart that we might have the privilege of welcoming the brave lads home again when the war is ended. That they would acquit themselves like men was not doubted by anyone.

A similar send-off was given the members of the second contingent, with the addition of a mass meeting in Mechanics' Institute, presided over by Mayor Sears, when, as in the case of the first contingent, each man was presented with a five-dollar gold

piece and a package of sundries that will be found useful when in camp or on the march.

Nor were the Saint John men the only ones to be welcomed and cheered, for when the men from Woodstock passed through the city there was an impromptu gathering at the station which was greatly appreciated by the men in question. Similar enthusiasm was manifested in Halifax in connection with the departure of the second contingent from that city. On the evening of January 19th the greatest crowd that ever gathered under one roof in this city was that at the new armory, the occasion being the civic reception to the second contingent. It is estimated that at least 10,000 persons were present, and at least 2,000 were turned away. The whole proceeding was a grand blaze of patriotic enthusiasm, the equal of which was never witnessed in this old military city. Speeches were delivered by Mayor Hamilton, Sir Malachy Daly, Lieutenant-Governor; General Lord William Seymour, Hon. W. S. Fielding, and Hon. Dr. Borden. The scene was one of dazzling brilliancy, the decorations being on an elaborate scale, bright uniforms of military adding to the effect of hundreds of electric lights. Military bands played patriotic airs, and the rendering of patriotic songs evoked tremendous enthusiasm.

GREAT OUTPOURING OF THE POPULACE.

The day was dark and dreary, rain fell in torrents, and a thick fog hung over all. But despite these discouragements the anxious thousands were early on the move to see the departing troops. With quick elastic step, with swing and life and jauntiness in every stride, the men marched through the centre of the city. The streets and sidewalks along the line of march swarm with people. Some forty thousand witness the scene. Cheer upon cheer comes swelling on the air, faces peer from every window. Men rush alongside for the last hand clasp with departing comrades. At last the dockyard is reached and the last man is on board. The steamer is now ready to start and scores of boats are waiting to escort the transport down the harbor.

A local writer, referring to the departure of the first contin-

gent from Saint John, and his remarks apply equally to all, thus voices the public feeling: "From the City of the Loyalists and from the province they founded under the aegis of the flag for which they sacrificed so much, there went out yesterday a soldier band. The flag their fathers planted on these shores in years ago is their flag. It beckons them now across the seas, where loyalists on another continent are called to arms in its defense. We give of our best, and they go to fight if need be in the battles of the empire. Our hearts and hopes go with them, and we are assured that whether in war or peace the honors and traditions of their native land will bravely be upheld.

"And so they went—the sons of Great Britain and soldiers of the Queen. They went, these lads that we have known and loved, with a little sinking of the heart, it may be, at the moment of severing the ties of home and friendship; but animated by the same stern spirit that has tracked the wilderness and bridged the seas, toiling upward through the centuries and outward through the regions of the earth, upbuilding that imperial fabric whose strength is freedom, and into whose texture time for a thousand years has woven the imperishable fibre of a Briton's loyalty.

ALL HEARTS BEAT AS ONE.

"And so they went—and some at home will count the cost, and some will weep and pray. But over the sea and over the veldt, with these lads that go a-soldering, will go the message to our kindred that, whether beneath the Southern Cross or beside the northern sea, in the hour of need heart answers heart in Britain's realms throughout the wide, wide world."

As already stated in a preceding chapter, the first Canadian contingent arrived at Cape Town November 30th. The magnificent welcome the troops received is thus described by a correspondent who was a witness of the inspiring scene:

"At noon we anchored in the spacious bay; at 6 o'clock we drew up alongside the wharf. Cheers from the crowds, salutes from the steamers which thronged the anchorage, marked our slow journey inwards from the outer roadstead. Our voyage, tedious

enough in its monotonous length, had a beginning and an ending of marvelous and romantic beauty. What impressions our departure from Quebec produced upon us you already know. Yesterday we drew into a harbor set amongst mighty hills, a ship-thronged sheet of water encircled by mighty mountains. The hills have a steepness of outline, a hard bareness of aspect foreign to our own loved land, but the airs which greeted us were the national anthem, 'Rule Britannia,' and 'Soldiers of the Queen.' Four weeks' voyage, and we are still in the empire.

"Table Mountain loomed ahead of us early in the morning, and for hours it grew larger in front of us. The day was hazy, and the purple shadow, with its level, clear-cut top, lay like a cloud high above the horizon ahead. Larger and larger it grew, and we were suddenly aware of a low-lying land to our right and a long stretch of coast to our left.

PICTURESQUE SCENERY AT CAPE TOWN.

"The land to our right was Robbers' Island, a low-lying patch of land, with an evil reputation as a leper settlement. To our left was a long line of land, breakers rushing high into the air along the shore, dim, precipitous peaks showing ominously in the background. But embayed as we were in a wide sweep of coast, the only land for which we had eyes was the mountain cluster right ahead.

"Reared high above us, the flat top of Table Mountain overbore the scene. To the right, a conical peak; to the left, a rugged peak. The size of it all had a strangely minimizing effect. We were a strangely small entity, running into a toy harbor, enringed by stage mountains. The long stretches of the shore to the left, the low island to our right, fell into insignificance; we were heading for the sheet of water which those towering hills encircled. Strange is the dwarfing effect which bulk itself produces.

"Cape Town seemed a spattering of roofs clinging to the roots of the square-topped hill, the basin to which we were heading a small enough sheet. But when we landed it was a weary walk around that basin, and the town extended over many a high-built

street. But still that purple mountain overbore us, rising in the air whenever we raised our heads. The Lion's Head to our right, with its outline of a human face upon its front, the conical top of Signal Hill to our left, beset us ; we were in a city set about with hills. From a score to a score and a half of steamers lay in the outer anchorage, ships and steamers lay in close-packed rows along the docks ; yet the huge overhanging hills dwarfed all this wide expanse of water, these mighty works of man.

"Amid the cheers of the men the anchor chain rattled out, and our four weeks' voyage was over. When we were approaching, the towering semicircle of hills made the sheet of water which was our destination seem of small account ; when we were in it a score and a half of big ocean steamers lay scattered over it, and there was room for hundreds more. The blue ensign hung over nearly every stern ; the harbor was filled with transports. Over towards the docks was a thicket of masts and funnels. The docks were crowded and we would have to wait.

THE CANADIAN COLONEL WELCOMED.

"It was about noon when we anchored ; it was about 6 when we docked. We filled in the time by waiting. The sun was brilliant, the day cloudless, the harbor surface glassy smooth, and yet our ship, no longer ploughing forward, from time to time rolled heavily. We flew the yellow flag, which demanded a quarantine officer, and the doctor came and passed us. It was against orders for anyone to leave the ship before Colonel Otter, and it was well into the afternoon before he set foot upon the soil of Africa. A broad side-wheel tug brought aboard Sir Alfred Milner's representative, a fresh, pleasant-faced lad of an officer, natty in khaki, with the brilliant scarlet collar-patch which denotes a staff officer, and he extended a welcome to Colonel Otter.

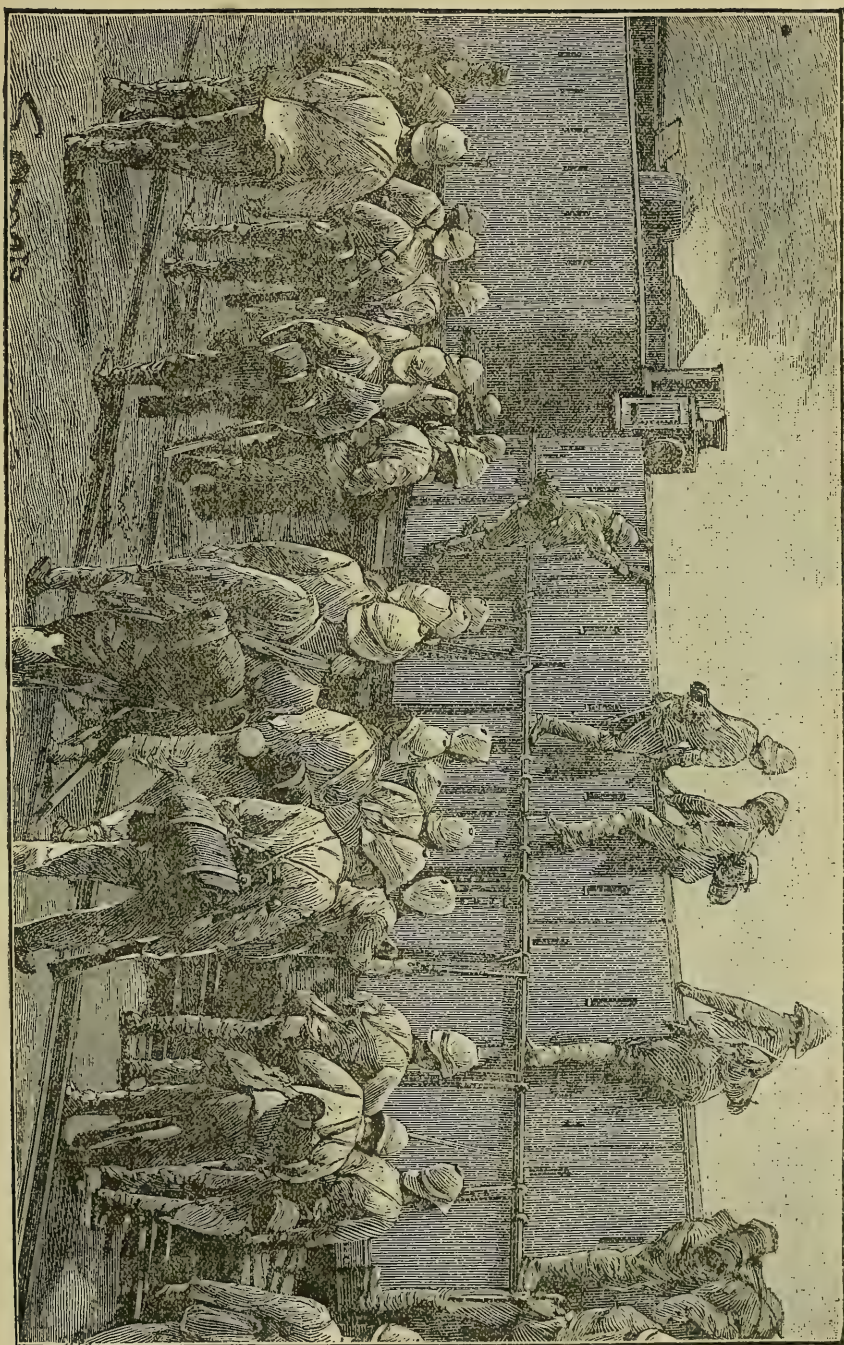
"An army service corps officer in blue and white came aboard, and there was a shout from the quarterdeck of 'Duffus !' Lieutenant Frank Duffus it was, a Halifax man, an old college friend of several of our officers. Business with Colonel Otter came first, for he was transport officer ; then he fell into the arms

of old friends. Another visit from the side-wheeler, just as Colonel Otter was about to embark in a skiff; it was the Mayor and Harbor Board of the city, come to give us a municipal welcome. It was a practical welcome, for they gave him a lift to the wharf; Colonel Otter and Major Drummond, with Sergeant Reading, were the landing party, while Captain Todd was given a passage ashore. It was good-bye to Captain Todd, and we cheered him with all our hearts; and as the men forward saw departing the officer who has been superintending their quarters for the past three weeks it was again 'three cheers for Captain Todd!'

NOISY GREETINGS IN THE HARBOR.

"Then we waited for a while longer. The Warwera, which had come in the day before with the Australians and New Zealanders, swung near us, and a megaphone man at her stern shouted bits of the month's news to us, while we devoured the few newspapers which had drifted ashore. Then we found that a notable favor had been shown us. The steamer Cheshire had beaten us in by some hours and was lying near us. She had on board the 1st Gordon Highlanders, the Dargai battalion. Word went around that we were going into dock at once—ahead of the Highlanders. Up came our anchor, in we moved. As we came into motion our welcome began. We crossed first the bows of the Cheshire, and her whistle boomed incessantly, while her bows and upper works were dense with khaki and kilts, as the Gordons cheered and cheered again. Whistle after whistle—every one of the ships seemed to be saluting us; whenever we passed near enough for the voice to reach, cheers rang out across the water, and were roared back from our decks.

"A long dock and a crowd upon it was before us. Through an opening in it we passed, and were in a steamer-crowded basin, approaching a slip, on the other side of which lay a mauve-painted Castle liner. The liner's band played us in, and the first air we heard was 'God Save the Queen.' 'Rule Britannia' and 'Soldiers of the Queen' were other numbers in this dockyard concert. The crowd on the dock cheered us wildly and sang 'God



TROOPS GOING ON BOARD AN ARMORED TRAIN.

Save the Queen.' We cheered back, and showed that we knew the song. We drew alongside, and another Canadian stood on the dock—Captain Kennedy, Royal Engineers, well known to many of us. Then the gang-plank fell and we were at Cape Town.

"Last night our men stayed aboard, very few, indeed, leaving her. All night the disembarkation of baggage went on, and at 8 o'clock the regiment formed on the dock and marched away for Sea Point, a suburb about four miles out, where the prisoners and wounded are. The Australians, who preceded us so closely, are at Maitland, another suburb. Active service at once; such is our fortune."

Our readers will be interested in an account of the departure of the Manitoba troops for South Africa. They went out with the first Canadian contingent and left for Quebec on Tuesday, Oct. 24. Never since the 90th Battalion went to the front in 1885 was there such a demonstration of loyalty as when the brave boys who volunteered to fight in Africa for the Empire marched to the Canadian Pacific Railway station and entrained for Quebec.

DENSE MASS OF CHEERING PEOPLE.

Many of the stores and places of business were closed down, and the route of march was lined from beginning to end with citizens, while from the drill hall to the station the troops marched through a lane of cheering people, who at times waxed so enthusiastic that the brass bands could hardly be heard. That Winnipeg is proud of her contingent was shown in several ways, and well she had reason to be. The Manitoba men were all of splendid physique, and as smart in their drill as regulars.

It was not curiosity nor affectation which drew forth such an immense gathering, but the true loyalty and esteem of those young men who eagerly sought and accepted the opportunity of bearing Her Majesty's arms and wearing her uniform in a strife which, though still in the same realm, is nevertheless upon the opposite side of the globe. A rumor was circulated that a fire was in progress a few blocks from the spot, but no one displayed the faintest interest in the report "while history was making." The

City Hall steps were occupied by a crowd of brightly dressed, pretty-faced school-girls, while their brothers of the senior classes stood shoulder to shoulder, like a miniature army, under the command of their drill-instructor, Captain Billman, awaiting the military command to take their place upon the flank of their senior Volunteers. Such short notice of the day and hour of departure had been given that but scant opportunity was afforded for the display of bunting or other ornamentation, but from every flagstaff within the range of vision floated the emblem of the Empire, and a myriad of little flags had been secured by the populace to wave in the face of the honored ones.

The contingent was greeted by enthusiastic crowds at every railway station of importance across Canada, cigars, food, drinks, etc., being thrust by willing hands into the cars, and even in the middle of the night the men were welcomed by bands and bunting. Two days afterwards the British Columbia contingent passed through Winnipeg, their arrival and departure being the cause of nearly as much excitement as the farewell to the Manitoba boys. There was little doubt of the loyalty of Canada.

LIFE ON BOARD A TROOP SHIP.

The Allans' steamship "Sardinian," chartered by the Dominion government to convey the Royal Canadian Special Service Regiment to Cape Town, was not new to this kind of work, having been employed before in trooping during the Egyptian war. She was looked upon as a most serviceable boat for this service, as she is easily converted into a transport. The Canadian troops were fortunate in having so good a troop ship.

Before troops embark on a troop ship, a lot of rules, etc., must be observed, for the comfort and welfare of "Mr. Atkins." According to the English War Office regulations, an inspection of the fittings and all the arrangements for the accommodation, victualing, and health of the men, has to be made by a Board, consisting of the Assistant Quartermaster-General, an officer of the garrison, senior medical officer, and a naval officer, and the medical officer going in charge of the troops. Another inspection by a like Board

is also made after the troops are on the ship, the baggage stowed, and everything ready for sea.

The object of this inspection is to ascertain whether the arrangements for berthing, etc., have been faithfully carried out. All the heavy baggage is supposed to be on board the day before sailing, and all kinds of lucifer matches are strictly prohibited on board ship, and all embarkations take place under the immediate superintendency of the general or other officer commanding the station. When embarked on board, it is the duty of the colonel and the company officers to see that the men are allotted to berths, divided up into small messes, and instructed in the proper method of rolling up bedding and slinging hammocks ; that their arms, ammunition and accoutrements are properly disposed of in the places reserved for them ; and sea necessities when served out are marked, the hammocks and canvas bags numbered, and the orders relative to smoking and the use of lights on board ship are read and explained to every soldier as soon as practicable.

RECREATION AND FUN.

After the usual guard has been provided, the troops are divided into three watches, one of which is constantly on deck in charge of a junior officer, and in fine weather, except those on duty below, are also up on deck. The watches generally put in twelve hours, going on at 8 A. M. and 8 P. M. All bedding and clothing is brought up on deck every morning, weather permitting, and well aired. The decks and berths are supposed to be swept, scrubbed, and scraped daily ; in fact, great care is taken of the sanitation of the ship, and the troops are turned out early, about 5 A. M., for a morning sea bath, in canvas baths rigged up on the main deck.

The officer of the day is supposed to be present on all these occasions, and when free watered grog is served out. In every transport the doctor, in common with all ranks, has his daily routine work to do. Immediately after breakfast he visits the "sick bay," the miniature hospital, goes round his cases, and then gives his attention to the new-comers who require his services. A foretopman's "black draught" is the common prescription for

"Tommy's" ailments. Two or three times a week he goes the "rounds" of the ship with the captain, and a rigid scrutiny is made in every corner for any dirt or uncleanness, and if they find it, it's a bad quarter of an hour for the officers of the mess. The doctor has a good deal of work cut out for him, more than most people imagine, especially with troops in the tropics. Every day he must inspect the troops, who parade about 10 A. M. (without shoes or stockings and trousers rolled to the knee in warm climates).

The soldiers are supposed to be exercised for a few hours daily in drill and shooting at targets, and parade one day in the week in marching order, when officers must see that their kit is complete and arms and appointments in good order, so that on landing they can march at once into action. Smoking is only allowed on the upper deck, and then at reasonable hours. All lights are out at 8 P. M., when at sea, and all fires in the "galleys" at 8.30 P. M., except when required for the sick.

REGULATIONS ON BOARD.

While it is most necessary to enforce the strictest discipline, for the health and safety of all, the officers are looked upon by the Government to do all in their power to provide recreation and amusement on a long voyage. Generally after supper, in the evening, the officers get the men together near the hatchway aft, near the saloon, when an impromptu concert takes place, consisting of warlike and humorous songs, recitations of a local character generally by the regimental poet, jig and hornpipe dancing, and a touch of the manly art with the gloves.

When minstrels' costumes can be extemporized, then the fun never wanes a moment. As there is always plenty of vocal and histrionic talent in every British regiment, there is no weariness in a long voyage in a British troopship. Every one goes on to make the time pass pleasant to all around, and with a good band and the drums and fifes playing each evening a trip in a troopship is one to be remembered. Our gallant soldiers and sailors are extremely fond of dancing, but their terpsichorean evolutions are not usually of the kind which find favor in crutch and toothpick

society. They are nothing if not vigorous, and the performer who can keep his feet moving to the twang of the fiddle for the greatest length of time is the hero of the hour. As it is a physical endurance feat, the dancer takes off his sweater, rolls up his shirt-sleeves and pounds away upon the deck until he is bathed in perspiration, while his admiring comrades watch every step, and applaud him with hearty hand-clapping and loud cheering.

Delinquent soldiers are punished in several ways, but those which cause the most chagrin are the stoppage of grog, and facing the bulwarks during smoking hours and being not allowed to smoke. Soldiers may, if they like, assist in the general duties of the ship on deck, but are never to go aloft, and are not to be employed as stokers or coal trimmers, unless they volunteer and receive extra pay. With regular exercise and drill, good food, with a taste of "salt junk" once or twice a week, plenty of books to read and games to play at, and concerts and dancing in the evening, the Canadian regiment did not find the voyage long or dull, and the men were in first-class fettle on landing at Cape Town, to advance and tackle with Kruger and his Boers.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Attempts to Raise the Siege of Ladysmith.

THE British General White and his army, numbering according to the most authentic accounts eight or nine thousand men, were shut up in the town of Ladysmith, and for many weeks had resisted the attempts of the Boers to capture the place. The situation gave great anxiety to the War Office in London. It was feared that General White would be compelled to surrender his command before relief could reach him.

From the opening of the war down to December 15 the British operations consisted of a series of frontal attacks, all of which were repulsed with a loss in all of about 8000 men. The last and most severe of these disasters at Colenso left General Buller with a loss of 1100 men, eleven guns, and the three most important brigades of his command, under General Hildyard, General Hart and General Barton, shattered and depressed by heavy loss. This had the effect upon the morale of the troops of these brigades which is always caused by losses that are fruitless in result, and which themselves result from a faulty plan on account of insufficient information prior to the attack as to the position of the enemy.

After this disaster General Buller addressed himself to the task of reorganizing his forces and preparing for another campaign. Three weeks passed in this work. At the end of that time he deemed his transport sufficiently well organized to begin a movement intended to dislodge the enemy around Ladysmith. General Buller was in command of the strongest force of pure English troops ever assembled in the field. He had in his army twenty-nine battalions of infantry, or, as we should say, regiments divided into brigades. These were supported by a cavalry force, consisting of the First Royal Dragoons, the Thirteenth Hussars, two squadrons of the Fourteenth Hussars, six squadrons of the Imperial Light Horse, and three regiments of mounted Colonial Horse.

The artillery comprised nine batteries of the royal artillery, or fifty-four guns, a howitzer battery, a mountain battery and the Natal or Colonial Field Battery, making eighteen guns more, or seventy-two in all, of which eleven were afterward lost. There was in addition a naval brigade with several 4.7-inch guns and quick-firing 12-pounders, which force had, judging from the rank of its commander, about the same force as an infantry battalion. In all, as will be seen, this was a force of all arms of over 30,000 men,



GENERAL GEORGE WHITE,
WHO COMMANDED THE BRITISH AT LADYSMITH.

which had been in service together in the field for nearly two months, and which had been under the immediate command of General Sir Redvers Buller for nearly two months and a half.

His field service had been in steady operation, and his base was supplied by railroad, and he had at Durban as complete a supply as the British command of the seas could furnish. A strong naval brigade at Durban, and the friendly character of the English population of Na-

tal relieved General Buller from the necessity of detaching any considerable portion of his force in order to guard his communications or protect his marine base. There was probably no military critic in the world who would have hesitated to predict the certain success of such a force operating against the Boer intrenchments, manned by farmer levies never drilled, disposed around Ladysmith, which contained the additional British force of from 8000 to 9000 men.

In all, the Boer force, which must have been very considerably

reinforced by the inaction of General Methuen and General Gatacre, was probably in all from 20,000 to 25,000 men. This force, however, had two lines of front to keep, one surrounding Ladysmith in a circuit of nearly twenty miles, and the other facing a superior force under General Buller.

General Buller had before him the choice of two routes. He could move to the east of Weenen's Ford, and, marching from there, strike on the Boer communication by railroad at Elands-laagte. This involved leaving his flank unprotected from the Boer position on Inhlawe Mountain, and the entrance, after leaving Weenen's Ford and passing through a comparatively level country on defiles beyond, easily defended. It also tended to separate his force from the force of General French and General Gatacre, about 150 miles away. He was left also with only one objective on the Boer line of communications, and his attack could only be delivered from the left.

THE KEY TO THE SITUATION.

By moving westward up the Tugela river it was possible, since the Boer positions were principally north of the Tugela river, to push forward on its southern bank over ground whose separation from the chief Boer force by a rapid river, fordable at two or three places, rendered it feasible to carry a very considerable force sufficiently far to the west to be able, above the junction of the Great and Little Tugela, to have a choice between any one of the several passes, the most northern of which was the railroad entrance to the Orange Free State. Its possession would force the precipitate retreat of the Boer army around Ladysmith. It is not surprising that under these conditions General Buller selected a western movement.

On Thursday, January 11, General Buller pushed forward his cavalry force under General Lord Dundonald, amounting to about 4,500 men, of whom about 3,000 were cavalry and about 1,500 mounted riflemen. This force during the next three or four days easily swept away the Boer outposts which were at Springfield, and which made no defense, pushed to the river supported by

infantry, crossed at Potgieter's Drift, a ford which at this season when the river was high is crossed by a rope ferry, and established itself on both banks of the river. The engineers came up with the infantry, built a pontoon bridge, and within a week the British troops were established with their depot of supplies at Springfield, their artillery massed in field works at Swartz Kop, and their infantry disposed on both banks of the river.

NECESSITY FOR QUICK MOVEMENT.

This initial movement must have informed the Boers of the plan of offensive operations intended by General Buller. The one condition on which his success depended was an immediate movement, which would carry the infantry in sufficient force and with sufficient rapidity to seize some one of the passes west of the Boer army. The infantry force was neither small nor ill-selected. It consisted of General Woodgate's brigade, General Hildyard's and General Hart's, each with four regiments, or twelve regiments, in all. This was the advance division under Lieutenant General Francis Clery, Lieutenant General Sir Charles Warren being in command of the whole movement. This force, which was in round numbers about 12,000 men, and which artillery and cavalry brought up to about 16,000 men, was moved forward to the west, following the cavalry. The movement of the infantry began on January 13. These brigades and their supports were moved forward in two divisions along the Frere and Ennersdale roads, the road through Springfield being by this time fully occupied with the supply of General Lyttleton's brigade, Irish and Scotch, four battalions, and other troops on the river at Potgieter's Drift. One week elapsed from the time these troops started until they first met the enemy on three days, January 18, 19 and 20.

Meanwhile a depot had been established for British supply at Zunckles, and this appears to have formed a second base, while a pontoon bridge crossed the river at Trichand's Drift. Lord Donald, immediately after crossing the river at Potgieter's Drift, pushed forward with commendable rapidity and occupied Acton



BOER ARTILLERYMEN SIGHTING A GUN.

Homes, a place at the opening of a valley whose road leads across the water-shed to the high road from Ladysmith to Van Reenen's Pass. General Lyttleton's brigade was moved westward in his rear and held the Tugela, but no infantry force seems to have pushed on to occupy and entrench the ground taken by the mounted troops.

When General Warren, therefore, after a week's march, covering some thirty to thirty-five miles, had brought his force of two brigades and a half, or ten regiments, which seems subsequently to have been reinforced by another brigade, or Barton's, of four regiments, all Irish, he found the heights just north of the Tugela river, about Spion Kop, fully occupied by the Boers. The Boer despatches indicate that this was a new position which had been taken as the English movement developed itself during the preceding week. The forces there consisted principally of Orange Free State troops.

HARD TASK FOR BRITISH TROOPS.

The English turning movement under General Warren had, therefore, resulted in establishing two bodies, one a small one, heavily supported by artillery posted on Swartz Kop, and the other the moving column which was intended to complete the flanking operation, which was under General Warren, and which had before it the task of carrying the heights beyond the Tugela. The rise in level in some twenty miles from Ladysmith up to Acton Homes is nearly 1000 feet.

The Upper Tugela at this point flows past broad river terraces, beyond which rise the steep bluffs of a former river bank, of which Spion Kop is the conspicuous landmark. The British troops had, in other words, traveled some thirty miles to find themselves on the upper Tugela in a position somewhat more difficult than that which existed when, on December 15, they attempted the passage of the Lower Tugela. It appears that on Friday, January 19, the enemy was first met, on Saturday their grand guards driven in and the Tugela river successfully crossed, and that on Sunday a position was successfully occupied on the plateau beyond.

An attempt was made Tuesday night to take Spion Kop, and during the next three days there succeeded the battle which ended with the meeting of the Council of Military Defense in London, and the determination to send additional reinforcements to South Africa.

What occurred was simple. The original plan plainly looked to cavalry clearing the way, to a force at Swartz Kop to guard the exposed flank of Warren's advance, and a steady forward march, the flanking force on the river protecting the advance to Bethany, and beyond, as General Dundonald could at Acton Homes. In the midst of this advance, after having moved to the base of the hills which rise to the mountain range, General Warren found ridges he could not hope to carry. He swung off to his right to look for a weak place. He hoped to find it at Spion Kop, delivered a night attack, and was forced to withdraw. Spread out as his troops were, a mobile force would tear up Buller as Lee and Jackson tore up Hooker at Chancellorsville.

TROOPS WIDELY SCATTERED.

The British troops were left, therefore, after three weeks of operations, dispersed in three separate masses over a stretch of some thirty miles: General Warren, with some twelve to sixteen battalions of infantry on the upper Tugela; General Lyttleton, with about six battalions around Swartz Kop, and General Buller with the remainder of his force at Chieveley. Lord Dundonald's force lay before Acton Homes, to the north of the Boer position, but was apparently unable to move in any direction. The Boer force on the hills around Spion Kop, at Blaauw Bank, and in the natural bastion around Onderbrock, occupied positions of whose assault the British force in front of them were at no point equal. Lord Dundonald's cavalry finally succeeded in crossing to the south side of Tugela river.

This disastrous close of a turning movement, which in theory was admirably conceived, added one more to the numerous examples in war in which defeat and failure have come solely because the commanding general had not the ability to insure rapid move-

ment. The British forces in South Africa were moving with all the cumbrous equipage of an Anglo-Indian campaign. Each battalion had with it fourteen wagons, of which nine required teams capable of moving 4000 pounds, in all ; therefore, as a mere camp equipage, General Warren had a train of 400 to 500 wagons, added to the regiment's wagons, the brigade and staff complement.

The supply of commissary was on the same lavish scale, and this expedition, which called for a swift march, had a train, according to one despatch, amounting in all to 3000 wagons. The extraordinary health of the British troops in South Africa, and their remarkable freedom from disease, was no doubt secured by furnishing the men every comfort in the field, but this could only be done at a sacrifice of mobility, and in war, in the long run, it is better to risk fever and disease from men insufficiently provided for, than by over-provision to insure the delays which in the end lead to the abject failure of a campaign.

RAPID ADVANCES IMPOSSIBLE.

Clogged with 3000 wagons, with a staff unequal to its duties under it, as one English correspondent declared, "it has been the most frequent occurrence for the same battalion to strike its tents and recamp on the same site two and three times in a day." It was impossible for General Buller to advance with sufficient rapidity to seize the points essential to the success of his operation before they were occupied by the Boers.

General Buller's despatch, stating that he had withdrawn his forces to the south bank of the Tugela, and the accounts of the fighting at Spion Kop on January 24, which came through Boer sources, showed the British disaster in all its serious aspects. Ladysmith's relief was as far removed as when Buller first started to White's assistance, and it was thought that it might yet be necessary for the garrison, abandoning the sick and wounded, to make a last sortie and try to fight their way through the Boer cordons.

Buller signally failed in his attempt to turn the Boer position and with the force at his command could not hope to outflank

them in another direction, as the mobility of the Boers enabled them to change front at any moment.

It was subsequently known that Spion Kop was not, as first reported, the key of the Boer position. When the British attacked on the night of the 23d, they secured one kop, but in the morning they discovered that there were two others commanding the one they held. These positions the Boers reinforced, and then began their counter attack, the British trying to capture the other kops and the Boers defending them, and at the same time trying to retake the one they had lost. What had great effect on the result was the fact that the hill on the British side was very steep and difficult to approach, whereas on the Boer side it sloped gently. This hampered the British.

DESPERATE FIGHTING ALL DAY.

The British appear to have at once entrenched themselves strongly, and fighting of the most desperate description continued all Wednesday. The battle oscillated along the northern slope, now the British and now the Boers attacking. Then came the end. The Boers were smashing the British with a heavy shell fire and cutting them down with a deadly hail of Mauser bullets, while there appeared no indication that the British had been able to get any artillery up.

The Boers captured some British trenches, according to their account, and 150 men. According to Buller's report, the British held the position until nightfall, when General Woodgate having been wounded, the officer who succeeded him decided to abandon the position. General Buller's despatch to the War Office stated that Spion Kop was abandoned on account of lack of water, inability to bring artillery there and the heavy Boer fire. His whole force withdrew south of the Tugela river, with the evident intention of reaching Ladysmith by another route as soon as the army could be reorganized.

Following is the text of General Buller's despatch, which was dated Spearman's Camp, Saturday, January 27, 6.10 P. M.: "On January 20 Warren drove back the enemy and obtained possession

of the southern crests of the high table land extending from the line of Acton Homes and Honger's Poort to the Western Ladysmith hills. From then to January 25 he remained in close contact with the enemy.

"The enemy held a strong position on a range of small kopjes, stretching from northwest to southwest, across the plateau from Acton Homes, through Spion Kop, to the left bank of the Tugela. The actual position held was perfectly tenable, but did not lend itself to an advance, as the southern slopes were so steep that Warren could not get an effective artillery position, and water supply was a difficulty.

"On January 23 I assented to his attacking Spion Kop, a large hill ; indeed, a mountain, which was evidently the key of the position, but was far more accessible from the north than from the south.

POSITION HELD AGAINST HEAVY ATTACKS.

"On the night of January 23 he attacked Spion Kop, but found it very difficult to hold, as its perimeter was too large, and water, which he had been led to believe existed, in this extraordinary dry season was found very deficient.

"The crests were held all that day against severe attacks and heavy shell fire. Our men fought with great gallantry. I would especially mention the conduct of the Second Cameronians and the Third King's Rifles, who supported the attack on the mountain from the steepest side, and in each case fought their way to the top ; and the Second Lancashire Fusiliers and Second Middlesex, who magnificently maintained the best traditions of the British army throughout the trying day of January 24, and Thornycroft's mounted infantry, who fought throughout the day equally well alongside of them.

"General Woodgate, who was in command at the summit, having been wounded, the officer who succeeded him decided on the night of January 24 to abandon the position, and did so before dawn, January 25. I reached Warren's camp at 5 A. M. on January 25, and decided that a second attack upon Spion Kop was

useless, and that the enemy's right was too strong to allow me to force it.

"Accordingly I decided to withdraw the force to the south of the Tugela. At 6 A. M. we commenced withdrawing the train, and by 3 A. M., January 27 (Saturday), Warren's force was concentrated south of the Tugela without the loss of a man or a pound of stores. The fact that the force could withdraw from actual touch—in some cases the lines were less than a thousand yards apart—with the enemy in the manner it did, is, I think, sufficient evidence of the morale of the troops; and that we were permitted to withdraw our cumbrous ox and mule transport across the river, eighty-five yards broad, with twenty-foot banks, and a very swift current, unmolested, is, I think, proof that the enemy has been taught to respect our soldiers' fighting powers."

STUBBORN DEFENSE OF THE BRITISH.

The following description of the capture of the Boers' position is from Winston Churchill, the gallant son of Lady Randolph Churchill, who took up arms for his country in South Africa:

"On the morning of January 24th the force under General Woodgate marched on Spion Kop, which is the predominating feature and centre of the whole Boer position, which is shaped like a note of interrogation, the curve before Potgieter's Drift and the line before Triegarde Drift, with Spion Kop at the junction and angle, commanding and enfilading both. At 3 o'clock Woodgate surprised the Boers holding the trenches, who volleyed with their magazine rifles and fled, pursued with great cheering. At dawn there was a fierce shelling by the Boers, who were striving to regain the vital position.

"A stubborn defense was made by the British troops, in spite of severe loss. At 10 o'clock they received strong reinforcements from the corps of troops below, including the Imperial Light Infantry. The position was completely secured, but was heavily shelled continually, the British artillery replying furiously. The Boer guns were difficult to locate. At noon the Boers made several attempts to retake the position, bringing men from the extreme

right and showing that they regarded it of the utmost importance. All attempts to retake the position have been so far repulsed."

The position was, however, recaptured by the Boers, and the sacrifice of life on the part of the gallant Woodgate and his army was fruitless. Some Vryheid burghers from the outposts on the highest hills of the Spion Kop group rushed into the laager, saying that the kop was lost, and that the English had taken it. Reinforcements were ordered up, but nothing could be done for some time, the hill being enveloped in thick mist. At dawn the Heidelberg and Carolina contingents, supplemented from other commandoes, began the ascent of the hill. Three spurs, precipitous projections, faced the Boer positions. Up these the advance was made. The horses were left under the first terrace of rocks.

FIELD SWEEPED BY SHRAPNEL.

Scaling the steep hill the Boers found that the English had improved the opportunity and entrenched heavily. Between the lines of trenches was an open veldt, which had to be rushed under a heavy fire, not only from rifles, but of lyddite and shrapnel from field guns. Three forces ascended the three spurs co-ordinately under cover of fire from the Free State Krupps, a Creusot and a big Maxim. The English tried to rush the Boers with the bayonet, but their infantry went down before the Boer rifle fire as before a scythe.

The Boer investing party advanced step by step until 2 o'clock in the afternoon, when a white flag went up and 150 men in the front trenches surrendered, being sent as prisoners to the head laager. The Boer advance continued on the two kopjes east of Spion Kop. Many Boers were shot, but so numerous were the burghers that the gaps filled automatically. Toward twilight they reached the summit of the second kopje, but did not get further.

The British Maxims belched flame, but a wall of fire from the Mausers held the English back. Their center, under this pressure, gradually gave way and broke, abandoning the position. The prisoners captured by the Boers spoke highly of the bravery

of the burghers, who, despising cover, stood against the sky-line edges of the summit to shoot the Dublin Fusiliers, sheltered in the trenches. Firing continued for some time, and then the Fusiliers and Light Horse, serving as infantry, threw up their arms and rushed out of the trenches.

Thus General Buller's flank movement to reach Ladysmith came to naught. Repulsed in his first attempt to cross the Tugela by a frontal attack at Colenso, he was now compelled to give up his attempt to pass around the left of the Boer line. His new repulse was equally disastrous in casualties and certainly more damaging to British hopes.

GENERAL BULLER'S PLANS MADE KNOWN.

After Sir George White had succeeded in beating off the determined attack of the Boers at Cæsar's Camp the development of Buller's new plans became inevitable. His preparations had been deliberate, but nothing was allowed to become known as to his real intentions until a despatch from the General himself announced that he had seized Potgieter's Drift, on the upper Tugela, and was getting his force across. Four or five days followed, in the course of which General Lyttleton placed his brigade on the north side of Potgieter's Drift ready to attack a Boer position at Brakfontein commanding a road to Dewdrop, while General Warren was preparing to throw his division against the extreme right of the long line of Boers.

Warren had crossed at Trichard's Drift, some five or six miles to the west of Potgieter's. He had met with more opposition, but his cavalry under Lord Dundonald were able apparently to reconnoitre for a considerable distance in the direction of Acton Homes, working round on Warren's far left.

So deliberate was this whole movement of Buller's army, as if the General were intent on throwing away no chances or taking any risks, that the Boer generals had ample time to concentrate any number of their troops at any point they wished. General Joubert was at the front, with Generals Botha and Cronje. Warren found himself at once confronted with an opposing army

thrown right across his path. A long ridge ran four miles to the northwest of Trichard's Drift, ascending from the river. The ridge runs into spurs of the mountains, making the boundary of Natal and the Orange Free State.

On the right of Warren as he advanced lay the mountain of Spion Kop, facing the river, with precipitous sides, but more accessible from the north by a series of summits leading to its real head. The country on either side swarms with hills favorable for guerilla warfare, and the Boer intrenchments extended along to Brakfontin and eastward to Colenso and the Tugela. Eight Boer camps were located by the British along this line of defense.

The main position of the Boers, however, which was the scene of the fighting, lay to the west of Spion Kop, and it is clear that General Warren was unable to get sufficiently to his left to make a really flanking movement. There was nothing for it but to force his way through the barrier. So, having got up his artillery, he sent forward, under cover of his long range fire, the brigades of Generals Hart and Clery.

BOERS CONTEST EVERY FOOT OF GROUND.

On Saturday, the 20th inst., an action began at six in the morning and continued till the evening. Ridge after ridge was captured, but the advance was slow, the Boers stubbornly contesting every foot of ground. Hart's troops wheeling round on the left along the rocky spur on to the semi-circular position of the Boers came under a heavy fire from three directions, but the British bivouacked on the ground they had won, though this was within the fire distance of the Boer lines. The loss so far had not been heavy, but only three miles' progress had been made, and in front was an open glacis.

In a despatch from Frere Camp, dated January 26th, the writer says: "I have just ridden here, having left General Buller's forces in the new positions south of the Tugela, to which they retired in consequence of the reverses at Spion Kop.

"The fighting, before and after the occupation of the moun-

tain, was of a desperate character. Spion Kop is a precipitous mountain, overtopping the whole line of kopjes along the upper Tugela. On the eastern side the mountain faces Mount Alice and Potgieter's Drift, standing at right angles to the Boer central position and Lyttleton's advanced position.

"The nek was strongly held by the Boers, who also occupied a heavy spur, parallel with the kop, where the enemy was concealed in no fewer than thirty-five rifle pits, and was thus enabled to bring to bear upon our men a damaging cross fire, the only possible point for a British attack being the southern side, with virtually sheer precipices on the left and right.

APPALLING FIRE FROM UNSEEN ENEMY.

"A narrow footpath, admitting men in single file only to the summit, opens into a perfectly flat table land, probably of three hundred square yards area, upon which the Boers had hastily commenced to make a transverse trench. Our men were able to occupy the further end of this table land, where the ridge descended to another flat, which was again succeeded by a round, stony eminence, held by the Boers in great strength.

"The ridge held by our men was faced by a number of strong little kopjes at all angles, whence the Boers sent a concentrated fire from their rifles, supported by a Maxim-Nordenfeldt and a big long range gun. With the rifles, the machine gun and the big gun, the summit was converted into a perfect hell. The shells exploded continually in our ranks, and the rifle fire from an absolutely unseen enemy was perfectly appalling.

"Reinforcements were hurried up by General Warren. They had to cross a stretch of flat ground, which was literally torn up by the flying lead of the enemy. The unfinished trench on the summit gave very questionable shelter, as the enemy's machine guns were so accurately ranged upon the place that often sixteen shells fell in the trench in a single minute. Mortal men could not permanently hold such a position. Our gallant fellows held it tenaciously for twenty-four hours and then, taking advantage of the dark night, abandoned it to the enemy.

CHAPTER XXV.

Thrilling Stories of the Battles in South Africa.

BY far the most interesting account of the condition of affairs in Pretoria, the capital of the Transvaal, was brought by a refugee named D. Storran, who reached Cape Town on December 15th, after being detained in Johannesburg and confined with the British military prisoners at the race-course on suspicion of being a spy. In telling his story, Mr. Storran said :

"I left Pretoria on November 12. On that date there were at least 1,400 British prisoners of the rank and file and fifty-two officers. Some were prisoners from Dundee, many from Ladysmith, after the Nicholson's Nek affair ; fifteen from Mafeking (the armored train) and some from Crocodile river. We learned in Pretoria that these latter were part of one of Colonel Plummer's patrol of twenty-five men, which was surprised and cut off, several being killed and wounded. They had tethered their horses for the night, and were surprised, but held their own for three hours. The prisoners numbered eight.

"One of the Mafeking party was a telegraphist, named Little, who was captured after eluding the Boers for many days. They tried to induce him to help them blow up the railway bridges, but he refused at all costs.

"The officers are accommodated in the school house and are allowed all reasonable liberty, including the obtaining of food from the hotels. The men live in lean-to sheds, hitherto used for the horses, but clean and fairly comfortable ; the men have as good food as if they were with their fellows in the field ; in fact, they are fed upon the provisions which were taken at Dundee after it was evacuated. There were two months' supplies there. The men are pretty cheerful. I have heard of one or two cases of scurvy in the camp. When it rains there is some difficulty with the sheds, but the rainy season does not set in until the new year.

"The British wounded are in a separate building, which is being used as a hospital, and when we were there they were being attended by an English doctor—one of the prisoners—and a number of men of the Red Cross Society as nurses. There were no female nurses available.

"President Kruger, who is looking extremely well in health, is preparing for eventualities. The race-course is being prepared as a laager to be used in case of a siege. At present the fort guns are trained upon it in case the prisoners should try to escape, and a searchlight plays upon it at night. There is a Maxim mounted at the gate.

BOERS CONCEAL THEIR LOSSES.

"I could only estimate the Boer losses approximately; I should place them at about a thousand, of whom probably half were killed. The first official reports after Elandslaagte estimated the killed and wounded at 400. Afterward the numbers were reduced. It is practically impossible to get at Boer casualties, because care is taken to conceal them, and the wounded, instead of being treated at hospitals, are taken to the nearest farms. Most of the men lost at Elandslaagte were Hollanders, Germans and Irish. They are despised by the Boers and, therefore, are always put well in front.

"From the President downward the Boers are fighting, and they boast that they have won all along the line, pointing to their annexations and the beleaguered towns and the prisoners as proof positive. The burghers who are left are enrolling in crowds and men are being given burgher rights with this object. There are many English names. The flag of the South African Republic is already to be had in Pretoria. It is the Vierkleur, with an orange stripe running across it in the shape of a cross. I have seen these flags. President Steyn has ordered some, but I think they were stopped at Port Elizabeth.

"I may say that the Boers have a most complete plan of campaign and an admirable intelligence department. The whole thing has been worked out for months before the war broke out.

I cannot estimate the Boer forces in the field. I believe there are about 43,000 altogether, 35,000 of whom are Transvaalers, the remainder Free Staters. Their reserves only number 3,000 or 4,000, at the outside."

From Boer sources came interesting stories of the fighting around Ladysmith. It seems that the remnants of German and Hollander corps returned to Johannesburg to reorganize, and indi-



CAPTAIN SHEIL,

THE GERMAN ARTILLERIST CAPTURED BY THE
BRITISH AT ELANDSLAAGTE.

vidual members gave details as to the circumstances which led to so disastrous a result among the Boers at Elandslaagte. They said that the Germans, under Captain Sheil; the Hollanders, under Commandant Lombaard, and the Johannesburg burghers, led by Commandant Ben Viljeon, were told off to hold a certain kopje and remain inactive until further orders. As a matter of fact they seem to have located themselves on a kopje considerably nearer the British lines, and to have attracted

the attention of the troops by firing on them. As a result they gradually became surrounded by the British and were raked by shot and shell.

Reinforcements could not well be sent to their aid, as they were too far within the British lines, and the detachment of a commando to their assistance would have interfered with the general plan designed by the commandant—General Joubert. Conspicuous individual courage was displayed by Dr. Coster, Captain Sheil, Count Von Zeppelin, Lieutenant von Boreas and others,

but most of them had to pay the penalty of their recklessness. Count Von Zeppelin rode straight for the British lines, armed with revolver and riding whip, and was at once shot dead. It is extraordinary that any of the corps escaped. They had to run the gauntlet of the British line, and were pursued by the lancers.

General Joubert addressed the men before they left for Johannesburg, and assured them that the disaster would have been averted had they obeyed orders. He stated that he had been against the formation of separate German, Hollander and Scandinavian corps from the beginning, and held that it would have been better to have distributed the men among the commandos, so that they could have become initiated in Boer methods of warfare. He impressed on the men that the object of the war was not the seeking of individual honor, nor the making of individual names for themselves, but the defense of the independence of the country.

An eye-witness furnished the following picturesque account of the battle of Magersfontein :

“Our troops extended over many miles of country. Every move had to be made in full view of the enemy upon a level plane where a collie dog could not have moved unperceived by those foemen hidden so securely behind impregnable ramparts. During the whole of Sunday our gunners played havoc with the enemy ; the shooting of the Naval Brigade being of such a nature that even thus early in the fight the big gun of the bluejackets, with its 42-pound Lyddite shell, struck terror into the hearts of the enemy. But the Boers were not idle. Whenever our infantry, in manœuvring, came within range of their rifles, our ranks began to thin



GENERAL P. J. JOUBERT,
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE BOER FORCES.

out, and the blood of our gallant fellows dyed the sun-baked veldt in richest crimson.

"During the night that followed it was considered expedient that the Highland Brigade, about 4000 strong, under General Wauchope, should get close enough to the lines of the foe to make it possible to charge the heights. At midnight the gallant but ill-fated General moved cautiously through the darkness toward the kopje where the Boers were most strongly intrenched. They were led by a guide, who was supposed to know every inch of the country, out into the darkness of an African night. The brigade marched in line of quarter-column, each man stepping cautiously and slowly, for they knew that any sound meant death. Every order was given in a hoarse whisper, and in whispers it was passed along the ranks from man to man; nothing was heard as they moved toward the gloomy, steel-fronted heights but the brushing of their feet in the veldt grass and the deep-drawn breaths of the marching men.

STARTLING RIFLE SHOT.

"So, onward, until 3 o'clock in the morning of Monday. Then out of the darkness a rifle rang, sharp and clear, a herald of disaster—a soldier had tripped in the dark over the hidden wires laid down by the enemy. In a second, in the twinkling of an eye, the searchlights of the Boers fell broad and clear as the noonday sun on the ranks of the doomed Highlanders, though it left the enemy concealed in the shadows of the frowning mass of hills behind them.

"For one brief moment the Scots seemed paralyzed by the suddenness of their discovery, for they knew that they were huddled together like sheep within fifty yards of the trenches of the foe. Then, clear above the confusion, rolled the voice of the General: 'Steady, men; steady!' And, like an echo to the veterans, out came the crash of nearly a thousand rifles not fifty paces from them. The Highlanders reeled before the shock like trees before the tempest. Their best, their bravest, fell in that wild hail of lead. General Wauchope was down, riddled with bullets; yet gasping, dying, bleeding from every vein, the Highland chieftain

raised himself on his hands and knees and cheered his men forward. Men and officers fell in heaps together.

"The Black Watch (Royal 42d Highlanders) charged, and the Gordons and the Seaforths, with a yell that stirred the British camp below, rushed onward—onward to death or disaster. The accursed wires caught them round the legs until they floundered like trapped wolves, and all the time the rifles of the foe sang the song of death in their ears. Then they fell back, broken and beaten, leaving nearly thirteen hundred dead and wounded just where the broad breast of the grassy veldt melts into the embrace of the rugged African hills, and an hour later the dawning came of the dreariest day that Scotland has known for a generation past.

THE FLOWER OF SCOTTISH CHIVALRY CUT DOWN.

"Of her officers, the flower of her chivalry, the pride of her breeding, but few remained to tell the tale, a sad tale truly, but one untainted with dishonor or smirched with disgrace, for up those heights under similar circumstances even a brigade of devils could scarce have hoped to pass. All that mortal men could do the Scots did; they tried, they failed, they fell, and there is nothing left us now but to mourn for them, and avenge them, and I am no prophet if the day is distant when the Highland bayonet will retrieve this sad disaster.

"All that fateful day our wounded men lay close to the Boer lines under a blazing sun; over their heads the shots of friends and foes passed, without ceasing. Many a gallant deed was done by comrades helping comrades; men who were shot through the body lay without water, enduring all the agony of thirst engendered by their wounds and the blistering heat of the day; to them crawled Scots with shattered limbs, sharing the last drop of water in their bottles, and taking messages to be delivered to mourning women in the cottage homes of far-off Scotland.

"Many a last farewell was whispered by pain-drawn lips in between the ringing of the rifles; many a rough soldier with tenderest care closed the eyes of a brother in arms amidst the

tempest and the stir of battle, and above it all, Cronje, the Boer General, must have smiled grimly, for well he knew that where the Highland Brigade had failed, all the world might falter. All day long the battle raged; scarcely could we see the foe—all that met our eyes was the rocky heights that spoke with tongues of flame whenever our troops drew near. We could not reach their lines; it was murder, grim and ghastly, to send the infantry forward to fight a foe they could not see and could not reach.

SUPERB CHARGE OF BRITISH GUARDS.

“Once our Guards made a brilliant dash at the trenches, and, like a torrent, their resistless valor bore all before them, and for a brief few moments they got within hitting distance of the foe. Well did they avenge the slaughter of the Scots; the bayonets, like tongues of flame, passed above or below the rifle’s guard, and swept through brisket and breastbone. Out of their trenches the Guardsmen tossed the Boers as men in English harvest fields toss the hay when the reapers’ scythes have whitened the cornfields; and the human streams were plentiful where the British Guardsmen stood. Then they fell back, for the fire from the heights above them fell thick as the spume of the surf on an Australian rock-ribbed coast. But the Guards had proved to the Boer that, man to man, the Briton was his master.

“In vain all that day Methuen tried by every rule he knew to draw the enemy; vainly the Lancers rode recklessly to induce those human rock limpets to come out and cut them off. Cronje knew the mettle of our men, and an ironic laugh played round his iron mouth, and still he stayed in his native fastness; but death sat ever at his elbow, for our gunners dropped the Lyddite shells and the howling shrapnel all along his lines, until the trenches ran blood, and many of his guns were silenced. In the valley behind his outer line of hills his dead lay piled in hundreds, and the slope of the hill was a charnel house where the wounded all writhed amid the masses of the dead; a ghastly tribute to British gunnery.

“For hours I stood within speaking distance of the great

naval gun as it spoke to the enemy, and such a sight as their shooting the world has possibly never witnessed. Not a shell was wasted; cool as if on the decks of a pleasure yacht our tars moved through the fight, obeying orders with smiling alacrity. Whenever the signal came from the balloon above us that the enemy were moving behind their lines, the sailors sent a message from England into their midst, and the name of the messenger was destruction, and when, at 1.30 P. M., of Tuesday, we drew off to Modder river to recuperate, we left a host of dead and wounded of grim old Cronje's men as a token that the lion of England had bared his teeth in earnest."

After tracing the terrible loss suffered by the Highland Brigade at Magersfontein, the same writer thus depicts the burial of General Wauchope :

OBSEQUIES OF THE GALLANT GENERAL.

"Three hundred yards to the rear of the little township of Modder river, just as the sun was sinking in a blaze of African splendor, on the evening of Tuesday, the 12th of December, a long, shallow grave lay exposed in the breast of the veldt. To the westward the broad river, fringed with trees, ran murmuringly; to the eastward the heights, still held by the enemy, scowled menacingly; north and south the veldt undulated peacefully.

"A few paces to the northward of that grave fifty dead Highlanders lay dressed as they had fallen on the field of battle. They had followed their chief to the field, and they were to follow him to the grave. How grim and stern those men looked as they lay face upward to the sky, with great hands clenched in the last death agony, and brows still knitted with the stern lust of the strife in which they had fallen.

"The plaids dear to every Highland clan were represented there, and, as I looked, out of the distance came the sound of the pipes; it was the General coming to join his men. There, right under the eyes of the enemy, moved, with slow and solemn tread, all that remained of the Highland Brigade.

"In front of them walked the chaplain with bared head, dressed in his robes of office; then came the pipers, with their pipes, sixteen in all, and behind them, with arms reversed, moved the Highlanders, dressed in all the regalia of their regiments, and in the midst the dead General, borne by four of his comrades.

"Out swelled the pipes to the strains of 'The Flowers of the Forest,' now ringing proud and high until the soldiers' heads went back in haughty defiance, and eyes flashed through tears like sunlight on steel; now singing to a moaning wail like a woman mourning her first born, until the proud heads dropped forward till they rested on heaving chests, and tears rolled down the wan and scarred faces, and the choking sobs broke through the solemn rhythm of the march of death.

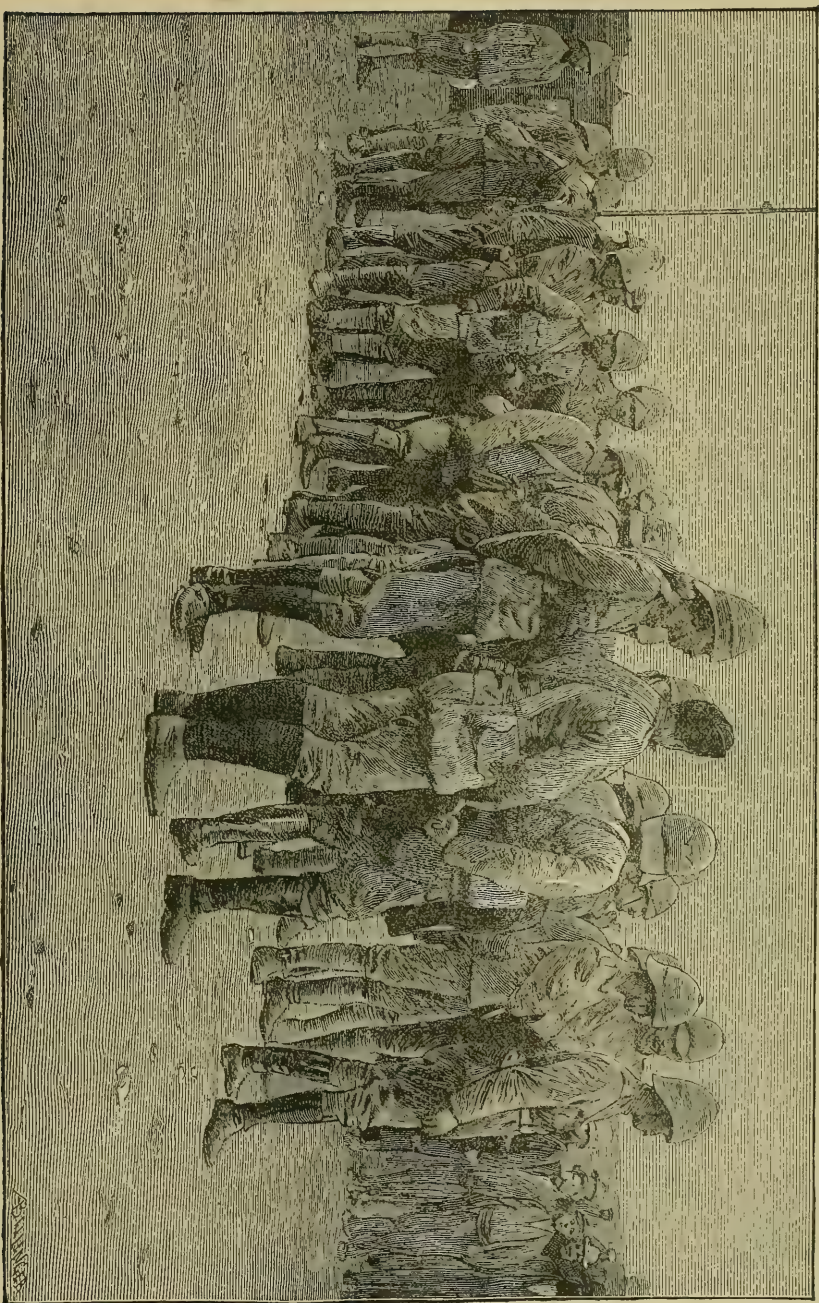
FACES FROWNING WITH VENGEANCE.

"Right up to the grave they marched, then broke away in companies, until the General lay in the shallow grave with a Scottish square of armed men around him. Only the dead man's son and a small remnant of his officers stood with the chaplain and the pipers, while the solemn services of the church were spoken.

"Then once again the pipes pealed out, and 'Lochaber No More' cut through the stillness like a cry of pain, until one could almost hear the widow in her Highland home moaning for the soldier she would welcome back no more. Then, as if touched by the magic of one thought, the soldiers turned their tear-damp eyes from the still form in the shallow grave toward the heights, where Cronje, the 'Lion of Africa,' and his soldiers stood.

"Then every cheek flushed crimson, and the strong jaws set like steel, and the veins on the hands that clasped the rifle handles swelled almost to bursting with the fervor of the grip, and that look from those silent, armed men spoke more eloquently than ever spoke the tongues of orators.

"For on each frowning face the spirit of vengeance sat, and each sparkling eye asked silently for blood. God help the Boers when next the Highland pibroch sounds. God rest the Boers'



GROUP OF ENGLISH PRISONERS IN THE TRANSVAAL.

souls when the Highland bayonets charge, for neither death, nor hell, nor things above, nor things below will hold the Scots back from their blood feud.

"At the head of the grave, at the point nearest the enemy, the General was laid to sleep, his officers grouped around him, while in line behind him his soldiers were laid in a double row, wrapped in their blankets. No shots were fired over the dead men resting so peacefully. Only the salute was given, and then the men marched campward as the darkness of an African night rolled over the far-stretching breadth of the veldt."

Writing of the battle of Magersfontein a sergeant of the Seaforth Highlanders said :

"The Black Watch in front made an attempt to charge the position, but we had to retire and simply run for it, the enemy blazing at us all the way and dropping our fellows like skittles from their splendid positions. There was nothing to do but to lay down and pretend to be dead, and this I did about half-past 5 A. M., till, I suppose, 6 P. M., the sun pouring down on me all the time, and not a drink of water all day, and dare not stir hand or foot, expecting every instant to be my last.

IN A STORM OF BULLETS.

"I could hear nothing but the cries, moans and prayers of the wounded all round me, but dared not so much as look up to see who they were. Shot and shell were going over me all day from the enemy and our side, and plenty of them striking within a yard of me—I mean bullets, not shell—and yet they never hit me.

"I believe some of the fellows lost their senses and walked right up to the enemy's place, singing till they dropped dead. One youngster lying close to me said he would make a dart for it about 3 P. M. I tried my best to persuade him not to, but he would go. A couple of seconds after I could hear them pitting at him, and then his groans for about a minute, and then he was quiet.

"About this time the sun began to get fearfully hot and I

began to feel it in the legs, which are now very painful and swollen; besides, I was parched with thirst. Most of the wounded round me had ceased groaning by this time. As it began to get dark I managed to wriggle my body through the shrub further back, and, after I had been at it some time, on looking up found myself right in front of another intrenchment of the enemy. They sent a few rounds at me, but they struck just in front and ricocheted over my head. After a bit, it getting darker, I got up and walked back, and there was nothing but dead Highlanders all over the place."

A Bulgarian ex-officer who joined the Boer army relates some of his experiences in the following letter. It is dated Farmer's Kopje, Natal, December 2, 1899, and is in these terms :

"Look at the heading of my letter—Natal. Can you imagine that I should write you from South Africa, whereas you thought me to be in Chicago? I am now in the intrenchments of the Boer army before Ladysmith.

OFF FOR THE WAR.

"As soon as war was declared, I made up my mind to go as a volunteer, and at New York presented myself to the Dutch committee there, who paid my traveling expenses, and I embarked on the 'Sidonia Fitwe,' bound for Madeira. On November 4 we landed at Lourenzo Marques, on the 6th I was in Pretoria, and on the 7th already here.

"I had a company of 110 soldiers intrusted to me, and as a pioneer officer my task is very important. Bearded, stalwart, hardy fellows are these Boers. I speak English, and that with the Boers is the universal language. Good people, but how terribly they hate the English. We never hated the Turks so much. All of them are good shots, good horsemen and zealous Christians. Those of them who have finished their tasks of digging sit down to rest with their Bibles in their hands; they know no other book. They believe in God and their rights.

"Our tactics here and everywhere along the fighting line are 'keep in your trenches;' we get ourselves intrenched and wait for

the enemy. The English make their attacks in the open, thinking that the Boers are like the Soudanese. We fire volleys at them and make havoc in their ranks. Hundreds are left on the battlefield and the others retire. As we are all well mounted, we do our movements quickly. The hardest things we have to endure are the terrible heat, which keeps us in our shirt sleeves all day, and the Siberian cold of the night, the heavy downpours of rain, and the dust storms."

A correspondent of Reuter's Telegram Company, writing from Cape Town under date of December 20, said:

SLOW OXEN AND MULES.

"It has been expected, certainly hoped, that the Boers may be compelled to assume the offensive, not from any desire to come into the open—quite the opposite is the case—but because it may become absolutely necessary for them to bring the war to an early conclusion, if they can. Not only do the Boers find it difficult to keep up their supplies of food, but also of ammunition. Their transport arrangements are of a primitive kind. The ox wagon, even the mule wagon, is a very slow and cumbrous means of moving heavy goods, such as projectiles and food stuffs, from one point to another, with long distances between the base of supplies and the army in the field.

"Again, the extent to which ammunition of all sorts has been used must have made serious inroads even upon the heavy stocks accumulated in the Transvaal and Free State capitals within the last two years. A failure in the food supply or the supply of ammunition is fatal to any army, and there are some signs that supplies are falling somewhat short, and that this fact is having a demoralizing effect."

Writing home to his wife in Nottingham, from Sterkstroom, a color sergeant in the Second Battalion, Fifth Northumberland Fusiliers, said:

"I have been through my baptism of fire, and, my God! what a baptism it was! On our arrival at Molteno we were given half an hour's rest, and then ordered on our night march, bayonets

fixed, no talking, no smoking—nothing but the tramp, tramp of feet; over hills, through rivers, nullahs, kopjes, laagers, and on, on, we marched through the long, weary night.

“At last day broke on as bright and sunny a morning as ever broke on God’s earth. Our General’s idea was to give the Boers a surprise and carry them at the point of the bayonet, but we were disappointed. We were betrayed by some villain or other and were led into as nice a trap as ever mortal was led into, a veritable slaughter-house. As we commenced to march between two large hills to begin operations, both of them became a blaze of shot and shell, and how I am alive to tell the tale is a wonder. We found it impossible to get at them. They were so strongly intrenched that we had to retire, and, horror of horrors, to do this we had to run the gauntlet of a terrible fire.

HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPES.

“I hadn’t gone a hundred yards when my ankle gave out, and I could only hop. Then I offered up a hearty prayer to God to look after you and the children, and was about to give up when a bullet tore my trousers. That gave me a fresh lease of life, and off I went again. Awhile after the bullets flew around so that I gave myself up entirely, but still the bullets would not hit me. We managed to get clear at last, and marched fifteen miles to Molteno. I forgot to mention that a cavalryman lent me his mount, and it ran wild with me, and I again had a narrow escape from death. But it was not to be. I must have had ninety lives, to say the least, that day.”

One of the war correspondents shut up in Ladysmith sent interesting particulars of the cheery manner in which the people in the besieged town spent Christmas Day. The children had an especially good time. Two hundred of the little folk were entertained at a feast, at which they had abundance of the customary dainties and even luxuries. The feast was under the chief control of Colonel Dartnell and Major Karri-Davies, who gleefully distributed the good things with their own hands.

There were four Christmas trees, named respectively Britain,

Natal, Canada and Australia. Sir George White and General Hunter were among the numerous company that witnessed the festive proceedings.

One of the men of the Second Cornwalls, writing under date of December 20 to his father and mother at Plymouth, said :

"After we disembarked at Cape Town, on November 29, we went about five hundred miles up country to De Aar. Ten days ago we left there for the Orange River Camp, and now we are waiting hourly and anxiously for orders to proceed to the front. Two companies of ours have gone to Modder river to join Lord Methuen's column.

"We have sent several trainloads of Boers as prisoners to Cape Town, and now we have got fifty more here to send on. I went to Cape Town with a party of twenty-eight Boers. They seem a decent lot of men, and, in fact, could not do too much for the six of us who were forming their escort. Why, they must have spent quite £12 (\$60) on us. But they seemed very glad to be taken prisoners and thoroughly sick of the war.

A BOY SOLDIER.

"Among the prisoners we have one boy—a Boer boy. The poor little fellow is not more than twelve years of age, and has been fighting. He has had both legs broken and shot through. It is very pathetic ; but what a pity it is to see the poor little chap suffering ! You bet he is being well attended to by us. His father was killed in the same engagement and he has a brother still fighting."

Further details of the fierce battle of Spion Kop, near Ladysmith, revealed the fierceness of the Boer attack and the terrific havoc wrought by the enemy's shells. When the Boers were first seen they were 1000 yards away. They then descended into a hollow. When next it was possible to see them they were only seventy yards off, and the British foremost line sought shelter behind the rocks.

At this stage the first Boer shell burst, and the order was given for one regiment to retire to the edge of the kopje, where

there was more cover. The order was misconstrued by some of the foremost trenches, who fell back. The Boers seized this opportunity and rushed the trenches, capturing a few men. This mistake was soon observed; a bayonet charge followed and the Boers fled.

Two of their Maxim-Nordenfeldts commenced to drop shells among the British, doing terrible damage. The Boer riflemen, noticing the havoc wrought, attempted to creep close up on two occasions, only to be driven back with loss. As they retreated, they appealed to the British to surrender. The response was a volley.

The formation of the hilltop is like a table, a mile long and a quarter of a mile broad. The shorter side alone was available for rifle fire. The firing party which responded to the Boer attack was necessarily small. The remainder of the British force was scattered about, seeking shelter.

THREE ATTACKS REPULSED.

After British reinforcements had reached the top of Mount Tabanyama, at 11 A. M., the crest of the hill was covered with troops lying down and closely packed together. Until dark these troops were under a terrific shell fire from Boer guns on three sides. A destructive rifle fire also was poured in from the trenches still held by the Boers on the further part of the crest. The British replied with rifles only, as it was impossible to drag guns to the summit in time. Three times the British charged the Boers' trenches, but were met with a fierce fire from rifles as well as from Maxim-Nordenfeldts. The British line of charge was broken before the men got within stabbing distance, and bayonets, accordingly, were useless.

The day was exceedingly hot, and the scanty supply of water on the hill was barely sufficient for the wounded. It was not possible until noon to take to the rear any of those who had been wounded. Then they had to be carried down the steep spur, up which the troops had been compelled to crawl on hands and knees.

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon the Boers charged part of the

British trenches held by two battalions, and nearly succeeded in carrying them, leaping the slimly defended breastworks. But British supports were hurried up, and the defenders thus strengthened drove the Boers back with the bayonet.

The fight was fiercely contested until after dark, when the British received orders to retire. All the wounded in the field hospitals and the supply column recrossed the Tugela river at Trichard's Drift, the movement being completed in an orderly manner, without any attempt at molestation on the part of the Boers.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Scenes and Incidents of the Great Struggle.

AN account that furnished an adequate explanation of General Buller's repulse at the Tugela River on December 15th was given by an eye-witness of that bloody encounter who was on the ground. It appears that the battle orders, drawn up by General Clery, provided for the effective support of the artillery by Hart's, Barton's and Dundonald's brigades. These orders were not carried out as it was expected they would be. General Hart missed his way, Lord Dundonald failed to support, and General Barton got part of his forces in an untenable position.

Colonel Long, with the artillery, outpaced the escort of the guns, and they were lost. Briefly, that seems to be the story of the Tugela River. But, through graphic columns, there continually recurs the discovery of unexpected entrenchments and awful fusillades from hidden Boers and gallantry such as has seldom marked British battlefields.

After describing how the British force began their advance at daylight and how the Boers left them absolutely unmolested, the writer says: "At 6.25 there suddenly burst an awful crash of Boer musketry upon the batteries and advancing infantry. The rattle of the Mausers swelled and was maintained as one continuous roar. From the buildings and lines of trenches south of the river and from the river bank itself the Boers fired at British gunners and footmen, and from the trenches on the northern side of the Tugela River and from Fort Wylie and elsewhere they sent out a hurricane of leaden hail, and the bullets venomously rained upon the ground in all directions, raising puffs of dust and tearing through the air with shrill sounds.

"Few have ever seen so heavy and so deadly a fusillade, but neither the British gunners nor the infantry hesitated or winced. Cannon were wheeled into position, although many of the horses

and men were shot down ere the manœuvre was completed, and the indomitable soldiers walked erect and straight onward. Not even Rome in her palmiest days ever possessed more devoted sons.

"As the gladiators marched proud and beaming to meet death, so the British soldiers, doomed to die, saluted, and then with alacrity stepped forward to do their duty—'glory or the grave.' Anglo-Saxon soldiers always advance that way. I asked an American who had seen warfare at home, in Cuba and Manila, if his own countrymen generally did this, and he answered: 'Yes. It is marvelous, but wasteful.'

MARCHING UP TO THE RIFLE PITS.

"Closer and closer walked the soldiers to the Boer trenches until within 400 yards of the nearest rifle pits. Then, lying down, they returned the fire, but there was little or nothing to aim at. By 7.15 the Irish Brigade had driven the Boers to the north bank of the Tugela. They found that the enemy had planted the ground with barbed wire entanglements. Even in the bed of the river wire was laid down. Into the water went the Dublin Inniskillins, Borderers and Connaughts, but it was found at the ford that the Boers had cunningly dammed the river, and there was ten feet of water where ordinarily it is but knee deep. They strove to find the crossings, and many a fine fellow, with his weight of ammunition and accoutrements, was drowned.

"It was a desperate and serious situation. The attack upon the right was making no progress, and the men were disheartened. But there were furious and angry Irishmen who had resolved to get across somehow. By dint of scrambling from rock to rock and swimming, a number won the other side. Yet, most of them found that they had but passed across a winding spruit. The Tugela still lay in front, and all the while the murderous fire of cannon and Mauser crashed, and comrades fell weltering in their blood.

"In the meanwhile Colonel Long had lost his guns, and Generals Buller and Clery, with their staffs and escorts, had ridden to the scene. The spouting hail of lead and iron snapped

and spluttered, and the dust puffed more than ever. Lord Robert's son, with Captains Schofield and Congrove, volunteered to ride out and endeavor to save the two field batteries in the open. Readily other volunteers were found. Corporals from the line-men and drivers of the ammunition wagons, taking spare teams, galloped out, and men and horses again began falling on every side.

"Young Robert's horse was blown up with a shell. Congrove was hit with a bullet, and his clothes were cut by other missiles. Schofield alone escaped untouched. Across that valley of death quickly the surviving animals were rounded up and the guns were hooked and dragged away. Again and again that day attempts were made to haul off the remaining guns, but the Boer fire was incessant and withering. At 4 the battle was over. General Buller abandoned the guns and retreated."

COLESBURG AGAIN IN BRITISH HANDS.

At the beginning of the New Year the chief interest of the war situation did not lie either at Natal or the Modder River, where things remained practically unchanged, but in the north of Cape Colony, where General French had been doing good work for the British by constantly harassing the Boers and finding out their strong positions, then working round the flank and ever and anon threatening their line of communication. General French advanced, retired, manœuvred and fought until by successive steps he drove the Boers eastward, and Colesburg was once more in British hands.

General French's successful action was not the only piece of news from this region. Farther towards the east, and near Dordrecht, lately occupied by the British, there was some fighting and abundant promise of more. Captain Montmorency, with a reconnoitering party, fell in with a body of Boers, estimated at 1500, eight miles to the north of Dordrecht, on December 30th. For six hours he managed to keep the Boers in check, until the arrival of reinforcements with two guns made him retire.

General French's success again emphasized the absolute

necessity of a strong force of irregular cavalry and mounted infantry if the British were to be able successfully to cope with the Boers. General French was fortunate enough to command a force as mobile or more mobile than the Boers, and having this advantage and being a born cavalry leader, he was the one British General who did not receive a check. He beat the Boers at their own game, outflanking them continually.

His success was immensely significant, showing what was possible when the British could move as quickly as the Boers. This was the first occasion during the war in which the Boers were dislodged by a turning movement. General French was operating in a country which was fairly favorable to the action of cavalry, and his force was mainly composed of mounted men. If the other British columns had been as well provided with mounted men less would have been heard of frontal attacks.

GENERAL FRENCH'S BRILLIANT STRATEGY.

Following are the details of the recapture of Colesburg, Cape Colony, which had fallen into the hands of the Boers. The account is by an army officer who was on the ground: "By a brilliant strategical movement General French drove the Boers out of Colesburg, to which they had fallen back. We had occupied Rensburg siding in strength, and had come into touch with the enemy, who fired on our skirmishers from what appeared to be an intrenched position. We had, however, only one man slightly wounded, but the proximity of the Boers made all eager to advance.

"A force of cavalry and infantry, with ten guns, the whole under the personal command of General French himself, occupied some hills three miles from Colesburg, where the Boers lay in strength, confident because of the natural aid afforded them by the hills around. The enemy's position extended for six miles round the entire village.

"Promptly at daybreak our artillery opened the battle. The Boers, though taken a little by surprise, replied vigorously with their guns. The duel went on for two hours without cessation. Our gunners showed marvelous accuracy, and it soon told.



BOER CAVALRY ON THE MARCH.

"First the enemy's Hotchkiss collapsed, and then the Boers' big gun was silenced, both early in the action, but the other pieces of artillery held out until they gradually fell back. The Hotchkiss was abandoned, and we captured it, but the other guns were removed to the north as our cavalry closed in. As the guns were withdrawn they shelled our cavalry, but caused no damage. Our advancing guns speedily silenced them. The Boers appear to be retreating north, but we are harassing them, and our shells are doing much damage.

"Colesburg is now in our hands. The few loyalists who remain there are jubilant. We have captured many of the enemy's wagons and a considerable quantity of stores. Our losses are quite slight, but the Boers must have suffered heavily."

Extended accounts of the fighting in Cape Colony and Natal show its desperate character. The following description of General Gatacre's repulse at Stormberg is by an eyewitness who was with the British army :

SHARP FIRE AT SHORT RANGE.

"When General Gatacre ordered the advance it was hailed with satisfaction by his men, and they were at work by 4 o'clock next morning making preparations. The actual march occupied seven hours, and it is therefore little to be wondered at that the men were wholly incapable of making a supreme effort when at last they were surprised by receiving fire at short range while marching in fours in fancied security.

"On receiving the enemy's fire the companies at hand rushed at once against the kopjes from which it proceeded, and, advancing from boulder to boulder, swiftly commenced to ascend. Indeed, it is the fact that a considerable number actually reached within a few yards of a lower line of defences, which could not, however, be mounted without ladders. But at this juncture our own artillery, failing to observe the ascent of the infantry, opened fire upon the enemy, and several shells falling short dealt destruction among the assailants of the position.

"A partial retirement instantly ensued, and, having been

brought to a standstill, the attack gradually melted away until, convinced that the case was hopeless, the General ordered the 'retire' to be sounded. (Had the order been promptly obeyed the troops might not improbably have been withdrawn without very serious loss, and a fresh attempt might even yet have been successfully prosecuted.) But it was not to be. Many men were loath to retire, because they were anxious to go on, while not a few were so utterly exhausted that they simply preferred to stay where they were, at all hazards, than to undertake the ordeal of a rapid retirement over the open ground at the foot of the hills. Eventually over 500 wounded men were taken prisoners.

"So far as I can understand the matter, the causes to which this most lamentable failure must be attributed are as follows :

"The map of the ground was utterly misleading and worse than useless.

"So far as I am aware, no one among the responsible authorities had taken any compass bearings, and consequently no one knew where he was being taken in the darkness.

"The Berkshire Regiment, by whom the redoubts now occupied by the Boers at Stormberg had been built, and to whom every inch of the ground was familiar, were left at Queenstown instead of being employed to recapture the works which they had so unwillingly evacuated about a month previously.

"Over 500 men, afterwards made prisoners, had fallen into a trap, from which they failed to extricate themselves. Consequently, when the rest of the force had been rallied upon a



GENERAL W. F. GATACRE.

DIVISION COMMANDER OF
BRITISH FORCES IN CAPE COLONY.

defensive position in the rear, the General had not forces sufficient to warrant a fresh attempt upon some selected point of attack.

"In any case, the men, who had been by this time on the move for over 24 hours on the stretch, who had just completed seven hours' marching through the night, and who had actually been under arms for upwards of sixteen hours, were so dead beat that severe hill fighting was beyond their powers. During the actual retirement from the hills men were falling asleep in the open ground, under fire, after or before using their rifles. No sooner did they halt to fire than they fell forward sound asleep. An officer told me that he awoke several such men by kicking them soundly, and thus insisted upon their continuing their retreat to a place of safety.

A RETREAT OF TEN MILES.

"The guns were at first in the same trap as the infantry, and were compelled to retreat some distance over very difficult ground before they could come into action upon, even then, a poor position, with most inferior command. During this movement a gun was lost in consequence of being stuck fast, and the struggling horses were shot down by the enemy."

Describing the retreat from Stormberg to Molteno, another army officer at Sterkstroom writes :

"Then we had the humiliating experience of being chased back all those weary ten miles to Molteno, retreating as fast as we could in small groups, sometimes crouching against the right side of the road—the Boers being on our left flank—sometimes making our way into the cornfields, or along the interminable veldt, or, now and again, falling prone on the ground as a shell came hissing overhead, waiting with breathless suspense until we heard its dull thud as it struck the ground ; then, with an exclamation of thankfulness, as we found the uncanny thing did not burst, up and off again, ravenously hungry and utterly fatigued as we were, harassed and hurried by the Boers, who accompanied us for a distance of eight miles with the attentions of their artillery.

"At last, when the majority of our force, which had left

the night before so full of promise and so brimful of eagerness, had straggled into Molteno, about 11 o'clock, and when we all generally found our feet again, we formed up and got into line for the roll call. When name after name was called, when silence—dead silence—was the only answer, when 366 men of the sturdy Northumberlands were missing, and when some 294 of our gallant Irish comrades failed to give response, then the grim reality of the disaster came home to us, and we silently thanked God that we were safe, and thought very sadly of the comrades, dead, wounded and missing, left behind in the terrible trap at Stormberg from which we had just escaped."

GENERAL BULLER SPARES HIS MEN.

A correspondent of one of the prominent London journals adds some interesting details to the account of the battle of Colenso. "General Buller," he declared, "is a stern fighter, an indomitable man, of more than bulldog pertinacity. Once launched into a fight, it is gall and wormwood to him to let go. I have seen him often in battle and recognized his many admirable qualities as soldier and leader. How great, then, his courage must be—courage which subjugated his own temperament—when seeing (at Colenso) that as things had shaped themselves the contest must drive from bad to worse, he, with bold resolution, decided to stop the action. Men were being sacrificed, more would fall, and the Boer position could not be taken before nightfall."

Dealing once more with Colonel Long's daring but unfortunate artillery movements at that battle, this writer said: "The Boer guns began a little later throwing shrapnel, and the machine gun fired solid shot at them. But the gunners never flinched or winced, buckling to their work like men who grip a heavy load. Nay, more, some of them in derision began to 'field' as at cricket with the badly aimed, spent shot of the machine cannon. Running aside, they would make a catch, and call, 'How's that, umpire?' Boisterous and high, indeed, leaped the gunners' spirits.

"But their guns were all the while served accurately and hotly,

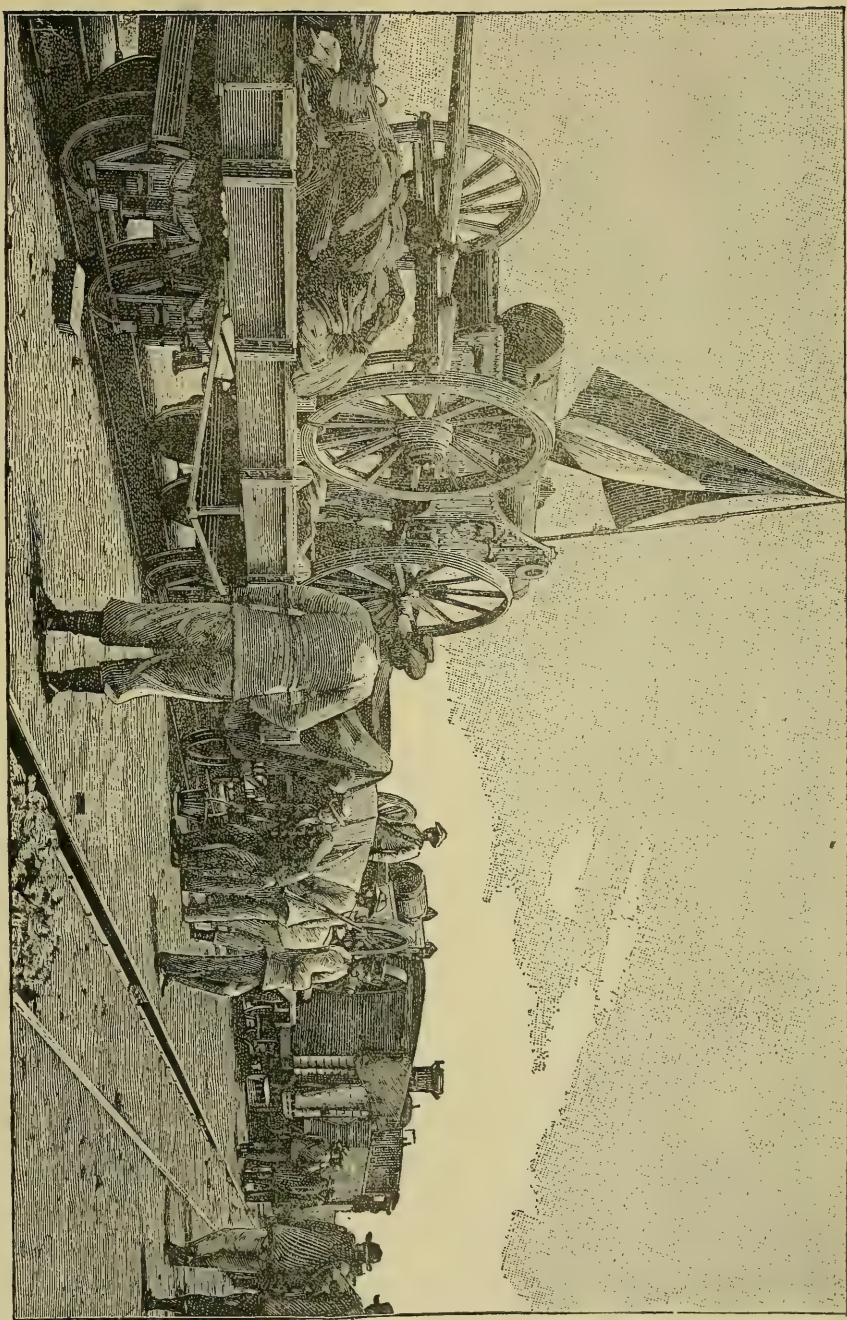
and the ridge of Fort Wylie rang and hissed with the rush, burst and splutter of shrapnel, mightily unsteady and thinning the Boers' fire from there. Captains Goldie and Schrieber fell, struck dead. Within a quarter of an hour Colonel Long, their chief, was knocked over, shot through the arm and body, a bullet passing through his liver and kidneys. He was carried aside 200 yards into a shallow ravine where lay several of the Devons and others. There, wounded as he was, Colonel Long sent for help to overcome the enemy's rifle fire. But it did not come, for there was a difficulty about quickly finding either General Buller or General Clery.

"Colonel Hunt next fell, shot through both legs, and he also was carried to the ravine. As the men were being shot down very rapidly—for the Boer fire was by that time increasing—Colonel Hunt advised that it would be better to abandon the guns, but Long's characteristic reply was, 'Abandon be hanged. We never abandon guns.' Subsequently Colonel Hunt called attention to the fact that it was no use firing. There was scarcely any men left, and next to no ammunition. After that an order was given to abandon the guns, which, for over an hour, had fought in the face of the fiercest fusillade a battery ever endured.

GUNNERS WHO FELL AT THEIR POSTS.

"Yet, even then, all was not over, for four men persisted in serving two guns and remaining beside their cannon. One of either pair carried the shell, the others laid and fired their beloved 15-pounders. But two men were left. They continued the unequal battle. They exhausted the ordinary ammunition, and finally drew upon and fired the emergency rounds of case, their last shot. Then they stood at 'attention' beside the gun and an instant later fell pierced through and through by Boer bullets. These, I say, by the light of all my experience in war—these gunners of ours are men who deserve monuments over their graves and even Victoria crosses in their coffins."

For many weeks Ladysmith resisted the siege of the Boers, General White and his intrepid garrison standing by their



DEPARTURE OF THE BOERS' FAMOUS CANNON, "LONG TOM," FOR THE SIEGE OF LADYSMITH.

defenses with unflinching firmness. The assault of the Boers upon the town, on January 6th, was of a most determined character. They had evidently gathered and massed their best strength for an attack which had been carefully planned, and which they confidently expected to result in the overthrow of the British defenses and the capture of the beleagured town.

The first main assault was made in the middle of the night, upon two positions to the southwest of the town, known as Cæsar's Camp and Wagon Hill, from which, if the Boers had been able to seize and hold them, they could have poured a deadly fire into Ladysmith. Cæsar's Camp, held by the first battalion of the Manchesters, was the first object of the enemy's attack. Making their way under cover of darkness through the thorn brush which filled the ravine at the foot of the kopje, the Heidelberg commando of the Boers succeeded in evading the British pickets and reaching the foot of the slope.

RUSHING TROOPS INTO ACTION.

Before the extent of the danger had been realized by the British, the outlying defenses had been rushed and their defenders slain. Two companies of the Gordon Highlanders went to the assistance of the Manchesters, and as soon as the force of the attack was realized other troops were brought into action. Lieutenant Col. Dick Cunyngham, who was leading the Gordons out of the camp, fell mortally wounded by a stray bullet while still close to the town. At daybreak artillery was brought to bear effectively upon the enemy. The Boers fought with most desperate courage, being evidently determined to take the camp or to die in the attempt. But their impetuous bravery was out-matched by the disciplined courage of the defenders, and the Boers were finally driven back with heavy loss. Meanwhile a still more exciting conflict had been in progress in the direction of Wagon Hill.

At 2 o'clock a storming party of the enemy crept slowly and cautiously along a ravine in the valley which divided the British posts from the Boer camp, killing the pickets with a few well-

aimed shots, and then gradually reaching the crest of the heights, where they encountered a body of the British Light Horse, which they forced to retire, and continued to advance until they reached an emplacement where they encountered a working party of the Gordon Highlanders and the 60th Rifles, who made a brave defense but were overpowered by numbers. Here it was that Lieutenant McNaughton and thirty Gordons were captured, though not until every man of them was wounded. The British artillery was now brought into play, and prevented the storming party from being reinforced from the Boer camp.

But the enemy succeeded in making good the foothold they had secured, and held their ground with the utmost determination against the efforts of the British to dislodge them. At length a charge of the Gordons, under Major Walnutt, drove them back, but they returned to the attack, and though repulsed were able still to maintain a murderous fire.

DARING CHARGE THROUGH A GALLING FIRE.

The final blow was struck when three companies of the Devonshires, led by Captain Lafone and Lieutenants Field and Masterson, made a brilliant charge across the open ground, under a terrific fire, and fairly hurled the enemy down the hill at the point of the bayonet. In this charge Captain Lafone and Lieutenant Field were killed, and Lieutenant Masterson received no fewer than ten wounds. The result of the battle was thoroughly disheartening to the Boers, who had been confident of their ability to capture the town.

According to the official report, the battle raged for seventeen hours. It began at 2.45 Saturday morning, January 6th, and did not end till 7.30 in the evening. Some British entrenchments on Wagon Hill were taken three times by the Boers, and as often regained by the defenders. One point of the British position, which General White did not specify, was occupied by the Boers during the whole day, but at nightfall, under cover of a heavy rain-storm, the Devonshire Regiment succeeded in turning them out at the point of the bayonet.

The chief Boer attack was directed at Cæsar's Camp and Wagon Hill, and defended by the Manchester Regiment and the Gordon Highlanders. Coming up from the south, perhaps by Fouries Spruit, the Boers assaulted three times with the greatest obstinacy and vigor, sometimes obtaining a foothold and again falling back before the British bayonet charge. Meanwhile the battle, as commando after commando came up from Colenso to reinforce the fighting lines, gradually spread itself over the whole circle of entrenchments, including the great Boer forts at Isimbulwhana and Lombard's Kop. The result, as already stated, was that Ladysmith held out gallantly and its defenders beat back the stubborn enemy.

DRESSED IN A PECULIAR COLOR.

The British War Office did all in its power to provide for the safety and success of the defenders of the empire. Clothing was furnished of a peculiar color—a color resembling the vegetation in South Africa—in order to present as little distinction as possible between the men and their surroundings. This color was called khaki. In the British portions of South Africa it finally became actually monotonous. Even the horses were dyed the popular hue by means of a mixture of permanganate of potash and water, so that Boer sharpshooters should be puzzled to distinguish between the ghostly steed and the veldt on which he stood. Barrels of paint were used in taking the shine off swords, scabbards, lances, accoutrements and buttons. A touch of paint on a button might mean the saving of a wearer's life, for that little piece of polished metal had the power to attract a Mauser bullet. In this adoption of neutral color the British showed commendable caution.

It is safe to say that had the forces fighting the Boers been made up of an equal number of colonists, well-mounted and able to shoot straight, as were the men comprising the gallant little band at Mafeking, the war would have been ended in the defeat of the Boers. Ordinary tactics are of little account when giddy heights have to be scaled in the face of a sleet of bullets. Gallant "Tommy Atkins" does his best, but he is not seen at his best in this kind

of fighting. The Boers are foemen worthy of "Tommy's" steel, but unfortunately for Tommy the steel had few opportunities to get in its fine work. Here are the personal accounts of some of the men themselves, giving a graphic and life-like account of modern fighting that no descriptive writing of a historian, however talented his pen, can equal.

Speaking of the terrific fighting with General Methuen's column, an officer of the Guards says: "We had no cover except little scrub brushes, about six inches high, and the ground sloped gently down to the Boers from about two thousand yards. I don't suppose troops have ever been in a more damnable position. I sat up occasionally to see how things were going, but only for a moment, as it was always the signal for a perfect storm of bullets. My ammunition bearer had his head blown to bits by a one-pound shell from a 37-millimetre Maxim, a most infernal gun. I happened to be in the line of it just before dark, and they pumped six rounds at me. The first four pitched in a line about twenty, ten and fifteen, and the fourth four yards in front of me, and threw dirt all over me, and the next two just pitched behind me.

HE HAD ENOUGH FIGHTING.

"I didn't like it a bit. It was the worst day I have ever spent in my life. Twelve hours under a constant and heavy fire of Maxims, 12-pounders, and other quick-firing guns and rifles, a hot sun, no cover, no water, and no food, is more than enough for yours truly. The guns yesterday fought magnificently, and I believe fired more rounds per gun than have ever been fired in a battle before. We had a much-needed wash this morning. I washed shirt and drawers, besides myself."

Describing the storming of the Boer entrenchments at Belmont and Modder River, a corporal of the Coldstream Guards said: "In our fight at Belmont we charged a hill three times with the bayonet. It was almost impregnable. The Boers lost a number of killed and wounded, and we captured all their stores and camp. We burned the camp and took about one hundred prisoners. They are afraid of the bayonet. As soon as they saw us they flew for

their lives; some dropped on their knees and cried for mercy. You should have seen us go at them with a real British cheer. We lost a lot of men; the fight lasted four and a half hours.

"Our next fight was at Gras Pan; it was all long-distance firing—about 1,000 yards—until the Naval Brigade came up with their guns, and then we advanced under cover, and we cleared them out and killed a lot of them and got two of their chief officers prisoners. The Naval Brigade loss was fifty killed and wounded. You cannot tell the real number of Boers killed. As soon as any one of them falls they pick him up and gallop off to their hospital with him.

HARD STRUGGLE AND HEAVY LOSSES.

"Our next fight was at Modder River—one of the greatest fights in British history. We attacked the Boers, about 2,000 strong, in trenches. They had six guns with them. We were under fire thirteen hours and had no food for nearly forty-eight hours. It was a stubborn fight; it hung on a thread for a long time. The river was full of dead horses and men. There was a heavy loss on our side. We had our colonel killed, poor fellow. We had to wade through the river up to the waist. It was dark when we got them out of their trenches. How we did batter them! They are not half so good shots as they are made out to be."

Here is an interesting item from the camps of General Gatacre that did not find its way out of South Africa by cable: "We have a lot of Boer prisoners in camp here, and over the hill in front of us a number of Boer women are searching for their husbands. They say they are told that their losses are small, and that ours are great; but they cannot find their husbands and believe they are killed. The women think that the Boer commanders are concealing their losses, and I think this is about the truth of the matter. The Boer prisoners are a ragged lot, but they look like men who can do a good day's work.

"Prisoners are continually arriving here in small batches, prizes taken during the little skirmishes in which it is give and take, with honors about even. One batch, nine in number, arrived

yesterday by the transport "Servia" from Frere Camp. The men were of the backveldt type, wearing slovenly clothes and slouch hats adorned with the usual crape. One of them had an enormous Red Cross badge sewn on his hat, and this caused much laughter among the small crowd who witnessed the landing—although it must be said there were some ugly murmurs about 'the Red Cross men with rifles.' The prisoners were marched under armed escort to the Breakwater Convict Station."

In the latter part of December, England called Sir Horatio Kitchener and Lord Frederick Sleigh Roberts to her aid in the Transvaal. Each in his own fashion is a remarkable man. Each has seen more fighting, more bloodshed, more facings of death in combat than ever Sir Garnet Joseph Wolseley dared to dream of. It is something more than opportunity which makes a man. The mother's milk which sustained him in infancy must have had certain potential qualities for him to be genuinely great in after life.

CAME FROM A STURDY STOCK.

Kitchener and Roberts both came from old English stock, with a fair mixture of Irish. Kitchener was born in Ireland, while Roberts was born in India of English parents. They call the Sirdar "the man of certainties." In India Roberts is called "Bobs Bahadur," that is, "Bobs," the hero or champion. Kitchener is more than six feet in height, a strapping big fellow, with phenomenal endurance and a will power that knows no master.

Roberts is small, wiry, nervously energetic, more of a diplomat than the other, but none the less a fighter. This was the second time he had been supreme in command in South Africa. When General George Colley was killed at Majuba Hill in 1882 Roberts was ordered out to succeed him, but saw no fighting, as peace came quickly. He was now to be commander in chief of all the English forces in South Africa, and Kitchener was to be his chief of staff. What each has accomplished in the past for England falls little short of the marvelous.

Roberts was 67 years old when he was ordered to South Africa; Kitchener was 48, and his glory rests on his exploits in

the Soudan. Field Marshal Roberts won his fame at Candahar in India.

General Roberts, in the event of the death of Sir Garnet Wolseley, is in direct line to become the head of the English army. He is popular with the rank and file of the empire—the people who pay the taxes and furnish the fighting private. There was a time in 1878 when the Afghan uprising appeared to threaten as seriously the integrity of the British Empire as the Transvaal war does now. Roberts was in India, and in the campaign against the Afghanistans performed a series of feats which showed him to be one of the ablest commanders and most brilliant soldiers in the service of his country. He commanded the column sent to operate through the Kuram Valley, and, surmounting the dangers and difficulties of the Peiwar Pass, gained a decisive victory at Charasiah and entered Cabul.

ROBERTS' PHENOMENAL MARCH.

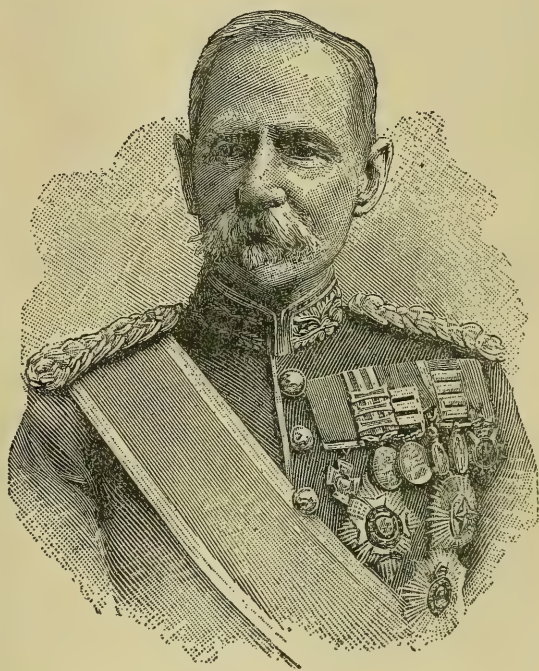
At the end of July, 1880, another British column under General Burrows, which was attacking Ayooob Kahn, was defeated and literally cut to pieces at Maiwand. Burrows barely managed to save a small remnant of his force, who fought their way to Candahar, where they joined the garrison under command of General Primrose. Ayooob Kahn prepared to attack the city, and if he had done so on the instant probably would have taken it and caused England greater loss than she had experienced since the Indian mutiny.

General Roberts, who was several hundred miles away, was apprised of the danger at Candahar and gathered a force of 9,000 picked men. These he marched with almost incredible rapidity across the trackless region between Cabul and Candahar and descended upon Ayooob Kahn before the latter was aware of his presence. The Afghans received a defeat from which they have not recovered to this day and England a respite from rebellions for many a month. Roberts fought his Afghan battles with weakened forces.

In order to strengthen a column sent through the Khyber

Pass many companies were detached from his command, and what he accomplished was with less men than any other commander in Afghanistan had at that time. It is indicative of the courage of the man that before he moved his forces he represented to the authorities that he considered the number of troops at his disposal inadequate to the task they were expected to perform. He did not receive the re-enforcements desired.

One must know the mountain fierceness of the Peiwar Pass to appreciate what General Roberts confronted when with his handful of men he arrived there to attack the enemy. The pass is a rugged, forest-clad elevation rising 2,000 feet above Kuram Valley and forming a tremendous obstacle to advance into the enemy's country beyond. The summit was occupied by an Afghan force consisting of eight regiments, or fully 9,000 men and eighteen guns. The entire force commanded by Roberts consisted of 5,325 men, of whom only 1,345 were British. The remainder consisted of more or less unreliable native troops.



FIELD MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS,
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE BRITISH FORCES IN
SOUTH AFRICA.

Roberts made no hasty attack upon this high mountain crest. He halted his men, and two days were spent in examining the mountain front. As a result of this Roberts found a path three miles north of the enemy by which he could reach their rear, and he resolved to deliver his attack by this route. He marched from his camp during the night and reached the point of attack at day-

break. Much anxiety was felt during the march by the fact that some of the native troops were Pathans, two of whom, when the position was neared, fired shots as a warning to their Afghan kinsmen. The warning came too late.

The Afghan posts, though not surprised, were stormed, and the main force retreated in confusion. The British loss was about 100 killed and wounded. The coolness which Roberts displayed in making this attack, the well considered nature of his plans, gave evidence that he possessed the highest kind of generalship, and if Wolseley did not recognize this, England did.

GREW TO BE A HERO.

He is the man who lived forty-one years in India as an English soldier, rising from the position of subaltern to that of commander in chief of all the English forces there. He was 20 when he landed at Madras. His father for years was commander of the Lahore division. In the Indian mutiny of 1857 he was conspicuous by being found wherever there was heavy fighting. His gallantry was always conspicuous. He has seemed to lead a charmed life. Friends and comrades have been killed by his side, but he has always escaped.

He won the Victoria Cross by recapturing from several Sepoys a British flag. In 1892 he was elevated to the peerage, and in the following year resigned his Indian command and returned to England. He was then placed in charge of the forces in Ireland. The privates of the English army call him "Little Bobs."

When future generations come to read the history of modern Egypt and the story of the Soudan, no name will figure in it more prominently than that of Kitchener, the third Sirdar of the Egyptian army. His father was a colonel in the British army, and the son chose soldiering for his profession. He was educated at Woolwich and entered the Royal Engineers as a lieutenant in 1871. Love of adventure caused him to leave the army in 1874 to join in the survey of Western Palestine, under Major Condor, but after the attack on the party at Safed, he returned to London. The roving life of surveying and exploring suited Kitchener's nature admirably.

bly, and he went on to the Holy Land on surveying expeditions three times, on the last occasion as sole commander of the expedition for the survey of Galilee.

In 1888 he defeated Osman Digna at the siege of Suakin. He commanded only native Sudanese battalions, but his faith in them was unbounded. He led them within 200 yards of formidable breastworks without firing a shot, but when he did give the word to go they poured a withering hail of lead in the Arabs' position and then carried the trenches with a rush that would have done credit to the Guards, completing with their bayonets the destruction of the enemy.

Kitchener fought again at Gamaizah, at the battle of Toski and at Dongola. He has been twice shot at by Bedouins, nearly murdered in Palestine, narrowly escaped being hanged as a spy, besides the ordinary risks in a dozen different battles.

At Omdurman, in his eagerness to get where he could see the progress of the fight, he came a trifle too near the lines of fire of his own men, and a bullet cut through the sleeve of his coat. The scene after the battle, which he won, is described by eyewitnesses as frightful. The dead of the Dervishes lay around in thickly piled masses. The Martini bullets and the quick-firing guns had cut them down in such heaps that the ground was white with the flowing robes where it was not dyed with blood. No quarter was given. A wounded Dervish is more dangerous than one



GENERAL LORD KITCHENER,
CHIEF OF FIELD MARSHAL ROBERTS' STAFF.

not wounded, especially if he is wounded to the death and knows it.

This victory of Kitchener left him the controlling power of the region that comprises the bases of the Niger, Lake Tchad and the branch of the Nile that is called Bahr-el-Ghazal. His sphere of influence covered an area of 950,000 square miles, with a population of over 10,000,000. The highest praise paid Kitchener is that he never neglects the condition of his men ; but when they fight they must fight as men never fought before. It is said that men serving under him are better cared for than if they were the pampered pets of a wealthy household ; but that when they go into battle he compels them to take chances from which less daring commanders would shrink. An English authority, writing of him, said : "The military genius of Kitchener is simply beyond criticism."

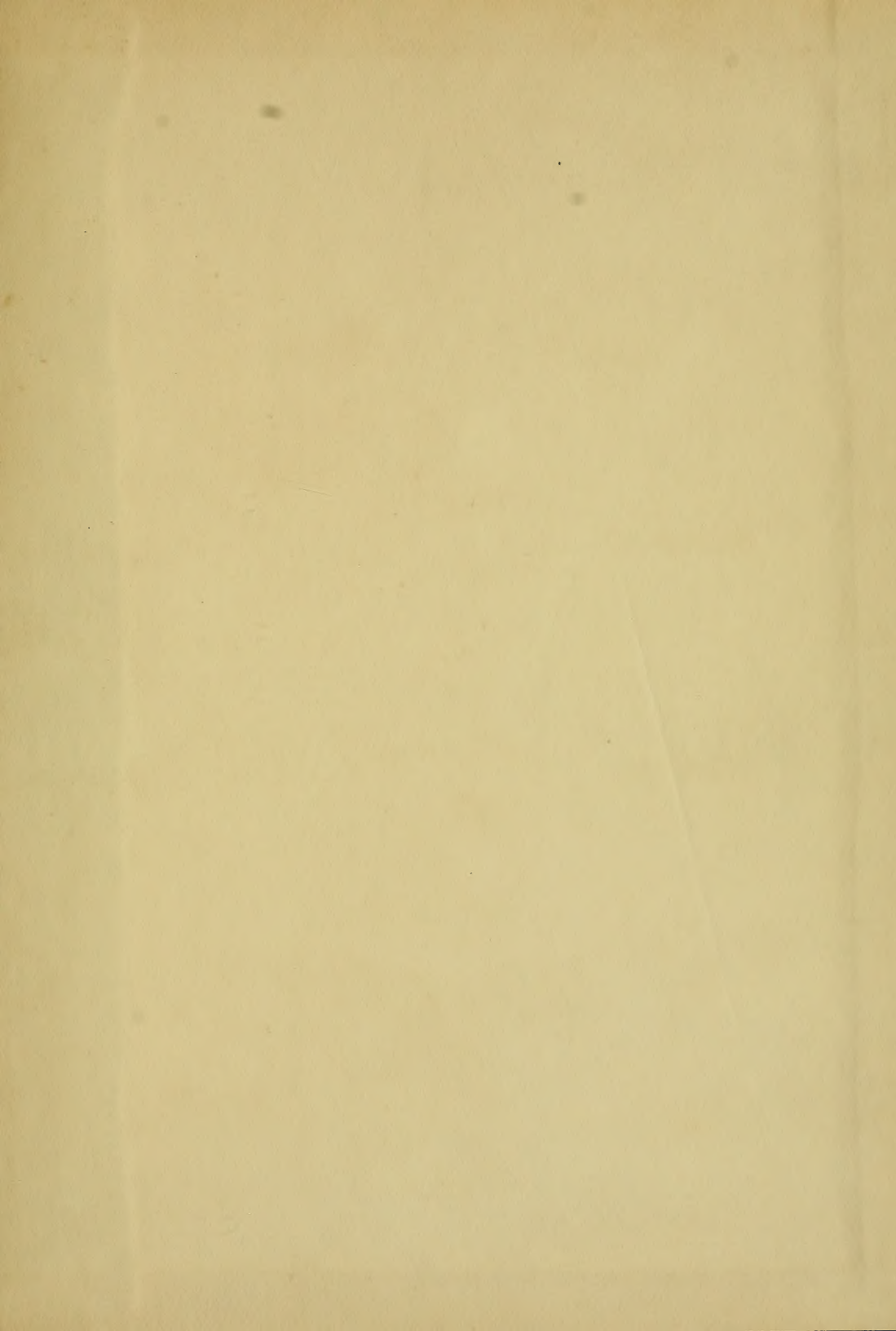
The same apparently may be said of General Roberts. It is to be distinctly remembered, though, that neither man has ever been pitted against white men in his fighting career. Wolseley was in the Crimea, but Lord Roberts has made his reputation fighting Sepoys and Afghanistans, while Kitchener's battlefield record rests upon the slain bodies of howling Dervishes. Pitted against the talents of these two were the mountain walls of a country as rugged as India, the science of German artillerymen, the skill of Frenchmen in the trenches, the tactical ability of American officers, and the unyielding obstinacy of Boer generals.



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